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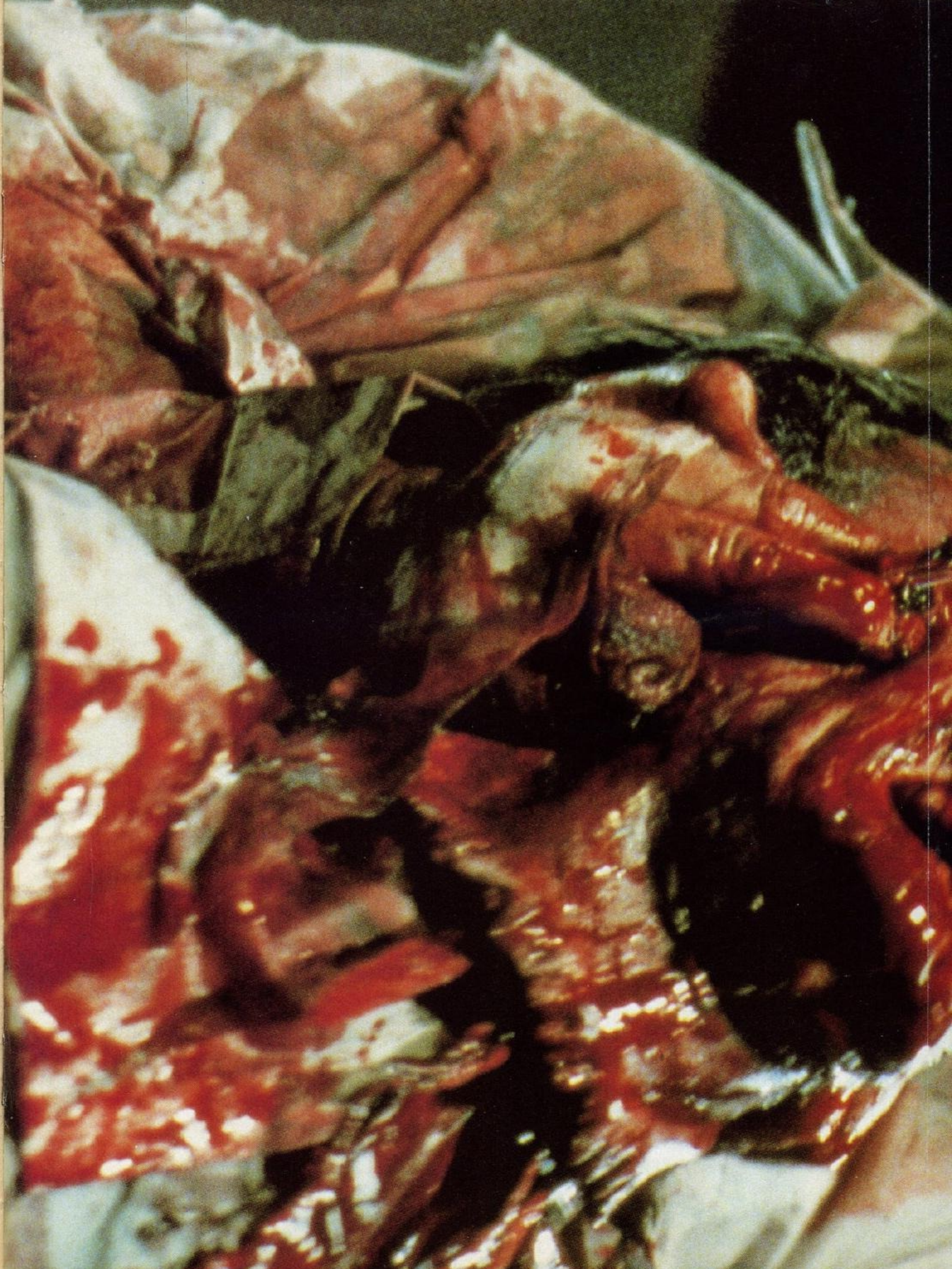

SCREAM GREATS #25

THE RE–ANIMATOR

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Hammer Makeup. Page 46.

Beverly Garland! Page 56.

***The Twilight Zone.* Page 51.**

H.P. Lovecraft's *The Re-Animator*. Page 21.

IMAGINATION, INC.: Ghoul Party Report 6
POSTAL ZONE: Living Dead Fans, No More Nitpicking 7
NEW HORROR STAR: Character Actor Clu Gulager 10
VIDEO EYE OF DR. CYCLOPS: Living Brain, Killer Cats 14
BIG LITTLE MAN: The Horror Career of Angelo Rossitto 16
THE RE-ANIMATOR! Scripting the Lovecraft Zombie Epic. 21
THE MONSTER AND HIS PAL: Stars of *The Bride* 24
FREDDY'S REVENGE! The Second Nightmare 27
PIT & THE PEN: Alex's Bette Davis Thriller 32
TERROR SCHOOL! Home of Tomorrow's Makeup Artists. 35
HORROR IN PRINT: Bestseller John Saul 39
UNDERWORLD: Gangsters vs. Mutants! 42
HAMMER MAKEUP: Phil Leakey, Reluctant Monster Maker 46
TWILIGHT ZONE: A New Journey to Another Dimension 51
SAVINI THE RIPPER: The Makeup Whiz Stars as a Psycho Killer . .53
NIGHTMARE LIBRARY: Review of T.E.D. Klein's *Ceremonies* 54
QUEEN OF 50'S HORROR: The One and Only Beverly Garland! .56
MONSTER INVASIONS: *Little Shop* Movie, *Mutant Hunt* 62
CLASSIFIEDS 66

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FANGORIA

January 1986 Issue #50

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Dedicated to Angelo Rossitto.

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Imagination Inc.

Zach turns on the charm for the *Blood Cult* producers.

Ghoul Party

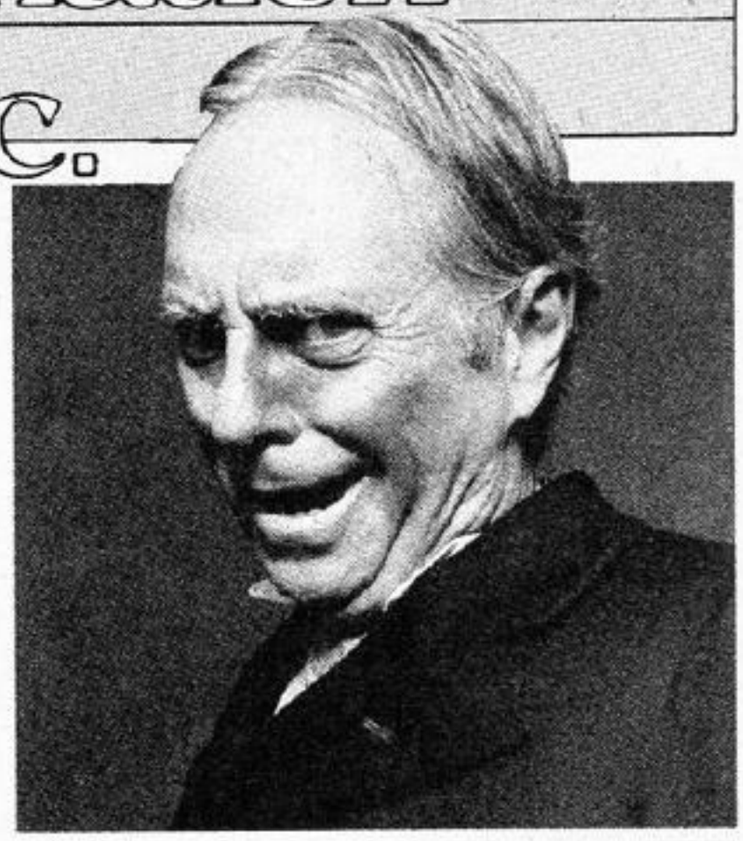


PHOTO: JOHN CLAYTON

Creative huckstering and promotion is one of the great fringe benefits of the horror-movie world. As far as I know, this practice started with the release of the original *Frankenstein* when registered nurses were stationed in theater lobbies to attend to any viewers who might be traumatized by the picture. Since then, there's been one promotional stunt after another, from the blood-bank drive that accompanied the British release of *Horror of Dracula* and the wacky gimmicks of William Castle, to the vomit-bag campaign for *Mark of the Devil*. Sometimes the angle is not an elaborate stunt, but simply a colorful personality attached to the promotion of a picture. I had the pleasure of witnessing this latter variety when I was invited to attend the preview of *Blood Cult* hosted by the greatest of all horror hosts, John Zacherle.

As you may remember from Fango #48, the Oklahoma production of *Blood Cult* is being hyped as the first movie made exclusively for the home-video market. The distributor for the picture planned to make a presentation to video-store owners in the New York area and, to give the occasion an extra push, he hired Zacherle to lend his unique ghoulish presence to the proceedings. Since his days as TV's premier horror man, Zach has done his share of promotions, including a Broadway appearance for that unforgettable Japanese epic *The Green Slime*. I didn't get around to seeing the *Green Slime* affair in 1969, and I never quite forgave myself for that. Now *Blood Cult* gave me my first change to see Zach do his routine in person. I wasn't disappointed.

The setting was Sardi's, the legendary Times Square restaurant. When Zach made his appearance in full costume, his first order of business was the signing of autographs. The reserved rooms were full of old fans of his shows from the late 50's and early 60's, and it was an hour before all of them got their personally signed photos of the cool ghoul himself.

Zach took the microphone just before screen-time to introduce *Blood Cult* with a serving of his inspired, off-the-cuff gift of gab, liberally sprinkled with crypt-keeper laugh. He said when he was first told that *Blood Cult* was made in Tulsa, Oklahoma he was immediately excited. 'I've always been a big fan of Oral Roberts, and I was rather hoping that he'd be in it, but it seems he didn't make it past the casting office."

From there he went on to hold forth on this and that, and had the audience clapping and yokking all the way through. In a comparison between his home-town Philadelphia and his new town of New York City, he pointed out that "New York, of course, is where it's all going on. And if you don't have money to rent a horror video, you can just walk the streets and you'll see something pretty exciting. And if you missed it, the New York *Post* will tell you where it happened."

Blood Cult itself wasn't exactly a cinematic revelation, but I noticed that this screening, like all those movies that appeared on Zach's old *Shock Theater* TV series, seemed just a little bit better for having Zacherle introduce it.

I don't know if Zach's presence sold that many store owners on the idea of carrying the *Blood Cult* cassette, but I know I wouldn't have gone there if it weren't for him. I wasn't about to give up the chance to see Zach in action. It was even better than getting my vomit bag on my way in to see *Mark of the Devil* at the Mayfair Theater in Baltimore. Or reciting the HorroRitual chant before *Dracula A.D. 1972*. It *almost* made up for not seeing the Broadway premiere of *The Green Slime*. Almost.

David Everitt
Editor

The Postal Zone

The Other Living Dead

Dear People:

I was disappointed that *Return of the Living Dead* was such a good movie. With all the hype and strange rumors concerning this unofficial sequel, most notably that the film was unreleasable, I was content in knowing that *Dawn of the Dead* and the original had nothing to fear. When I went to the premiere and saw the poster in the lobby proclaiming, "They're back from the grave and ready to party" I couldn't help but get my hopes up for what could only be another lifeless zombie flick. Needless to say, I had to eat my words. *Return of the Living Dead* was a winner, and on top of that, a comedy. I nearly bust a gut laughing at the reanimated split dogs and how the cool, collected army colonel dealt with the plague of intelligent dead heads by nuking Louisville, Kentucky. Talk about drastic measures. It was so hilarious, I'm still maniacally laughing.

Kevin J. Lindenmuth
36038 Crompton Circle
Farmington Hills, MI 48018

Fellow Fangorians and Filmmakers:

There have been few horror films in recent years that have made me recommend them highly. *The Evil Dead, Creepshow, A Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Dawn of the Dead* make up most of the list, but I now must add Dan O'Bannon's *Return of the Living Dead.*

Fango's coverage and pictorial review of the film back in issues #40 and #44 led me to believe this wasn't going to be anything big (sorry, Fango), but WOW! The highly effective twist from the usual Romero-zombie-film format was great, and the relative lack of blood and gore made one cringe when it did happen.

It has just the right blend of humor and horror that made *Creepshow* such a hit, but yet it is a zombie film to stand alone among zombie films. No Italian-esque zombie movie here!

Long Live The Independents,
J.R. Bookwalter, Amsco Studios
Akron, Ohio

Not a Nickpicker

Dear Fangoria:

A few issues ago you printed a letter from me in which I pointed out a few mistakes I found in *The Terminator*. I thought that by signing my name "Jerry the Nitpicker", I was making it clear that I understood that these were moot points. Unfortunately, some of your more unbalanced readers thought my last name actually was "Nitpicker", and were offended that I had the gall to say something bad about their favorite movie. So I ended up getting a bunch of letters from irate *Terminator* fans. This is sort of an open letter to all the lunatics who have my address.

Number one: I loved *The Terminator*! I only wrote the letter in order to impress my few friends with what an intellectual giant I am.

Number two: My last name is NOT Nitpicker.

Number three: If you send me any more angry letters, I will find out where you live,

PHOTO: © 1985 ORION PICTURES

O'Bannon's *Living Dead.*

and I will move in next door to you. With me living next door to you, the value of your home will plunge.

Many thanks,
Jerry, no longer a Nitpicker
850 Corona Drive
Pacifica, CA 94044

Fright Night

Dear Dave and the Fango staff,

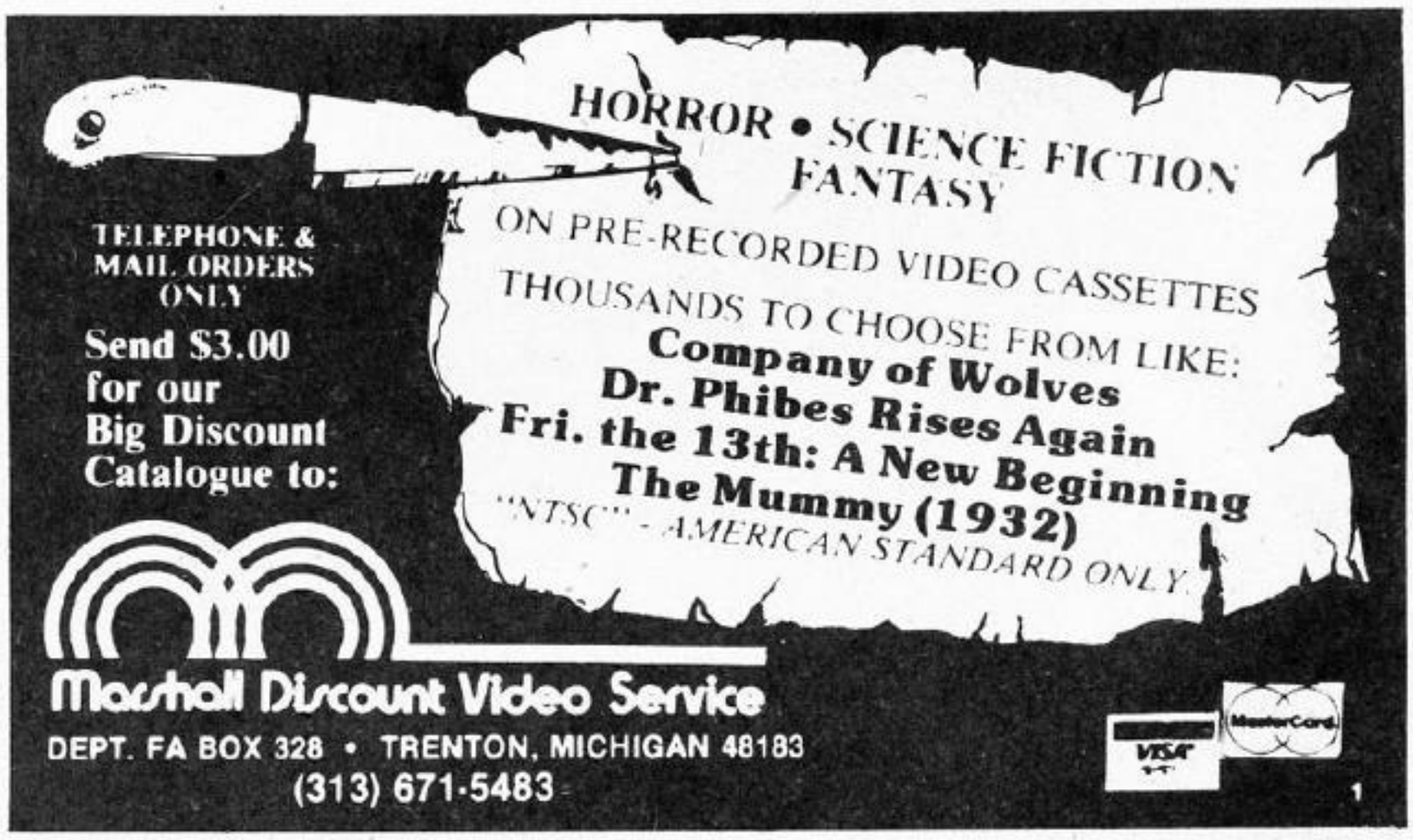
I just saw *Fright Night* the other night and it proved that at least one major studio, Columbia, has the balls to produce not only a horror film (a real accomplishment these days), but one of the best damn horror films that I've ever seen. Congratulations to Rick Stratton, Richard Edlund and the entire effects crew for making every single effects scene believable, from the ultra-fantastic finale (love that bat!) to the reasonably subtle nightclub sequence. Congrats also must go to the actors, all of whom did a terrific job, especially Roddy McDowall and Chris Sarandon, Sarandon here portraying one of the best vampires that I've ever seen.

The loudest round of applause must go, however, to writer-director Tom Holland. Holland's script was written with both style and wit, a rare combination these days, and almost all of it seemed to make logical, straightforward sense. His direction was equally impressive, with great camera angles and shots, and a quick sense of timing and pacing not often seen.

Sincerely
Mark Capellety
Perrysburg, OH

PHOTO: © 1985 COLUMBIA PICTURES

***Fright Night:* a winner.**



Second Quatermass movie now on tape.

PHOTO: © 1957 UNITED ARTISTS

episode). The Miller of Mystery proves his versatility yet again—he sings, he dances, he plays baseball. My life will never be the same again.

Chris Pembury
(A true English Fangorian)
Surrey, England

Horror School

Dear Sirs,

I am interested in movie makeup, the type that Rick Baker does. I was wondering if you could recommend a few schools for this.

Sincerely Yours,
Christopher Visavati
Montrose, PA

It just so happens we are running an article on a New York city makeup school to be found on page 35.

The *Homicidal* Gal

Dear Sir,

Alex Gordon (Postal Zone, August 1985) seemed surprised that John Wooley stated that Jean Arless never made another film other than *Homicidal*. Mr. Gordon went on to say that she worked in films and TV under the name of Leslie Parrish.

Not so!

Miss Parrish and Jean Arless are certainly not the same person, as photographic evidence should certainly ascertain.

Leslie Parrish began her career at MGM (as Helen Parrish) in *Hot Summer Night* and *Party Girl*. She went to Paramount (as Leslie) and starred as Daisy Mae in *Li'l Abner*, her biggest role, later appearing in *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Three on a Couch*, amongst others.

C. Watmore
Grantham, Lincs.
England

Film Contest

Dear Mr. Everitt:

In the Postal Zone of FANGORIA #47, E.C. Castro wrote in to suggest a filmmaking competition among your readers. This is an excellent idea and I for one would eagerly participate in such an event. Here are some thoughts you may want to consider when formulating the guidelines.

Since most of us "Backyard Producers" are on very limited budgets, awards should be given in a variety of catagories. Give awards for Best Story, Best Effects, etc., but also go into more specifics life Best Set Design, Best Soundtrack, Best Lighting, etc. This will give everyone a chance to win in a catagory they can best afford to exploit. True filmmakers will appreciate this, and a good number of chances to win would make the contest a lot more fun.

Perhaps you could assemble a videotape of all the winning films and sell them through your magazine. Give the winners a royalty or put the profits in a prize fund for the next competition.

Best Regards,
Dave Puzak
Uniontown, PA

The Miller of Mystery.

PHOTO: © 1984 WARNER BROS.

Video from Space

Dear Dr Cyclops,

This is a letter to inform you and many FANGORIA readers who love 1950's sci-fi chillers that a small company called Corinth has just come out with the 1957 Brian Donlevy epic *Enemy from Space*. It's only available through mail order for now. If anybody is interested in seeing this film, call Corinth at (800)221-4720.

Kevin Coon
417 N.B.
Livingston, MT 59047

For more information on Enemy from Space *as well as the first Quantermass movie* Creeping Unknown, *see our interview with Hammer makeup artist Phil Leakey in this issue.*

Miller Sighting!

Dear FANGORIA,

Another great Miller performance has been sighted! In the film *Summer School Teachers*, recently shown on Cinemax, Miller plays a *very* lecherous football coach. Although the movie is a waste of time, Miller's performance gives it class.

Sincerely,
Jay Hadley
Plymouth, NH

Dear Fango,

The other night I was casually flipping the channels (all four of them) on my TV looking for something remotely interesting when I came across an episode of *Fame*. Ugh! Who needs splatter when you've got Debbie Allen screaming "Right here's where you start paying in SWEAT"!! But seriously, I was just about to turn it off when who do I see? Can it be? An all-dancing, all-singing, baseball-coaching DICK MILLER! Yes, it was said Mr. Miller in a truly stunning piece of television drama (Debbie Allen wasn't actually in this

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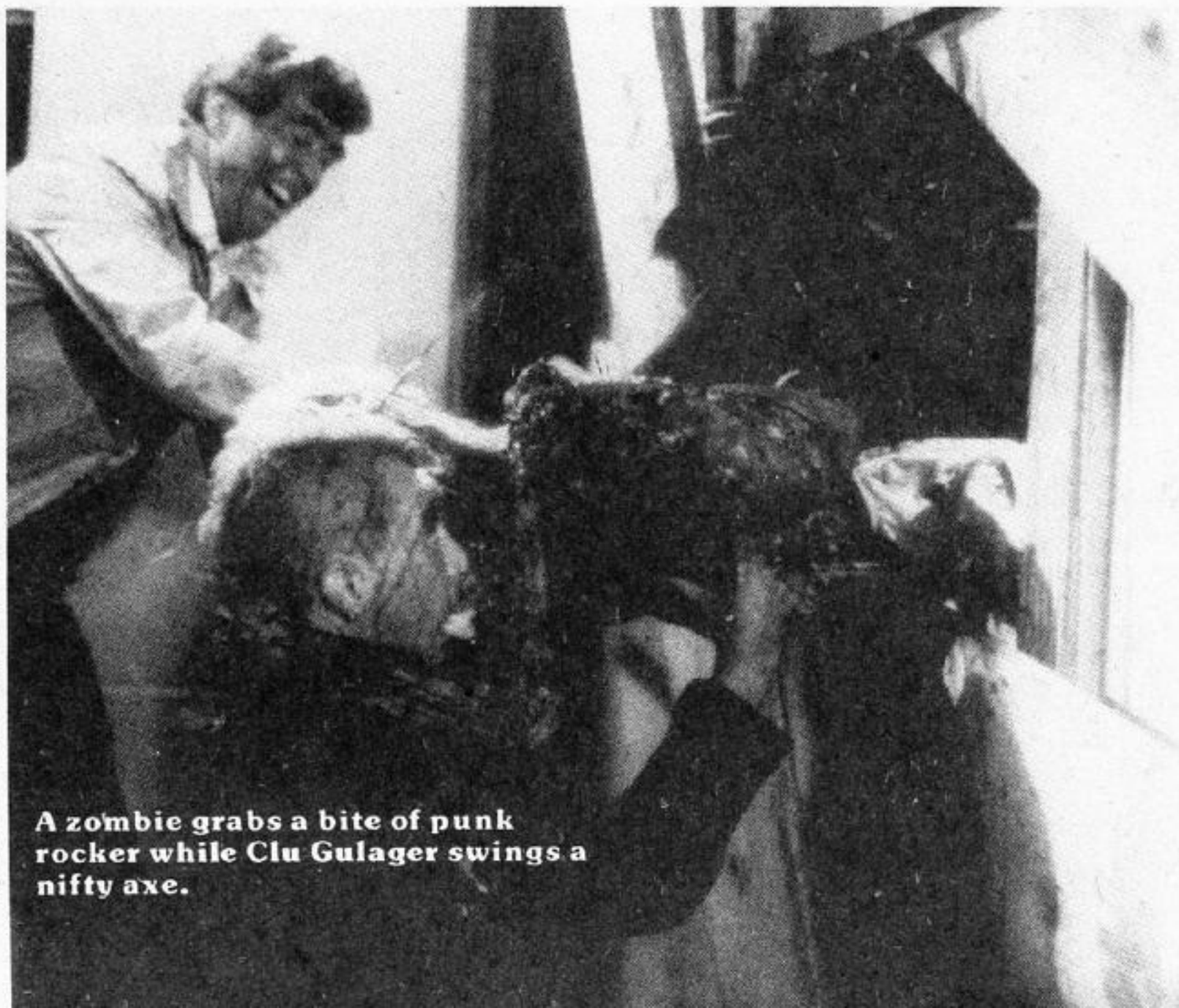
HORROR HAT TRICK

By Marc Shapiro

Clu Gulager and Don Calfa decide to cremate some of the restless living dead.

Veteran character actor Clu Gulager takes a plunge into the terror pool with three horror pictures in one year.



A zombie grabs a bite of punk rocker while Clu Gulager swings a nifty axe.

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It's Friday night in Los Angeles. And a lot of people associated with *Return of the Living Dead* are getting mighty nervous.

The movie is entering that all important second week of national release and now it's crunch time. This gore-comedy epic is about to either show box office legs or turn lame. Somewhere director-writer Dan O'Bannon is dying a thousand little deaths. So, to a very large extent, is the film's star Clu Gulager.

"Tonight's the true test for me as far as this film goes," drawls Gulager as he settles into a chair in a nearly deserted dining area of Hollywood's famous Farmer's Market. Gulager, only a couple of days removed from the end of a Georgia film shoot (his watch still running on Atlanta Standard Time) has seen *Return of the Living Dead* on four previous occasions, with his reaction ranging from mortified to ecstatic. In his trademark slow-talking, precise tones, Gulager explains why he believes his fifth look, a couple of hours later at a West Los Angeles theater, will tell the tale.

"The cult people and the horror film fans always come out the first week. If there's a full house at this theater tonight, that will be a pretty good indication that the movie has caught on."

Gulager, a white haired 56-year-old veteran actor, has sweated out box office bombs and smashes before so his concern over the fate of *Living Dead* is a bit puzzling. But then *Return of the Living Dead* is a first for Clu Gulager. It is his maiden dip into the horror film pool.

A dip he liked so much that Gulager went on to do a second, the recently completed *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part II,* and a third, the just-wrapped *From a Whisper to a Scream,* in which he plays a "psychopathic wimpy dork." Gulager claims that his decision to enter the horror film arena after more than two decades playing leading-man types was "no sudden spark of lightning."

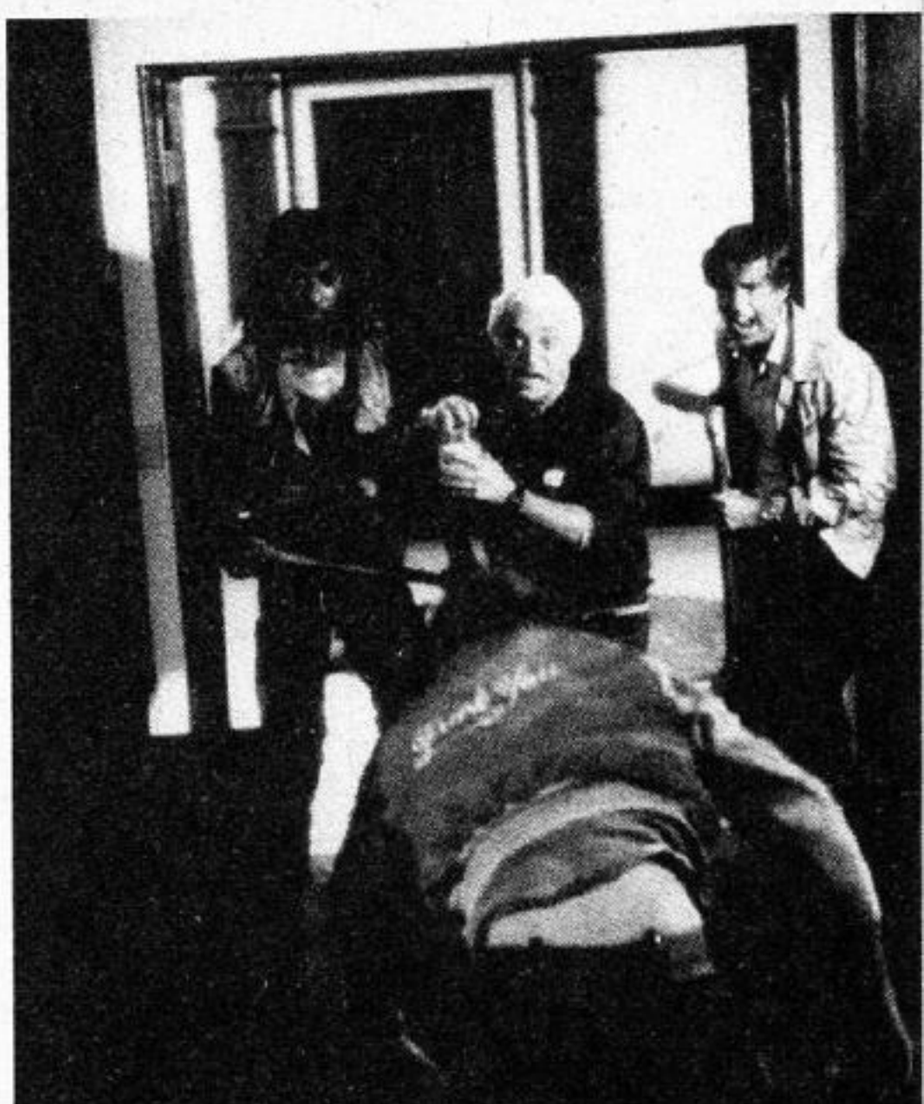
"I've always based my acting decisions on good material," says Gulager, "and everything about the roles in these three films was first rate. In a little more than a year, I've been able to play a hero, a vulnerable father figure and the worst kind of psychopathic monster. I don't know of another actor who, in the space of three films, has been able to play as broad a spectrum of parts as these horror films have offered me. I took these films because they offered me something that actors always look for: scripts that knock them out and parts that will challenge them."

Clu Gulager is a rugged individualist. He's an admitted "FANGORIA rather than Cosmopolitan type" who drives a used pickup truck at a time when any actor working as often as he does would at least be leasing a Mercedes. He lives and teaches acting in a loft in one of the more suspect parts of downtown Los Angeles and is basically true to a very rare and very spartan kind of lifestyle.

There's also an intelligent, well read side to Gulager as well. He often, in conversation, drops the names of well known authors, poets and painters to make his points. This trait comes into play when he attempts to explain why his affinity for the darker side of nature and art makes him a natural for horror films.

"I have what a lot of people might consider perverse tastes in film. I happen to believe that there can be great poetry and magic in screen violence. If a person can like the violent images of painter Francis Bacon, I don't see how they could not like *Return of the Living Dead.* Both are terror done well.

"I've always had sympathy for man's dark side," he continues. "It's usually a lot more interesting than his good attributes. Which is why I have great sympathy for a character like Freddy Krueger from *Nightmare.* Here was somebody who was a son to a father and mother. What happened to turn him into a monster? That sort of thing fascinates me."



Freddy (Thom Matthews), now a card-carrying zombie, is about to get an eyeful of acid in *Return of the Living Dead.*

This attitude and Gulager's just-completed horror hat trick would seem to make the actor a likely candidate for the mantle of horror-movie leading man. Such a title has usually been reserved for actors on the way down who can't get any other work and has been worn, rather uncomfortably, by the likes of John Agar, the late Christopher George and, most recently, Doug McClure.

But, unlike this trio, Gulager looks forward to becoming the leading light in the scare-film genre.

"I would like nothing better than to become typecast as an actor in good horror movies. There's no stigma to doing them or at least there shouldn't be. The people doing them aren't only old grizzled veterans on their way down.

"The *Nightmare* films have turned Robert Englund [the actor who plays the killer Krueger] into a celebrity of sorts and I wouldn't mind having a horror film turn me into a superstar," he chuckles. "I think it would be a real kick to have people dress like me and follow me down the street."

Clu Culager was born in Holdenville, Oklahoma, on November 16, 1928. He attended Baylor University and, later, furthered his acting education in Paris at the feet of teachers Jean Louis Barrault and Etienne Decroix. Gulager returned to the United States just in time to become, with the likes of Warren Oates, Rip Torn and Richard Chamberlain, a fix-

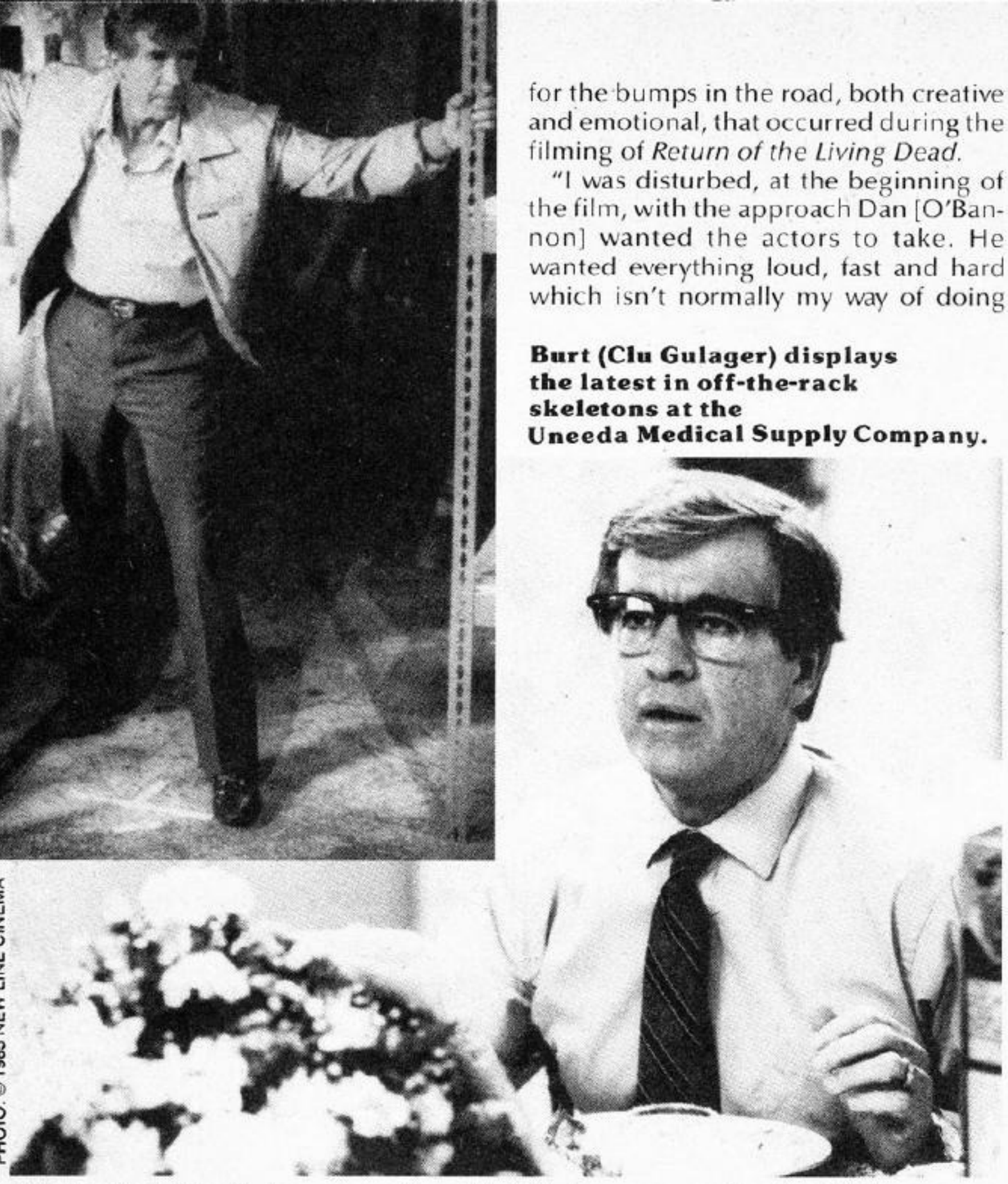


PHOTO: © 1985 NEW LINE CINEMA

Nerdy Dad Clu Gulager ponders his life insurance plan in *Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge.*

ture in the live television dramas being pumped out of New York in the 1950's

But while Gulager considers the aforementioned actors his contemporaries, he points out that his attitude toward his craft has dealt him a different hand.

"With those other actors, I've seen definite directions and formulas develop. With myself I see an actor who has just plodded along and been lucky enough to do some acting I've been happy with. I've never thought of what I've done as being a career. It's simply a matter of being an actor and liking to act. I'm not exactly sure what a career means. But I have grave doubts that it means anything at all."

While a career may have been the last thing on Clu Gulager's mind, casting directors jumped on the actor's rugged good looks and athletic ability to provide him with regular work in such films as *The Last Picture Show, A Force of One, The Other Side of Midnight,* John Landis' *Into the Night* and *The Killers*. His television credits include *The Tall Men,* the short-lived series *The MacKenzies of Paradise Cove* and the longer-running *The Virginian.*

Gulager recalls, however, that none of his experience as an actor prepared him for the bumps in the road, both creative and emotional, that occurred during the filming of *Return of the Living Dead.*

"I was disturbed, at the beginning of the film, with the approach Dan [O'Bannon] wanted the actors to take. He wanted everything loud, fast and hard which isn't normally my way of doing things. But, as the film progressed, I had to concede that he was on the right track and that his concept of the picture would work."

Burt (Clu Gulager) displays the latest in off-the-rack skeletons at the Uneeda Medical Supply Company.

But agreeing with the director's plan didn't keep Gulager and O'Bannon from verbally mixing it up near the end of the film.

"The tension on the set was getting pretty high," remembers Gulager. "This was Dan's first directing job and he was getting suggestions from somebody every time he turned around. We were also running a bit behind schedule which didn't help things.

"We were doing this very emotional scene where I was doing a lot of ranting and raving and there was a disagreement between Dan and myself on how the scene should be played. I blew up at him and we had a few rough moments. Everything got back to normal and Dan and I are talking again but I really regret that it happened. That fight may have helped in the creative process but it made for some unhappy moments."

Gulager claims no such outbursts occurred on *Nightmare II.* "The generals on that film planned for the battle down to the tiniest detail. There were no problems."

Which is more than you can say about Gulager's recent stint in *From a Whisper to a Scream,* a film he refuses to get too specific about but concedes "just about anything that could go wrong on a low-budget film did.

"But that film was a great opportunity to grow as an actor. It's a radical departure from the public's preconceived picture of the roles I play. That alone made the less than ideal conditions worth the trouble."

There's confidence in Gulager's voice as he talks about his horror film involvement. But the actor is quick to point out that he is still on very shaky ground.

"Horror films today are basically a young man's game," he says. "The directors, the writers, the actors and the audience the films are aiming at are all young. Consequently, even after three films, I haven't been able to completely shake the feeling that I'm an old man who is a little out of place. I don't feel at home doing horror films yet but, in a sense, that's a good thing.

"Remaining uncomfortable has helped me as an actor. When you become too entrenched and too comfortable you screw up and make mistakes. And the last thing I want to do is screw things up."

An hour later Gulager is standing outside the theater as the line for the eight o'clock show slowly begins to form. He is chatting with an usher, being ignored by passersby and basically giving credence to his previous assessment of himself as "one of the most unrecognizable actors in the business."

He enters the theater, moves to a seat near the front of the screen and expresses disappointment at what could be charitably called a half-filled house. The lights go out and the film flickers on. Gulager, who with the aid of makeup looks a good 10 years younger on screen, laughs at a couple of familiar bits but is basically content to sit back with a tub of popcorn and gauge the audience's reaction.

A trio of teens sitting directly behind Gulager are roaring and groaning at the appropriate moments. Gulager smiles faintly, indicating that, in this instance, a quality response beats a quantity one all to hell.

The film ends and Gulager returns to the lobby where he unexpectedly runs into O'Bannon who has also snuck in to check things out. The pair exchange pleasantries and their mutual disappointment at the low attendance.

Suddenly a rush of teenagers surges through the door and into the theater, a carload of yelling, enthusiastic faces. Gulager excuses himself and trails in behind to size up the audience for the 10 o'clock show. He emerges from the darkness moments later with an ear-to-ear grin.

It's a full house.

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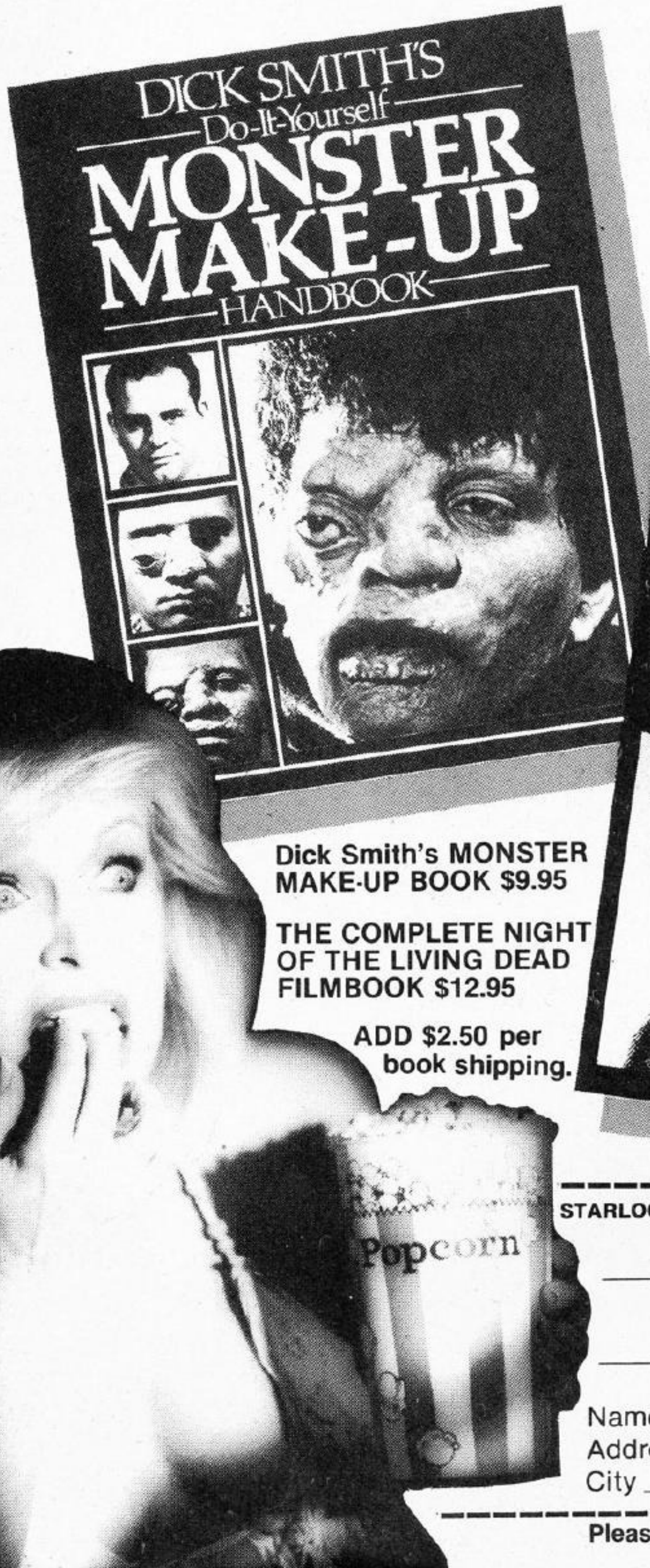

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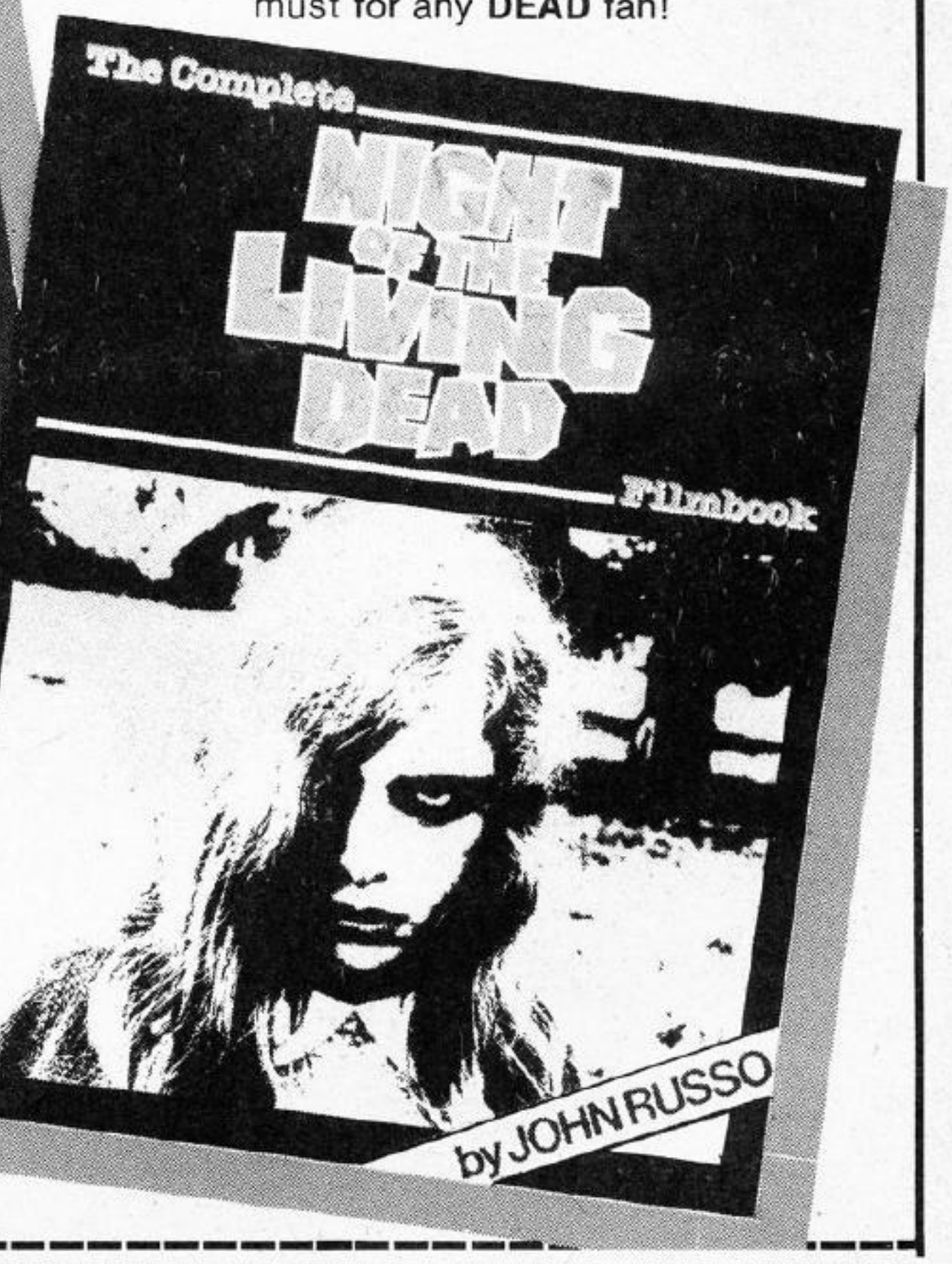

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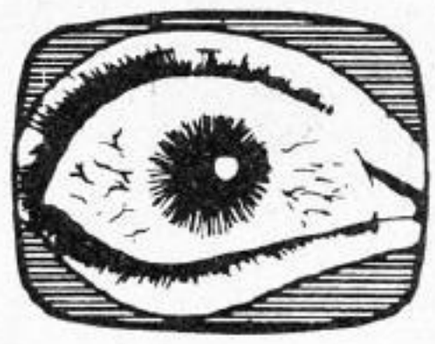

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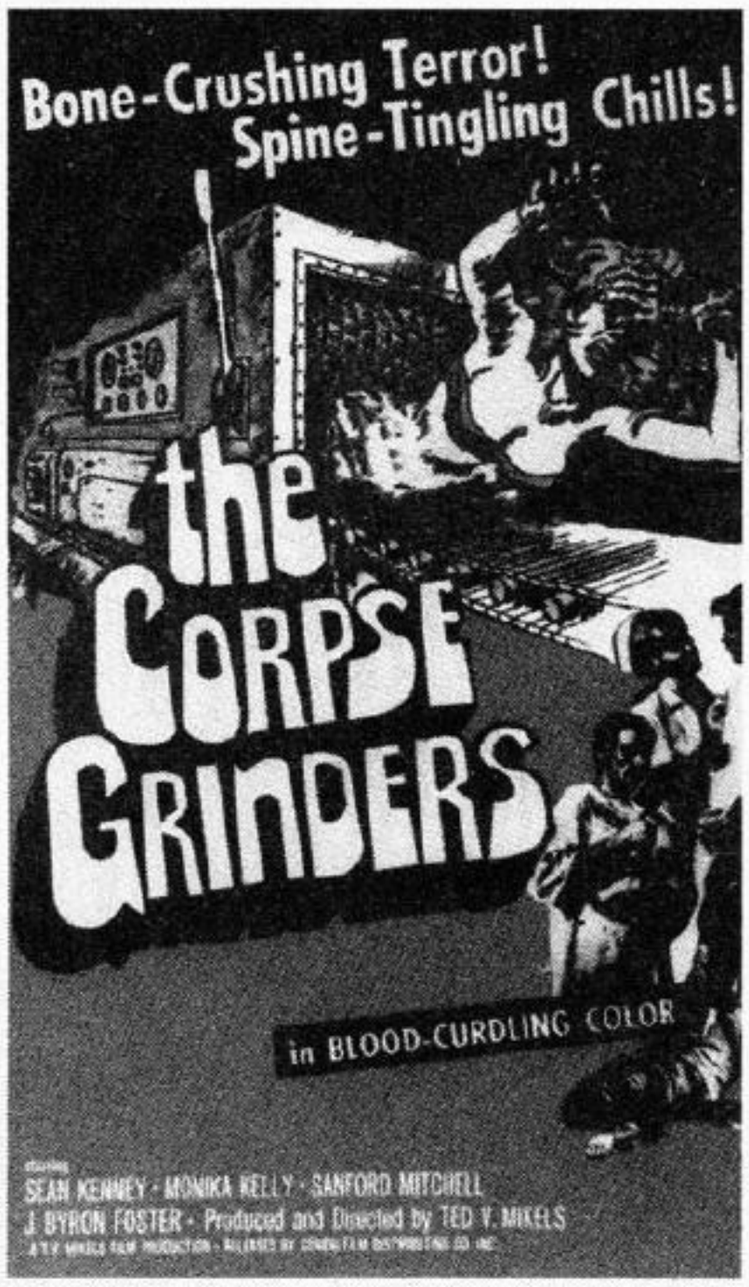
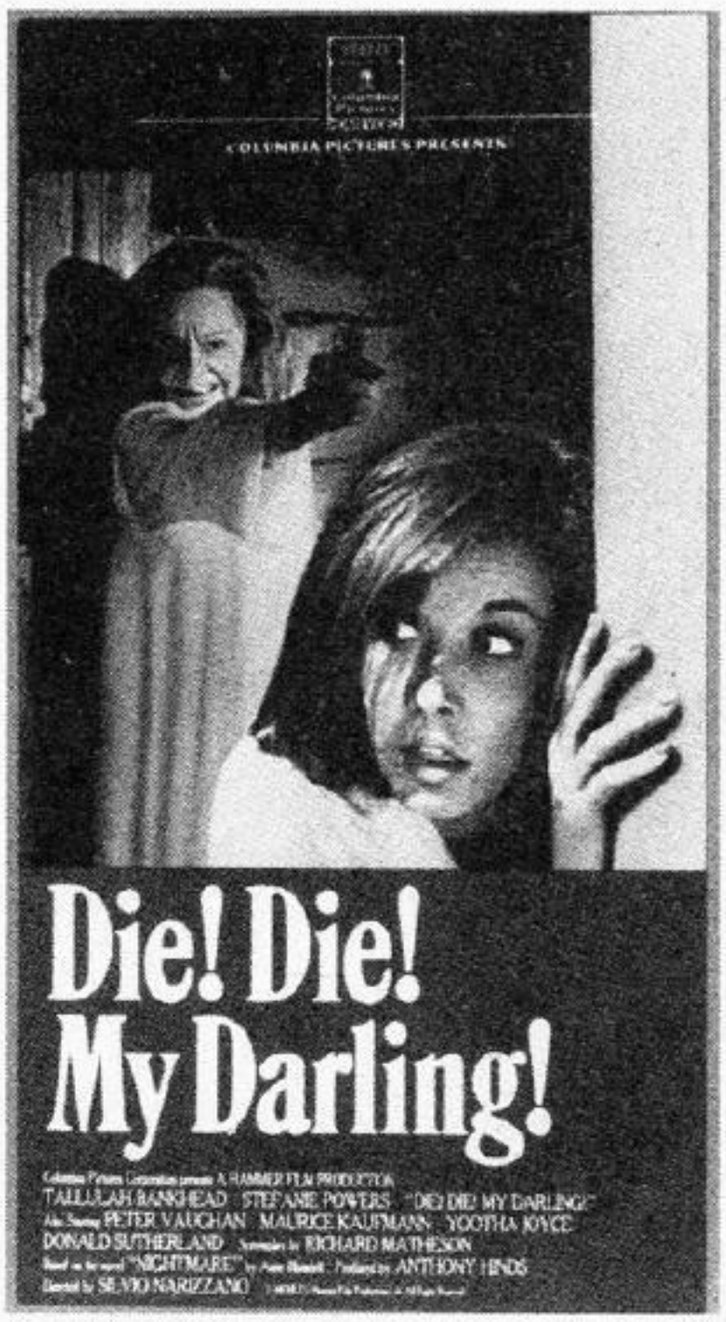
THE BRAIN (MONTEREY HOME VIDEO): The third adaptation of Curt Siodmak's novel *Donovan's Brain*, this movie starts out well then starts to fizzle out around halfway through. Peter Van Eyck stars as a research scientist who rushes to the scene of a nearby plane crash with the intention of saving lives, and instead saves a brain. The body of the tycoon who owned the plane is beyond help but it seems the man's brain can be kept alive in Van Eyck's laboratory. The scientist monitors the brain's thought waves. He finds that the brain can still react to outside stimuli. He also finds that it exerts some mysterious control over his own mind and can even infect the scientist with its own vengeful personality. And there is cause for vengeance here. The plane crash may not have been an accident; it may have been triggered by a pre-arranged explosion. This first section is given a lot of creepy atmosphere by veteran horror director Freddie Francis, but once Van Eyck, controlled by the brain, sets out to find out who rigged the explosion on the plane, the film becomes a talky, unimaginative who-done-it, a waste of both Francis and a good cast which includes noted Irish character actor Jack MacGowran and Bernard Lee, known as "M" in the James Bond movies. Those interested in seeing a good version of Siodmak's story should take a look at 1953's *Donovan's Brain*.



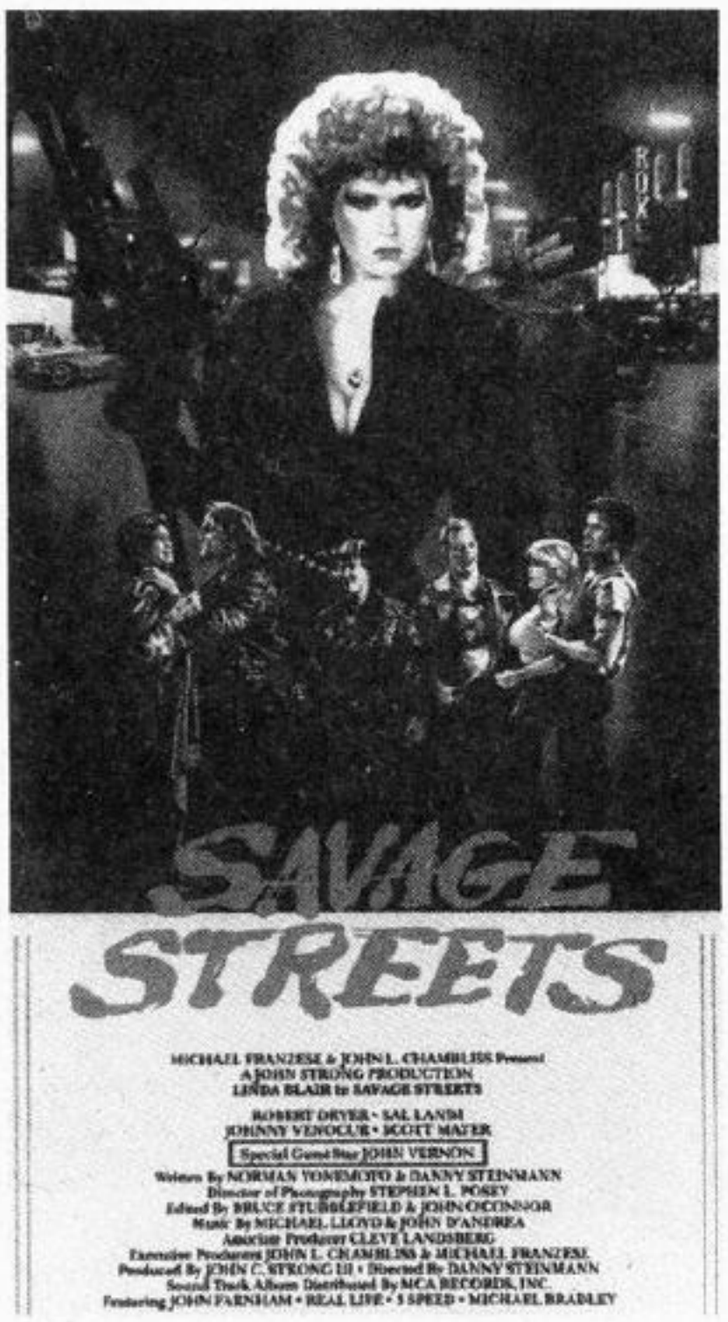
THE CORPSE GRINDERS (WORLD VIDEO): Not as good as you'd think, providing of course that the juicy title would make you think that the movie would be worthwhile. If, on the other hand, you've already seen a Ted V. Mikels movie, you wouldn't be disappointed because you would know exactly how rotten Mikels' *Corpse Grinders* is right from the get-go. Unlike the title, the movie itself is pretty tame—tame and god-awful. The title characters are a couple of guys who hit upon the scheme of making cat food out of ground humans. You might figure that grinding up humans is bad enough, but it turns out that the resultant cat food turns lovable felines into ferocious man-eaters. All of which makes a fine premise for sleazy horror-exploitation fans, but these aficionados are not likely to be pleased by the leaden direction and the lack of exciting action or special effects. The one thing that can be said in the movie's favor is that Mikels makes some interesting use of colored lighting that seems to be a precurser to the similar technique used in *Creepshow*. But I doubt too many of you would pick a horror movie for its funny colors.

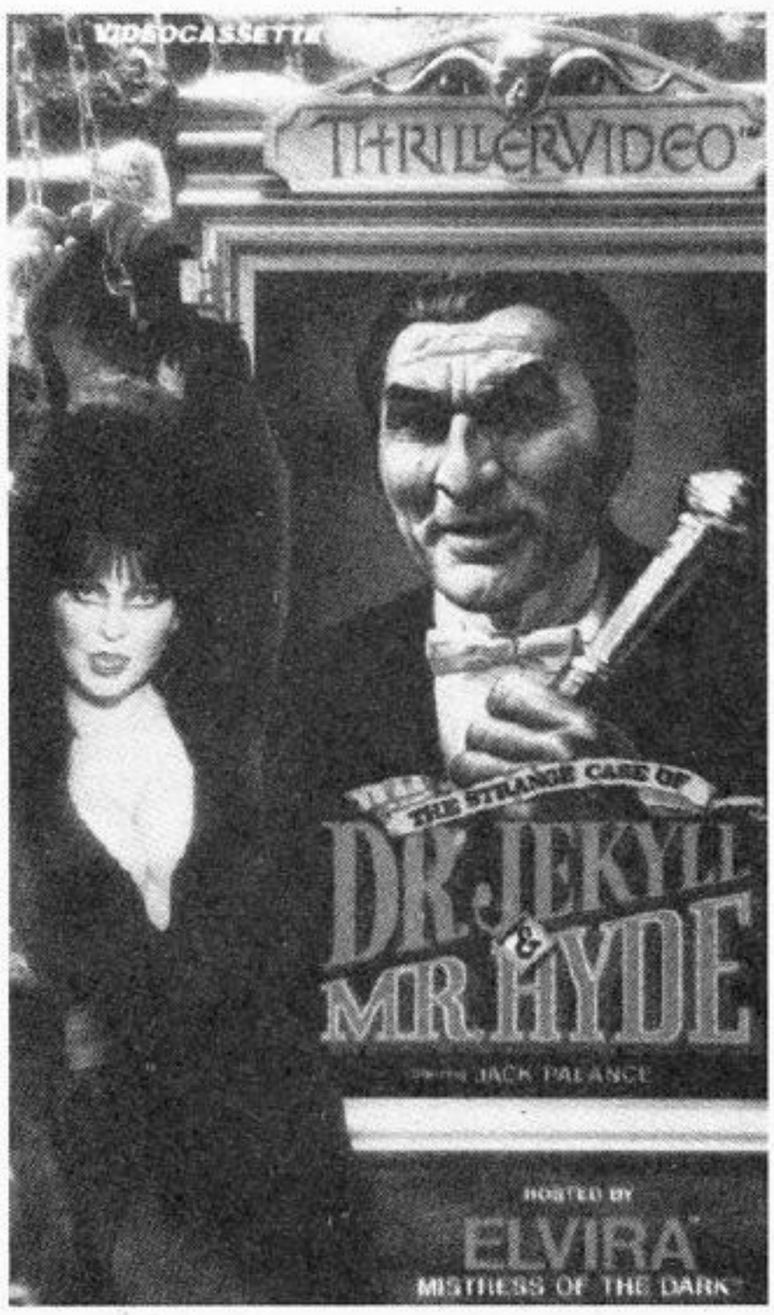
DIE! DIE! MY DARLING! (RCA/COLUMBIA): After Hammer jumped on the *Psycho* bandwagon with such solid thrillers as *Paranoiac* and *Hysteria*, they then capitalized on the horror sub-genre started by *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*. In that film, Bette Davis and Joan Crawford had gotten a new lease on life as thriller stars; a couple of years later, Hammer then brought the legendary Tallulah Bankhead into the fold for 1965's *Die! Die! My Darling!* The film's story begins as Stephanie Powers goes to visit the



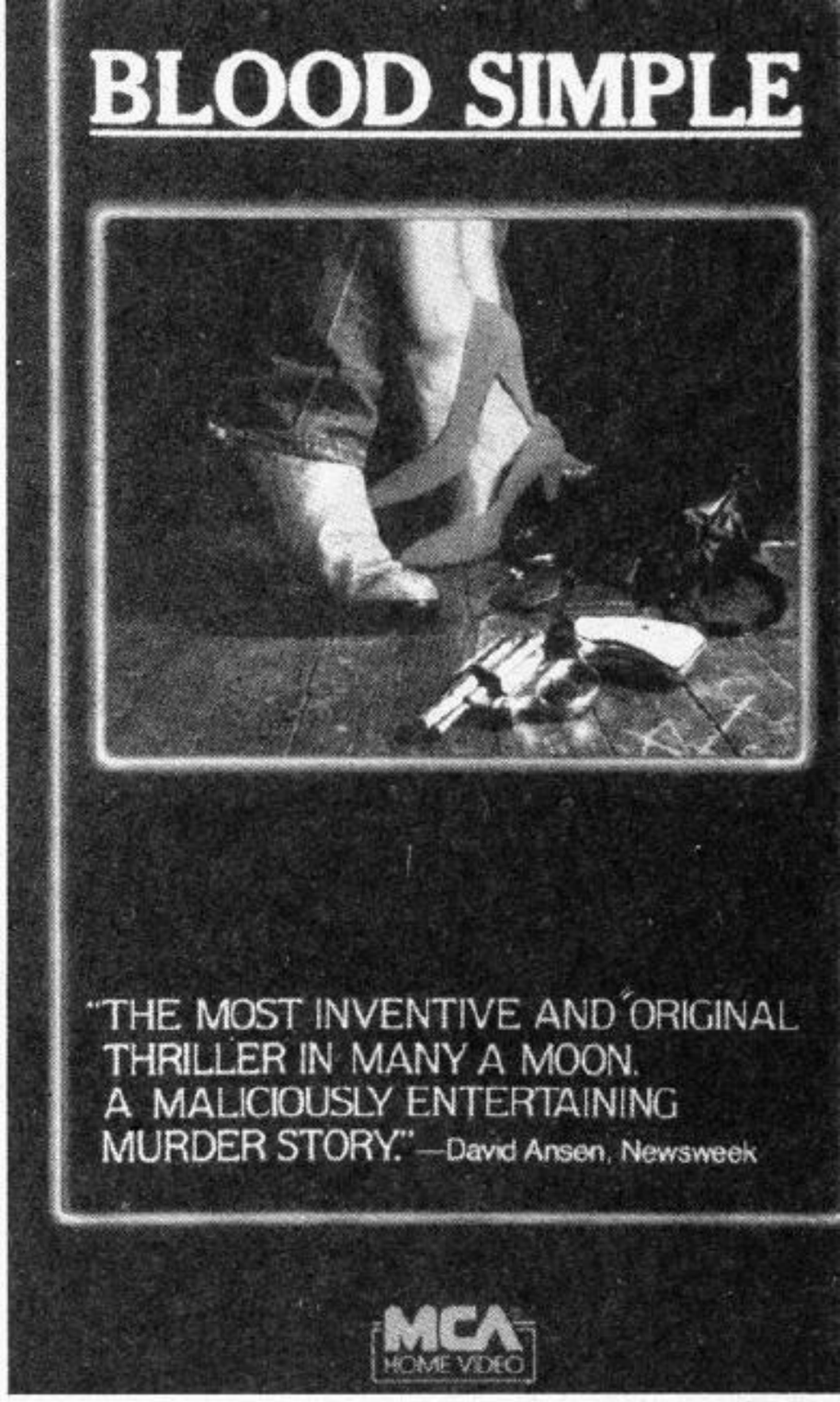
Bankhead mansion. Powers plays an American girl who had been engaged to a young Englishman, Bankhead's son. The son has died in a mysterious accident and Powers feels she should go see Bankhead to speak to her about this tragedy. Powers figures she'll stay for just a couple of hours, but Bankhead has other ideas. Bankhead is a religious fanatic (the original English title for the film was, in fact, *Fanatic*) who sees a streak of wicked sinfulness in the wholesome Powers. And sinfulness is not something that Bankhead is about to ignore. At first Powers is just annoyed by Bankhead's overbearingly righteous rules and regulations, but she soon experiences something much stronger than irritation. Bankhead imprisons the young woman so that she can rectify the wayward soul of her son's ex-fiancee. In the early part of the film it seems like Powers is putting up with an awful lot of unnecessary harassment from her wacko hostess, and it's hard to understand why she doesn't just leave while she has the chance. But once the screws are tightened and she is held captive, the movie becomes a riveting and unsettling suspense story. Much of the credit, of course, goes to the gravely-voiced Tallulah Bankhead who makes as a formidable a hag as you'd ever want to see. Powers also does a good job as the terrorized heroine, and a young Donald Sutherland is sympathetic as Bankhead's retarded handyman. This Richard Matheson-scripted chiller stands up quite well.

SAVAGE STREETS (VESTRON): Before Danny Steinmann directed *Friday the 13th: A New Beginning*, he made this street-gang exploitation picture starring Fango fave Linda Blair. Blair plays the leader of a group of streetwise but basically good gals that is persecuted by a pack of male dementos out for a bad time. First these guys gang-rape Blair's deaf-mute sister—then they start to get nasty. Before too long, the two-fisted Blair decides she's not going to take it anymore. She takes to the streets and gives the slimebags a taste of their own medicine—and then some. It's all stuff you've seen before, but Steinmann keeps things hopping, and delivers a zesty piece of mean exploitation. And what's more, if you haven't had a good laugh lately, you'll want to see Linda as a cold-blooded street avenger in a skin-tight black jumpsuit.





THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (THRILLER VIDEO): Elvira introduces the Dan Curtis TV production of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic. Made in 1968 right after Curtis attracted attention with the *Dark Shadows* phenomenon, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was, like *Dark Shadows*, shot on video, and even used some of the horror soap's musical score. But Curtis and director Charles Jarrott seemed to make the most of these limitations with a very earnest rendition of an oft-told story that featured a first-rate cast. Jack Palance is excellent as Jekyll/Hyde, and among the supporting players are such talented actors as Denholm Elliott, Leo Genn and Oscar Homolka. Unfortunately, the pacing is very slow and the production's two-hour running time seems much too long. As for Elvira, the less said about her "comedy" the better.



BLOOD SIMPLE (MCA): A neo-*film noir* picture that has attracted attention in Fango because of its gruesome, and sometimes ghoulish, highpoints. *Blood Simple* is a reworking of the favorite formula of hard-boiled novelist James Cain in which adulterers get themselves neck-deep in murder and double-dealing. But unlike other recent *film noir* tributes, such as *Blade Runner* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (a Cain story, incidentally), *Blood Simple* has a clever, twisty story-line and some unusual violence to keep the viewer on his toes. These elements, I found, were enough to overcome the excessive, self-conscious stylishness that often has "film school" written all over it. Recent directors of *film noir* seem to think that interesting, moody camera set-ups are all that matters in this kind of movie. *Blood Simple*, on the other hand, has both style and story. Unfortunately, though, the movie falls down in the area of characterization. Dan Hedaya as the cuckolded husband and, especially, M. Emmet Walsh as the slimy private detective are vivid characters, but John Getz and Frances McDormand as the adulterous lovers, the catalysts for all the action, are little more than automatons. They have just about no definition on their own and no discernible passion between them; feeble successors to such great *film noir* couples as Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*, and John Garfield and Lana Turner in the original version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Still, *Blood Simple* is an ingenious picture very much worth seeing.

The BIG Little Man

In *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, Rossitto strove for an Academy Award nomination as the scheming Master. Rossitto's career now spans 60 years.

PHOTO © 1985 WARNER BROS

The Angelo Rossitto story, from Freaks *to* Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome. *Is it Oscar-time for Angelo?*

One of the unexpected pleasures of last summer's *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* was the performance of veteran character actor Angelo Rossitto. After playing bit roles in nearly 200 movies since the silent era, the integral *Thunderdome* role of Master emerges as Rossitto's best work to date. Listed among his credits are such cult classics as *Freaks* (1932), *Babes in Toyland* (1934) and *The Trip* (1967) and campy non-classics like *Spooks Run Wild* (1941) and *Dracula vs. Frankenstein* (1971).

The 34-inch-tall Rossitto has stood alongside most of horrordom's greatest from Boris Karloff, Tod Browning and Vincent Price to his close friend Bela Lugosi. This actor of a thousand stories moved to Hollywood in 1926 and dropped his former legal aspirations when John Barrymore helped him land some early stage and silent film work. To supplement his meager acting income, Rossitto operated a newsstand where producers like the legendary Sam Katzman would spot him and give him a quick day's work.

Over the past 60 years, Rossitto's experiences included doubling for Shirley Temple, running for the mayor of Los Angeles in 1941, delivering newspapers to Gen. George Patton during World War II, and appearing as a semi-regular on TV's *Baretta*. As one of the founding members of the Little People of America Association, the Omaha-born Rossitto paved the way for diminutive performers who refused to let their height act as a handicap. He is certainly one of the genre's most unique members, and Rossitto was happy to discuss his long career in

detail for FANGORIA.

FANGORIA: How would you sum up your stint on *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome?*

Angelo Rossitto: I enjoyed the film all the way through. I was in Australia for four months and it was rough. The desert scenes were shot not far from the equator line, so it was hot. But, all the people in Australia are just lovely. The company took excellent care of me, and even hired Oliver Hall as my valet. He had never worked in pictures before and got a part in the picture as one of Tina's imperial guards. He was six-foot-four inches tall and strong as an ox. Paul Larsson—Blaster—had never worked in pictures either. He's a plumber from Sydney, and they took him because he is six-foot-eight inches tall. Oliver used to pick me up underneath my arms and drop me into Blaster's saddle like a 10 pound sack of potatoes.

Fang: Were you a little nervous about working off of Blaster's shoulders for *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome?*

Rossitto: It took about a month to make that harness secure so that I wouldn't be afraid to sit in it. Once they got it secured, it was a cinch and wonderful. I actually prefered being in the harness than walking around in a scene.

Fang: You had a pretty unusual torture scene to do. Did all those pigs make good co-stars?

Rossitto: That was fun. Pigs are not vicious, they're very intelligent animals. My only fear was that they might knock me down and try to walk over me. But Oliver Hall and another guy would stand out of frame with long sticks to make sure the pigs didn't knock me down. They put molasses on my arms so that the pigs would lick my arms, and people would get the impression that they were trying to eat me up. They were so sweet that it was funny. We had one pig that had 11 piglets!

Fang: Did the climactic train scenes present any dangers?

Rossitto: They had me on wires so that in case somebody slipped, I wouldn't fall. George Miller saw to it that I was very secure and wouldn't get hurt. I had an extra wire on me for double protection in case one broke. Each piano wire can support 300 pounds.

Fang: Were any of your stunts potentially dangerous?

Rossitto: No, I didn't think it was so dangerous. I've done wire stuff before. The first time you go up on piano wires you're a little nervous, but then you get used to it and it is a lot of fun. I've always done my own stunts because I'm too damn small [laughs] for producers to find me a double! They had a double for me on *Max,* but hell, he was almost a foot-and-a-half taller than me. He worked one day and they sent him home.

Fang: How did you win the role of Master?

Rossitto: George Miller came to the West Coast in 1984 looking for a little person with a lot of experience and gray hair. My agent sent me to the studio casting office and I fit what they were looking for. They gave me the plane tickets three weeks later.

Fang: What kind of direction did Miller give you?

Rossitto: He would explain the scene to

PHOTO: COURTESY OF CORALIE JR. AGENCY

Rossitto negotiates a new film deal.

Lugosi scowls at the mortally wounded Rossitto in producer Sam Katzman's camp classic, *The Corpse Vanishes.*

PHOTO: COURTESY OF SAM SHERMAN

Bela Lugosi and Angelo Rossitto menace the East Side Kids in Monogram's *Spooks Run Wild*, the first of numerous Lugosi-Rossitto teamings.

Rossitto is at the wrong end of Vicki Volante's hypodermic needle in Adamson's *Brain of Blood*.

me, what happened before and after, so it was pretty easy to follow the story. I've always been good with dialogue because in my high school days I intended to study law.

Fang: Then what brought you to Hollywood?

Rossitto: I came to California in 1926 and saw the beautiful weather and said, "The hell with that! I'm not going back to the snow in Omaha, Nebraska." So, I stuck it out and had some bad years.

Fang: How did John Barrymore help get you started in the silents?

Rossitto: In 1926, I started out with John Barrymore in *The Beloved Rogue*. I had a newsstand in front of the athletic club in Los Angeles and he used to come by. I had a black face act in vaudeville days too. I had once worked with Barrymore on stage and he helped get me a decent salary. We were drinking buddies. I started out on 75 bucks a week. That was a lot of money in those days.

Fang: You later played a fish-man in the silent version of *Mysterious Island* with John's brother Lionel. How were the underwater scenes shot?

Rossitto: I was on wires as one of the fishmen in *Mysterious Island*. They had two green glasses in front of the camera that moved up and down to make it look like waves. I never even got my fingers wet on that picture. I was only on one wire way up on top of the stage where I made believe that I was swimming around. If it snapped I'd be in trouble. That suit was made out of rubber, but the suit that I wore in *Galaxina* was much more uncomfortable and difficult to see out of. I was on *Mysterious Island* for about four weeks at MGM. There were about 40 little people on it.

Fang: What was the cast of Tod Browning's *Freaks* like?

Rossitto: We had three pinheads who could only count up to six. The Siamese twins were the Hilton Sisters [*Chained for Life*]. There was a girl with no arms

PHOTO: ©1941 MONOGRAM PICTURES

big wheel at the time.

Fang: Why do you think *Freaks* was not a success at the time of its release?

Rossitto: Well, I don't think audiences went to carnivals and circuses then as much as they do today. I was surprised that it wasn't a success, but it eventually became a classic.

Fang: How did you first get to know Bela Lugosi?

Rossitto: I made 12 cheapies with Lugosi for producer Sam Katzman. Bela Lugosi once told me that he wanted me in all of his pictures. And he gave Katzman instructions to put me in them. Lugosi told me, "Angelo, you are my greatest free advertisement. When they see you they've got to say to themselves 'There's the little guy who works with the monster.' " He even told his son, the lawyer, to come and visit me after he died. Lugosi was a sweetheart of a guy and he loved me.

Fang: Was *Spooks Run Wild* with the East Side Kids your first collaboration with Lugosi?

Rossitto: Katzman had a role for me in *Spooks Run Wild* and that is when Lugosi decided that he wanted me in all his films. On that film we just dashed around from room to room with the East Side Kids chasing me. We had a great time with it.

Fang: Were you aware of Lugosi's drug problem at the time?

Rossitto: If he was shooting dope on the set during the 1940's no one knew about it. He didn't act like he did. When he went public with it we were all surprised, we couldn't believe it. He did get off it for a while, but then he went back. They pinned him down and he never got away from those horror films.

Fang: Did the performers have a completed script on many of your early films?

Rossitto: In those days, around the time I started with John Barrymore, they didn't have a full script like they do today. They had an outline of a story and they'd build on it as they worked on it every day.

Fang: How cheap were Katzman's Monogram films?

Rossitto: Things were very cheap. We worked 54 hours a week and six days a week. They were struggling most of the time. *Spooks Run Wild* was supposed to be a second feature, but they brought it in for $250,000. It was so funny that they gave it first billing when they released it and it brought in $2 million for the producers. If Katzman brought the movies in on $300,000 it was too much money. We took them seriously since we didn't know they would come out comical. Today, Monogram is a Safeway store.

Fang: How did you first meet Katzman?

Rossitto: Anytime he wanted me for a picture, Sam would come by my newsstand at Hollywood and Wilcox and say, "I got a

(Continued on page 64)

who could write better than me with her feet. She would hold her pen between her big toe and the next one. Then there was Johnny Eck who had no legs. He lives in Maryland and I received a letter from him a few years ago.

Fang: Did a special bond develop between the performers on *Freaks?*

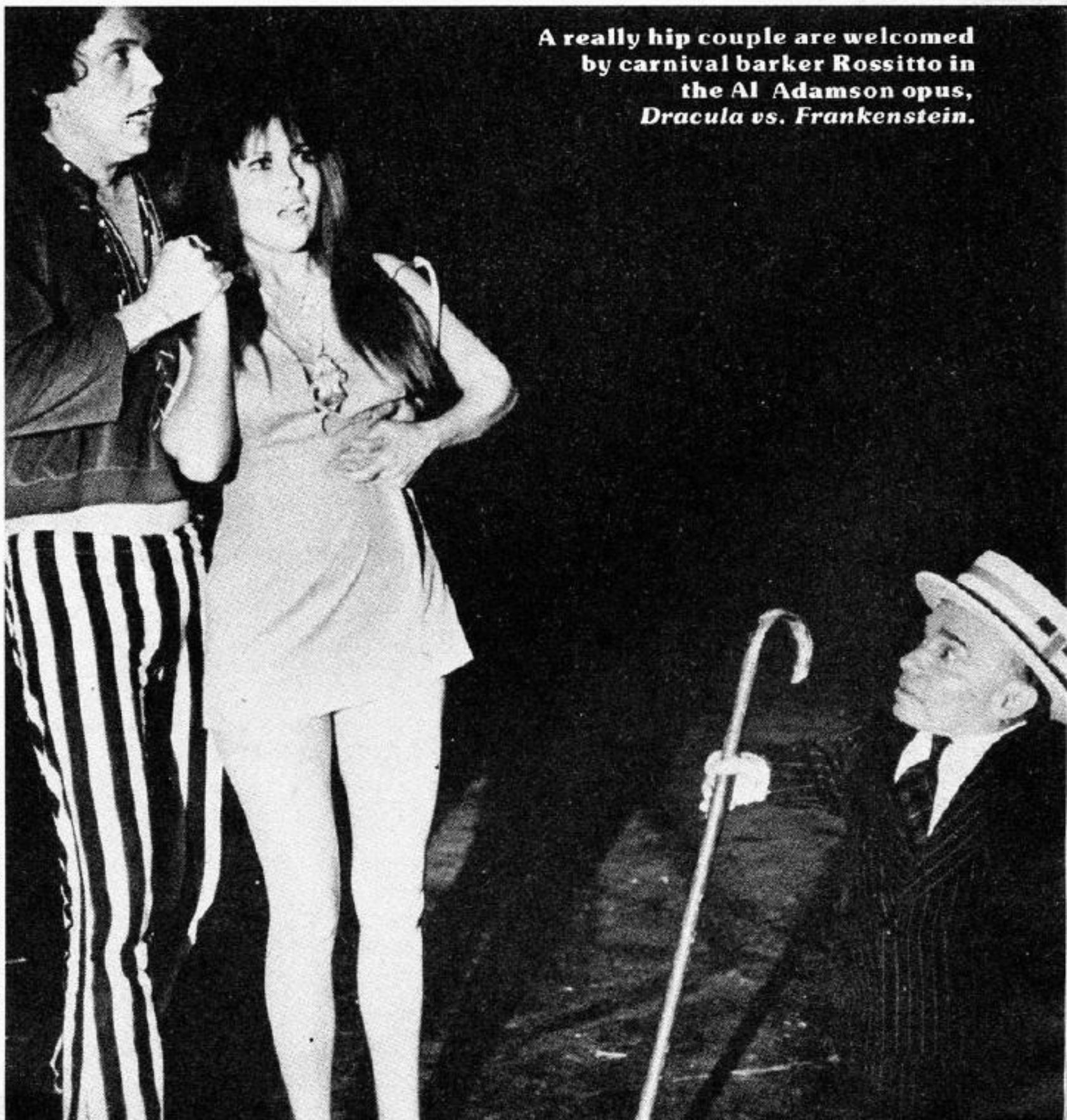
Rossitto: We were all troupers. We all loved each other. At lunch time we'd all get together in our own private little groups and talk about the carnival days.

Fang: Do you remember any shooting details from *Freaks?*

Rossitto: It was shot on the backlot of MGM. On the last night of filming, we had a rain scene all night long. Prince Randian—the little guy with no arms or legs—had to crawl around in the mud. I felt so sorry for him. You know he could shave himself. He was quite a guy.

Fang: Do you remember the studio's reaction to the film?

Rossitto: The studio didn't like the characters in the picture. But when Tod Browning had a hit with *Dracula,* he decided to turn it into a horror picture. It would have been a straight-out story about carnival people. Browning was a



A really hip couple are welcomed by carnival barker Rossitto in the Al Adamson opus, *Dracula vs. Frankenstein.*

PHOTO: COURTESY OF SAM SHERMAN

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Dr. Hill's head about to be freed from his body with the help of a well aimed shovel blade.

Literary ZOMBIES

By David Everitt

One of The Re-Animator*'s screenwriters explains how H.P. Lovecraft's living corpses were brought from page to screen.*

The stories of H.P. Lovecraft have not fared too well on screen. Roger Corman's *The Haunted Palace* (1963) was a good, creepy adaptation of "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," but *Die, Monster, Die!* (1965)—despite one of the all-time great exploitation titles—was strictly routine, as was *The Dunwich Horror* (1969), while *The Shuttered Room* (1967) was nothing more than a long build-up to an anticlimax. For 15 years after the release of *The Dunwich Horror,* no Lovecraft films were made at all. But now *The Re-Animator* has come along to show how exciting, horrifying and outrageous a Lovecraft movie can be. If this Empire Pictures release attracts enough business, it could prove to be the first of a series of adaptations of the great horror author's stories.

When thinking of the sort of person who would have written a movie as bloody and outlandish as *The Re-Animator*, one might not immediately think of someone who teaches literature at a New York college but that's exactly what co-screenwriter Dennis Paoli does for a living when not working on film scripts. Paoli has worked on and off with *Re-Animator* director Stuart Gordon since their high school days in Chicago, collaborating on projects that have ranged from comedy skits to a stage version of the hero epic *Beowolf*. By the time Gordon and William Norris contacted Paoli about the idea of collaborating on a Lovecraft script, Paoli's academic pursuits had primed him for a venture into the bizarre.

Paoli says that he was originally brought onto the project as "the Gothic consultant," because at the time he was working on his PHD in 18th and 19th century Gothic fiction. Paoli found that his knowledge of this style of literature could be applied to the task of adapting that latter-day Gothic H.P. Lovecraft. "The Gothics," Paoli says, " were the first kind of novels written. It's very strange what's happened to them. On the one hand, when you say Gothics you think of these current formula romances, but in their time, the first Gothics were the experimental novels. They would try anything to tell a story. They strove for effect, to have an immediate and violent effect on the reader. So they were banned in

Herbert West slows down his first re-animated corpse (Peter Kent) with a drill through the chest.

many places. In the House of Commons in England they called for a stop to romances, especially Gothic romances, because they were believed to be corruptive—just the same argument you get today."

The Gothic-style source material for *The Re-Animator* was a series of six grisly stories by Lovecraft revolving around the mad scientist Herbert West. In a quest to conquer death, West concocts a serum that can re-animate dead bodies. The serum produces macabre results and West spends six stories refining his ghastly experiment.

At first *The Re-Animator* was envisioned as a series of 13 half-hour episodes to be produced for either syndicated or cable TV. Once an outline was drawn up, Paoli says that William Norris wrote the first half-hour pilot, but then the collaborators found that there seemed to be more interest in an hour show that might be included in an already existing anthology series. Paoli expanded the script to an hour, and then went on to expand it again to an hour-and-a-half when prospects arose to produce the story as a feature film.

Adapting Lovecraft to create a violent, Gothic effect on screen has its problems, says Paoli, which may account for the mediocrity of previous Lovecraft films. One problem, says Paoli, is that most of the author's stories were written in the first person; in the case of the Herbert West stories, the narrator is Dan Cain, West's reluctant assistant. "Most movies," explains Paoli, "aren't made that way. It's very difficult to get across the first-person point of view unless you use a lot of voice-over narration, but then that distances you from the screen. You don't get that immediate effect."

Another problem concerns the nature of Lovecraft's horror. "Lovecraft's people have seen something that has changed

The lively, headless Dr. Hill body sneaks up on Herbert West who is absorbed in a chat with the re-animated Dr. Hill head.

PHOTOS: ©1985 EMPIRE PICTURES

them, that has twisted them, that has ruined their lives or made them mad. In the stories, all you get is the reactions to the horror. You do get some descriptions, actually some quite vivid descriptions, but they're always made more vivid by your own imagination. On film, you have to show these horrifying things, these things that the narrators see which make them mad, and you're under the obligation, in a way, to make your audience mad. That is an awful obligation for a filmmaker." In the past this has been an area in which Lovecraft pictures have really fallen apart. Anyone who has been subjected to the endless psychedelic shots from the point of view of the monster in *The Dunwich Horror* can attest to that. In *The Re-Animator*, though, the graphic horror is displayed—in spades. "Because we have reached a period now where you can be explicit, it allowed us to show these bloody events without cutting away or suggesting them off-camera. You have to take that excessive route," adds Paoli.

This particular adaptation also involved compressing the material contained in six stories to a 90-minute, low-budget feature. Out of necessity, says Paoli, many things had to be left out. The original stories have an intriguing epic scope. West begins at Miskatonic University in Lovecraft's recurring New England town of Arkham. West's gruesome experiments lead to his expulsion from the school, and when he continues to dig up bodies for his re-animation work, he is then kicked out of Arkham. From there he goes to Europe during World War I to work as a medic, "which is a perfect place for him," comments Paoli with a wry smile. "That part is like *M*A*S*H*, only horrifying. And I'm smiling about it. There's something funny about that. The humor in the movie comes from that kind of excessiveness."

This macabre sense of humor is one of the things that makes *The Re-Animator* so distinctive. Paoli feels that the black, bloody comedy grows naturally out of the story's characters, particularly the obsessed Herbert West. "No matter how excessive things get," he points out, "it's never excessive to Herbert. None of that matters to him. He knows exactly what he wants to do: He wants to continue with his experiments and he wants his bodies fresh—and that's all that counts. Something about the way he rationalizes all of these horrifying deeds in an almost sane way is totally *insane*. When you see a character not reacting to the horror and the gore in a way that you would, it's strange, and it's so strange it's funny."

The grotesque humor reaches its height when West decapitates his ruthless rival Dr. Hill and then proceeds to reanimate both the head and body, both of which carry on separately. "Sometimes you just have to let the characters go," says Paoli about this particularly wild

The zombified college dean (Robert Sampson) gets even with Dr. Hill's head, but the Hill body is no idle bystander.

section of the movie. "You shouldn't impose on them your ideas of what they should be. At some point the character will pop out and do whatever he or she would really do. When you find it, you know it's right, and you can't fight it. You can go back and make them do something different, especially if the studio says, 'No, you *can't do* that.' But in this production, we *could* do that, and not feel obliged to rein the character back and say, 'No, Herbert, you can't go that far.' That's not the nature of Herbert West's character. Going far has no meaning for him. He's *so* goal oriented. That goal may be so far out that we would stop and turn and run, but not Herbert."

If there is one scene that the producers of this currently unrated film might feel obliged to cut out, it would be the infamous sex scene involving the leading lady and Dr. Hill's decapitated head. Can Paoli take credit for creating this scene? "I will," Paoli laughs. "I don't know if 'credit' is the word. I don't know what that ultimately will do for me."

The colorful characters in *The Re-Animator* not only account for the bizarre humor, but for something else that rarely occurs in current horror pictures: the opportunity for actors to give performances worthy of the great old horror stars, especially the performances of Jeffrey Combs as Herbert West, Robert Sampson as Dean Halsey and David Gale as Dr. Hill. Paoli feels that fans will get a chance to see more horror movies that allow that kind of acting. "Look at *Friday the 13th*," he explains, "the guy wears a hockey mask. It's real hard to act with a hockey mask on. In *Halloween* there was another masked killer. The idea in these movies was that you were afraid of some implacable, characterless being that was stalking you and could not be turned away. There was no character behind the mask except Death. In *The Re-Animator* these people are *characters*. Since death is overcome in this movie, death is no longer the horror. The horror are these characters themselves. So we really had to find those characters and in finding them we were able to give the actors something to work with. And they just took off."

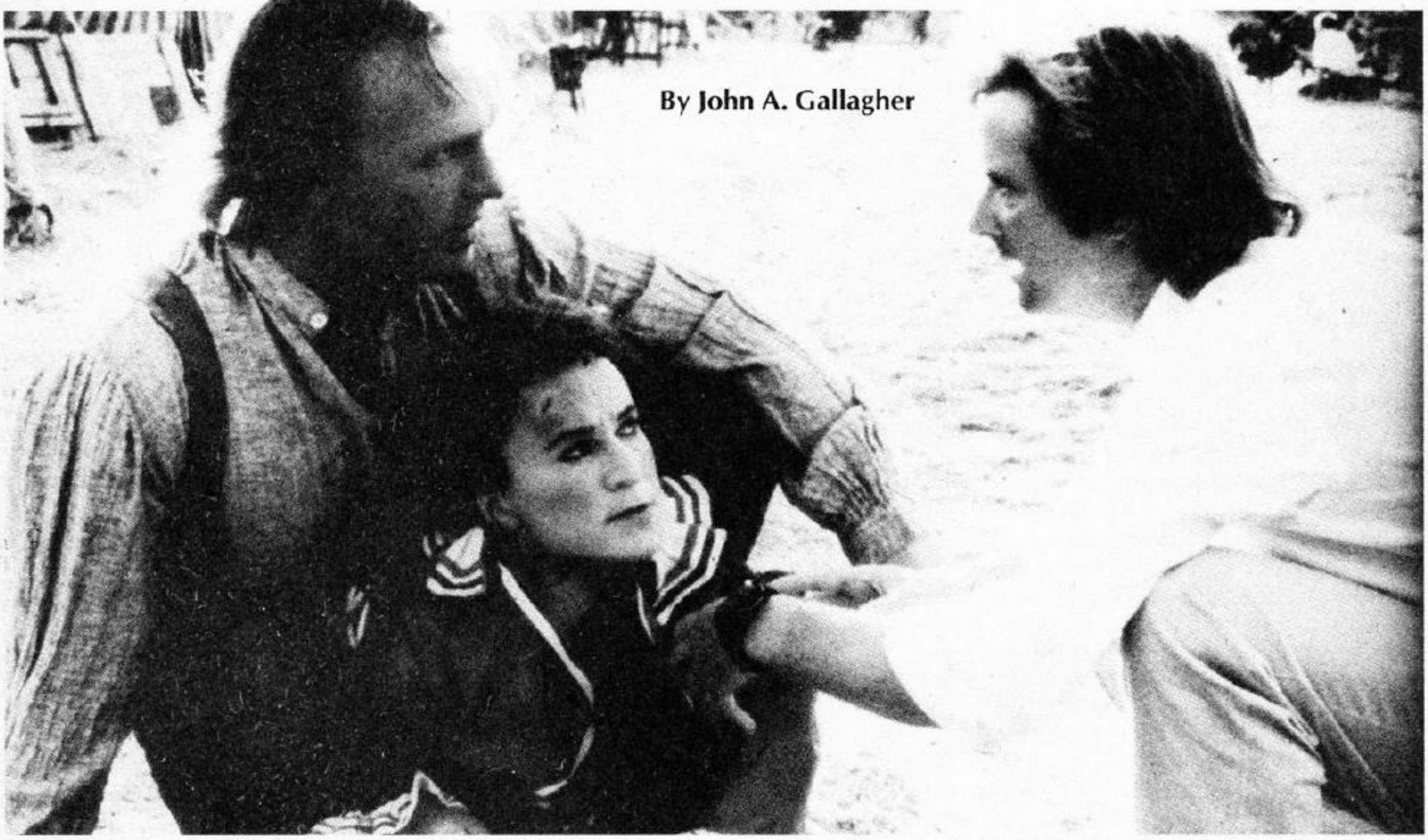
By the time you read this, *The Re-Animator* will most likely be making its way across the country in a careful, gradual releasing strategy aimed at attracting the right audience to this unusual horror film. In the meantime, what can the makers of this movie do for an encore? Paoli has already written another Lovecraft script for producer Brian Yuzna and director Stuart Gordon. The script is entitled *From Beyond* and it promises to be another offbeat mad scientist story, but this time involving to some extent the Lovecraft mythology about the Old Ones who had established a civilization on earth before the advent of humans.

Paoli says that the story concerns experiments of a Dr. Pretorius that allow us to see an alternate existence that is all around us. "You may see more than you want to see, more than it is good to see. The movie will have as many effects, I believe, as *Re-Animator*, if not more. Whereas in *The Re-Animator* it was a life *and* death struggle, here it is a life *or* death struggle, because once you cross beyond, that alternate environment can suck you up. And it is indeed an *extremely* hostile environment."

The MONSTER and His Pal

A talk with the bantering creature-dwarf team from the latest Frankenstein *picture,* The Bride.

By John A. Gallagher



Franc Roddam spells out a scene for David Rappaport and Clancy Brown during his *Frankenstein* update.

Franc Roddam's reworking of James Whale's *The Bride of Frankenstein* opened last summer to mixed reviews and dismal business, but two fine actors won unanimous praise for their work. Clancy Brown as Viktor the creature and David Rappaport as Rinaldo the dwarf stole the picture from Policeman Sting and *Flashdance*-r Jennifer Beals.

A native of Urbana, Ohio, Clancy Brown clicked in his first movie as the sicko Viking in Rick Rosenthal's *Bad Boys,* then went on to play Rawhide in *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai.* He was originally called in to read for the part of Clerval, the young military man with the hots for Jennifer Beals, but he impressed director Roddam as being perfect for the creature. "Clancy surprised me," confesses Roddam. "I was looking for a very large man to play Viktor, but I needed a thinking man. Clancy has all the beef and brawn, but he's also very intelligent."

British David Rappaport left a teaching career for the stage, and appeared in England's prestigious National Theatre opposite such talents as Sir John Gielgud and a pre-*Gandhi* Ben Kingsley. Dozens of TV shows and a touring one-man show called *Little Brother Is Watching You* led to parts in *The Sword of the Valiant,* Richard Lester's *Cuba,* and most memorable, as the lead dwarf in *Time Bandits.*

Roddam met over 100 dwarfs from all over the world while looking for his Rinaldo: "They were the wildest casting sessions. You end up making jokes about them, you can't help it, just to make you and them relax. First I was rather nervous, because they were so small and strange, but now we're good pals. Some of my best friends are dwarfs. David's like Yoda. It's like walking down the street with someone from a fairy tale."

Rappaport and Brown were reunited for promotional duty at New York's Ritz Carlton Hotel a week before *The Bride*'s disappointing debut. Their good-natured banter belies a genuine respect for each other, borne of a shared six months of arduous movie-making

FANGORIA: How did Franc Roddam prepare you for *The Bride?*

David Rappaport: Before filming, we did improvisation for 10 days in England before we went to France. Just working out how we could upstage each other or ruin each other's art.

Clancy Brown: We worked out a lot of things. The only thing we didn't work out...

Rappaport: ...was the money!

Brown: The death scene we didn't work out.

Rappaport: Only wanted to die once.

Brown: It was good for me because I

learned very early on not to fight David.
Rappaport: Yes, never act with animals or dwarves or women...
Brown: ...or other actors.
Rappaport: ...or directors.
Fang: You guys are trained actors as opposed to Sting and Jennifer Beals. Franc said you two were very easy to direct.
Rappaport: It must make a difference. I mean, I'd be a pretty good rock 'n' roll singer but I wouldn't be as good as Sting. Likewise, I make a better dwarf. But Sting's learning, he's getting better with every film. It happens with everybody. You either get better or you never do another film.
Fang: David, you were originally a teacher. You must have applied that experience to your scenes with Clancy.
Rappaport: Absolutely. I don't know if Clancy would like this but I'd say he's on the "method" side of acting. Basically when I was doing the scenes with him it was like acting with a five-year-old, which at times is bloody annoying. But it made for an excellent performance because that's exactly what the monster has to be like. I'm a four-foot Dad hitting his six-foot child and I think that's a wonderful image. Why don't you like this word "method," Clancy? Is it a bad word?
Brown: I don't know what it is.
Rappaport: It's not an insult, it just means you get into the part a long time before filming and a long time afterwards. You become the character all the time, day and night. English actors tend not to do that.
Brown: You giving me homework assignments didn't help.
Rappaport: You can have your marbles back now.
Brown: Thank you. How about my baseball cards?
Rappaport: Another thing about it was filming in Sarlat, a small town in France. They'd seen film crews before but they'd never seen a six-foot tall American traveling around with a four-foot British dwarf in shorts, with the dwarf speaking almost fluent French while the American hardly spoke American. I'd translate the menu for him. "No, Clancy, they don't have Coke. You can have wine." It was just like a Dad with his kid. These French people just couldn't work it out. That village will never be the same!
Fang: In playing Frankenstein's creation, did you have to exorcise images of Karloff, Glenn Strange and Christopher Lee?
Brown: No, I was interested, curious about the previous actors, but it's a very different creature. I really didn't have to force that out of my head because...
Rappaport: You can't read.
Brown: Right.
Fang: And you've never seen a movie before.
Brown: Right.
Fang: Do you have any latex stories?
Rappaport: He's heavily into latex.
Brown: The makeup took five hours every day to apply, then another three hours to take off, every day for almost six months. It's not a remarkable makeup like *Mask* or *Elephant Man,* but it's a second face so it's very delicate. You have to hide the lines. You had to be a little more subtle in how you put it on. You can't cheat. So they got a makeup artist who didn't cheat—Sarah Monzani. She's the best, anywhere, anytime, anybody can ask me. I never worked with Dick Smith or those guys but as far as I'm concerned Sarah's the best. The other nice thing about this makeup is it's not the movie. It's an important facet of it and that needs to be stressed. It's not a movie where you go and see a guy that looks like Frankenstein. It's simply a character. It's not a monster movie.
Fang: Didn't you have some kind of reaction to the makeup?
Brown: Yeah, my face broke out real bad. Your skin isn't designed to have glue and latex poured on it every day for six months.
Fang: There were several different makeups that Monzani designed.
Brown: There were three stages of healing we developed. In the opening at the laboratory, I have a vicious scar, prominent bones and swelling, and that gradually heals to become almost attractive, sort of an upscale David Rappaport.
Rappaport: More attractive than Clancy is now!
Brown: Thanks, pal.
Rappaport: Your long hours in the makeup chair must have gotten you into a basic, simple, morose mood.
Brown: Actually I got into a basic, simple, morose mood when you came into makeup.
Rappaport: I never knew what went on between you and Sarah in those small hours of the morning with all that latex, sniffing glue, those chemicals. Never knew, just heard strange noises in the makeup wagon...
Brown: Yeah, I suppose that isolation did help for my character. The other interesting thing...
Rappaport: ...howling in the makeup wagon at 3 a.m.
Brown: Shut up, I'm talking! It was alienating. The only person who ever saw me

Viktor and Rinaldo are off to join the circus and steal the movie from Sting and Jennifer Beals in *The Bride.*

The Creature (Brown) gains humanity and dignity from Rinaldo (Rappaport) during their adventures together.

in my real face was Sarah.

Rappaport: I never saw you without makeup during the whole shooting, But I knew "Clancy Brown is the monster." Then when I saw you a month or so afterward in London, you had hair, you looked healthy, and I thought, "Who is that?" I looked at him, thought that I knew him, then realized it must be Clancy. The Clancy I knew had a big domed head with a big scar, eyes down to his cheek.

Fang: Which one did you like better?

Rappaport: The other one was easier. If he wanted something he'd just mumble yes or no. This one takes half an hour to decide and changes his mind.

Fang: David, how dangerous were your trapeze scenes?

Rappaport: There was a big element of danger. Lost 12 stunt doubles. No, really, I was guaranteed in the auditions that there'd be a double for the trapeze, because there was no way I was going to do it even if I could. Franc said "Don't worry, there's a stunt double." I met my double the first day, and I asked, "How long have you been doing the trapeze?" He said, "What?" "The trapeze, how long you been doing it, mate?" He said, "I don't do trapeze." "What, that's your main thing here." He simply replied, "I'll pick it up." Now, you can pick up falling off a horse or flying through a windshield, but you can't pick up a trapeze act. And it was true, he couldn't pick it up, and it didn't look good anyway because you couldn't get any closeups. So I literally had a crash course, three weeks with a very good trainer called Basil Shorts, and he got me confident. The first week, I wouldn't go on it. I don't like things that are very narrow that swing, let alone hanging upside down. The wireman, Bob Weisinger, was excellent.

Brown: He saved your life.

Rappaport: That's right. He saved my life when the tent caught fire. A bulb went, hit the canvas, and the whole tent burst into flame and went up in a matter of minutes. The place burned down and everyone calmly went out while I got a lovely bird's eye view hanging up on the wire as the tent was emptying out. They forgot I was up there. I called out, "Excuse me, I'm still up here." They let me down like a bullet and it took minutes to get me out of the harness. Finally I called for wirecutters. "Don't try and undo the buckles, fellas, we'll be poached by then!" I wouldn't do it without a fire engine after that. Nor would the insurance company let us. But that time after the fire gave me the chance to get the trapeze act really good. I did a whole routine, but in the film you only see a bit.

Fang: You had a terrific part in *Time Bandits*.

Rappaport: Yeah, I've been dished out some wonderful parts. I'll tell you, I don't think my size has limited my acting. On the contrary, I think it gives me much more scope, because there are a lot of weird, small characters in literature. They are very strange people and I love doing them. Somebody sees a small person and they think they must do something unusual, you must be into black magic or free-fall parachuting or be a computer robber. But working with Terry Gilliam on *Time Bandits* was great, that was really inspiring. The whole film set didn't feel like a film set, the crew was very loose and enthusiastic because he's so enthusiastic. He goes around like a madman saying, "Yeah I like that," and his eyes grow big and he pants and he points. If he doesn't like it he says, "That's great but what about..." So his technique is very flexible but his storyline and ideas are very tight. His strong point is organization, and he runs a tight film.

Fang: You were living in Chicago, Clancy, when you got your break.

Brown: Yeah, *Bad Boys* came into town, and I had been doing some theater and working as a bartender, so I went down to audition. They needed a big mean guy and I guess I fit the bill.

Fang: How did Rick Rosenthal compare with Franc Roddam?

Brown: He has a very different way of working, not as theater oriented. *Bad Boys* was also done mostly in a studio environment, whereas *The Bride* was mostly location stuff. Franc calls himself a "method" director.

Rappaport: He works out the most difficult way of shooting a scene and he does it! Just kidding, Franc.

Fang: What happened after *Bad Boys?*

Brown: I started bartending again. Then I got evicted from my house in February in Chicago and I figured I'd better head for a sunnier clime. So I packed up my car and my dog and when I got to L.A. I still had my dog.

Rappaport: It's the same old rags to rags story.

Brown: From rags to Rappaport!

I Write the BLOOD

A screenwriter makes his breakthrough with the gruesome escapades of Freddy's Revenge.

By John A. Gallagher

Here lies the gory remains of a Freddy Krueger house call.

Freddy's Revenge marks the screenwriting debut of 31-year-old David Chaskin. Before writing this script, Chaskin had worked for the film's producer, New Line Cinema, for eight years and had learned the ropes of many facets of the movie business. He started out at New Line in 1978 as part-time film inspector and moved from one area to another, from acquisitions and distribution to promotion and exhibition. The experience of finally seeing one of his scripts realized on screen has now prompted him to venture out as a full-time free-lance writer. Chaskin's years at New Line, both as *Freddy's Revenge* scripter and as part of the team that released such pictures as *The Evil Dead* and *Texas Chain-saw Massacre*, makes him a Fango voice to be heard.

FANGORIA: What was your approach in scripting the sequel to *A Nightmare on Elm Street*?

David Chaskin: I sat down and thought about what scares me, what makes me feel creepy, and tried to wrap that around the already frightening Freddy Krueger character that Wes created in the first film.

Fang: What scares you, Dave?

Chaskin: Besides interviews? I'm afraid of what I don't know, and the sense that somebody else is running things. I think that's the most frightening feeling of all, and that's really the essence of this script. This is like flying back to the 60's, but it's like being on a hallucinogenic with your body suddenly taking you to places where you don't want to go.

PHOTO: ©1985 NEW LINE CINEMA

Burn, Freddy, Burn! Is this the end of Freddy Krueger?

Fang: There's also a lot of humor in this script compared to the first *Nightmare*.

Chaskin: Hopefully it's amusing. I think horror should be tempered with humor. I think they work hand in hand. The idea is to catch the audience off guard with a gag and suddenly have the gag turn around on them. As he did in the first film, Freddy has some telekinetic ability, and there's a pool party scene with somebody cooking hot dogs. Freddy's off in another part of the house where nobody sees him, but his presence alone is causing all of these strange things to happen. There's a stack of hot dogs that explode and burst into flames, and some humorous things start building into a terror situation.

Fang: Did you work with Wes Craven at all on the story?

Chaskin: Wes made some suggestions, some of which we used and some of which we didn't, mainly location changes. I had the finale in a more open space, and he wanted it in a more closed, confined area. I think it was a good idea to close it in. He also suggested that we shift the focus from Jesse the male lead. In the script the focus was on Jesse for 90% of the film, then suddenly it shifted to Lisa, his girlfriend. I pretty much just added some more focus on Lisa, and now it's like 50-50.

Fang: How was your experience working with director Jack Sholder?

Chaskin: This being my first film to go into production, I may get a false sense of security going into other films because for a writer, Jack was a model director. He's a screenwriter himself and has respect for the script. He consulted me anytime there was going to be a major change. He'd call me or send me the changes. As a director he had final say on things but he was always open to discussion. Jack actually got involved with the script at the last polish, and a week later he was in pre-production in Los Angeles, so most of the work we did was over the phone. We made some changes when I was out in Los Angeles, but overall the film is the script.

Fang: How did you like Robert Englund?

Chaskin: He's great, a very intelligent, well-rounded guy. It was a lot of fun to sit there and talk to him in his makeup between takes. He'd be made up as Freddy Krueger but he'd be talking about the wines of California or new movements in art in the East Village. My wife Janis and I were going up to Monterey one weekend and he was standing there waving his claw around as he was telling us about this or that seafood place and how gorgeous it is up there and what wine to order. Freddy plays tour guide! Sara Risher, the co-producer, brought her baby Nicholas to L.A., and so that he wouldn't cry during a take, they kept him in the makeup trailer with Freddy, I mean Robert, so that he was baby-sitting this infant in full makeup. Imagine...Freddy baby-sitting! The first thing the kid sees when he gets up is Freddy!

Freddy (Robert Englund) makes a splashy entrance at a pool party in a scene worthy of MTV.

Fang: How did you come to get the writing assignment on the picture?

Chaskin: To paraphrase Yogi Berra, filmmaking is 90% talent and the other half is who you know. My involvement with New Line over the years on the non-production side of things gave me the contacts I needed to get this job. What happened was, in the course of one of my days at the office, one of the vice-presidents came running out of his office and said to me, "We need a sequel for *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. Do you think you can come up with a story?" I said I'd work on it and I came back three days later with a 15-page treatment. They liked it and had me write the script. I worked for four weeks on the first draft, another month to do the second and

third drafts, another week to do a polish, and a few days with Jack on the director's polish. I started writing in January, and by April we were in pre-production.

Fang: Was there anything in your script that didn't make it onto film?

Chaskin: There was one major scene that I argued for that I didn't get, which I'm going to save for a future project! It would have been incredibly expensive and we had to determine whether or not we were getting enough bang for the buck at that point. We're talking low-budget filmmaking here, by Hollywood standards, anyway. I think writers are extremely protective of their material, they don't like to see anything cut. But when you're working with a small independent company on low budgets, it's incredibly unrealistic to think that your material will stay regardless of production cost. If you're Steven Spielberg and have all the money in the world, I don't think it matters that much. I think low-budget filmmaking is more exciting, though. It puts more pressure on creative people when you don't have a big budget and a studio behind you, but you have to make as good a project for less. You're forced to use your imagination a little more. I think that's why when an independent film hits, the studios jump on the people who were involved with it and try to sign them up.

Fang: What method of screenwriting do you prefer?

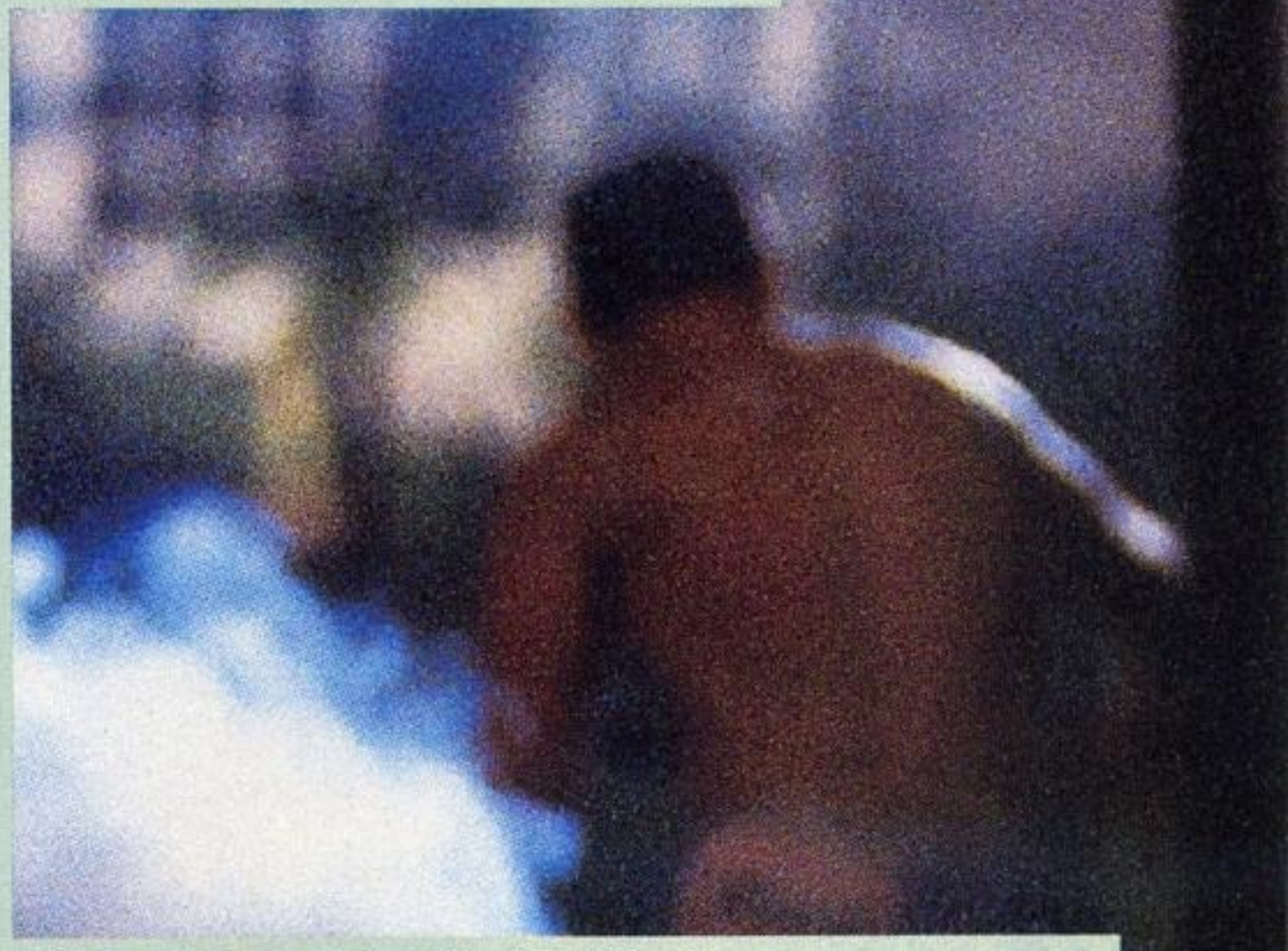
Chaskin: Basically I sit down for three days and work out the story, first in outline form, then in a not-too-detailed treatment. I work on a word processor and take it section by section, plow through it to the end, then go back and refine until it's where it's supposed to be. I'm fortunate to have a talented and supportive wife who doubles as my best editor.

Fang: Have you always been into movies?

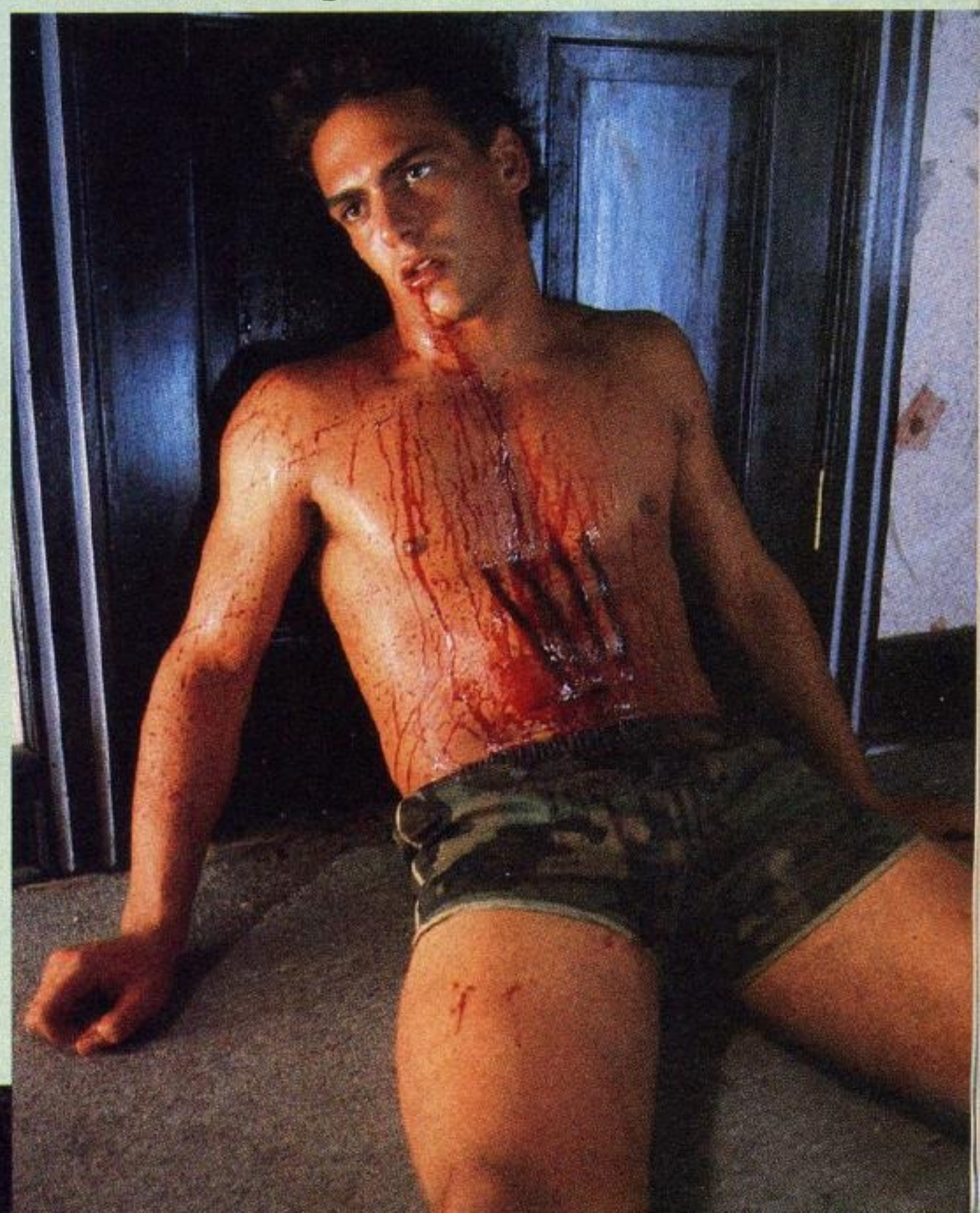
Chaskin: I loved the movies when I was a kid. Every Saturday I would go to the movies. I have a sister Bonnie and a brother Robert and at one time or another we all worked in movie theaters. I used to get into the Plaza Theatre in Patchogue, Long Island for free because Bonnie was a candy girl there. I liked pretty much the same kinds of movies that I like now, action films, comedies and monster movies. *The Last Man on Earth* with Vincent Price was a film that scared the hell out of me. During *House on Haunted Hill*, believe it or not, I spent more time in the lobby than in my seat. When that woman opened up the jewelry box and the missing head was in there, I ran out and got some jujubees.

Fang: New Line optioned a script written by you, Robert Niosi, and Rich Bonnano, one of the first you worked on.

Chaskin: Yeah, we wrote a script called *The Monster From Out of Town*, a parody of the monster movies of the 50's and early 60's like Corman's AIP movies, and *The Blob* and *Horror of Party Beach*, pictures we knew by heart. It's possibly the most read script in the business of any that have not been produced. I think everybody in the world has read it. People like it but nobody's ever put up the dough for it. It was just a hard-luck script. New Line optioned it for 18 months, it was budgeted and partially financed, but the timing was bad. Everybody seems to come up with ideas at the same time. There was a picture called *The Creature Wasn't Nice* that was supposed to come out the same year that *Monster* was optioned by New Line, and it ended up on a shelf somewhere, along with an-



The subtlety of the slasher film is apparent, once again, in *Freddy's Revenge*, the follow-up to Wes Craven's *A Nightmare on Elm Street*.



Freddy Krueger cultists play dress-up to emulate their hero.

Elm Street killer goes to work with his fingers of death.

other half dozen monster parodies.

Fang: You spent nearly eight years at New Line. It must have been quite a learning experience. In the time you were there the company has grown to become a full-fledged production entity.

Chaskin: It's a real good company to work for. I liked it a lot. There used to be a residual 60's atmosphere, kind of chaotic, lots of things going on, almost a communal feeling, but everybody's opinion counted. I did learn an incredible amount about the business at New Line. I was a shipping director, I stuffed promotional materials into envelopes, I did theatrical collections, I did operations, which was basically setting up systems in the distribution department, I did advertising and publicity. For awhile I was the contact for all the trade magazines. I wrote press releases, I helped with acquisitions. I think all that gives me an edge over a lot of screenwriters, seeing first-hand how movies are marketed, looking for things that catch on with the public.

Fang: What were some of the campaigns you worked on at New Line?

Chaskin: We did an ad for a re-release of John Waters' Odorama film *Polyester*, and I came up with something that was basically a nose coming out of the water like a shark fin and the tag line, "*Polyester*—just when you thought it was safe to breathe again." I only really actively got involved on a few films. New Line's a very open company, and when an ad campaign comes up, generally someone will walk around the office and say, "What do you think?" I did a couple of radio spots, and when *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* played at the New Line Festival in New York, I came up with the term "The Jacuzzi of Bloodbaths".

Fang: I remember setting up a screening of *The Evil Dead* for you and Sara Risher when Sam Raimi and Rob Tapert were looking for a distributor.

Chaskin: It was still called *The Book of the Dead* at that point. I really pushed for the company to pick up *Evil Dead*. I loved that film. The tag line I came up with for that film—I believe it was on the trailer—was "*The Evil Dead... They got up on the wrong side of the grave.*" There was one promotion for that I wish had worked out. I wanted to put a bloodmobile outside the National Theater in Times Square and give free passes to anyone who donated blood. This was in the middle of the blood crisis, before the AIDS epidemic. Everybody thought it was a swell idea, people would come in, get a needle stuck in their arm, give a pint of blood, get a free pass to the movie and a button that said "I Bled for *The Evil Dead*". The publicist loved the idea, so did the New York blood bank, we had the buttons printed up, and we were all set to go. As I understand it, at the last minute the blood bank decided against it and pulled the needle out of the whole promotion. I'm pretty sure they did it successfully in Philadelphia.

Fang: What's in store for Freddy Krueger?

Chaskin: I'd love to see a movie with Freddy versus Jason. I think Freddy would kick his ass. I mean, Jason wouldn't even show his face. It'd be like *Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster*. Maybe there'll be a series of Japanese Freddy-ripoff films, like *Godzilla vs. Freddy*. I'd like to do *The Bride of Freddy*, that'd be a good one. Robert Englund and I talked about Part Three, and we decided that it should definitely be a prequel and we'll show Freddy's boyhood, putting the eyes out of frogs and sticking firecrackers up cats' asses, how he had a terrible childhood and an overbearing mother.

Fang: And a bad hangnail.

Chaskin: Maybe he bit his nails as a kid and his mother beat him.

FANGORIA &

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The Pit & the Pen

of

Alex Gordon

Alex and the Bette Davis thriller that almost was.

"To Alex Gordon—With high hopes, Bette Davis—August 28, 1962." So read the autographed inscription in my copy of her biography, *The Lonely Life.* But the hopes, at least on my part, were to be dashed.

Bette Davis's daughter B.D. Hyman wore the skimpiest bikini I had ever seen as she slithered through the small suite at the Holiday Inn in Malibu where Paul Henreid and I were discussing a movie with Ms. Davis. She had come in from the beach and Bette introduced us but she hardly acknowledged me while kissing Henreid in passing.

Bette Davis is hardly a star of horror films despite *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane, Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte* and a few similar leaps into the field, but she had a property that was a real-life horror, *The Stubborn Wood,* and it was this project that had brought me into her presence that day in 1962.

I had met Paul Henreid when agent Maury Calder had brought us together over lunch at Frascati's Belgian Restaurant on the Sunset Strip in 1959. He wanted to direct my script of *Masque of the Red Death,* adapted by Ruth Alexander from the Edgar Allan Poe classic with a screenplay by Mildred and Gordon Gordon. Later Henreid brought me a script set in Vienna that he hoped I could set up through my European production connections, but the story was too mild and outdated for the American market, and I asked what else he had. "A book I co-own with Bette Davis," he answered. My fork stopped at half mast. "Bette Davis?" I countered. "Yes, it's a book we bought together for $5000 some years ago," he told me, "but we were never able to set it up as a movie."

I got terribly excited and rode out with him to his palatial home n Brentwood, where he gave me a copy of the book to read. An autobiographical novel by Emily Harvin, utilizing a pseudonym, it was the story of a woman, very much in love with her philandering husband, who is drugged and forced into involuntary commitment in a series of private institutions for the insane.

She finally ends up in a public sanitarium where, for the first time, her pleas for help and her claim that she is not insane are given a hearing. When she is eventually released, she sues her unscrupulous husband and wins a bitter court battle, leaving him penniless, sick and alone.

The irony of the story is that in real life she returned to the despicable husband, by then a hopeless alcoholic, and nursed him until his death. Despite certain similarities to *The Snake Pit,* the acclaimed and successful film starring Olivia de Havilland, I could see why Ms. Davis had purchased *The Stubborn Wood,* and in the stirring courtroom climax I envisioned television's top lawyers at the time, Raymond Burr of *Perry Mason* and E.G. Marshall of *The Defenders,* in the roles of opposing counsels. Paul Henreid was to direct the project, and I had writer Bill James do a treatment from the book.

Bette Davis's career was at a low ebb at the time. She was at the Holiday Inn awaiting the start of production of *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* but nobody could, at the time, predict the success of that film and the resurgence of her career. For me, the project would be a step up the ladder after six years of B films and exploitation movies, a chance for a prestigious production credit and the opportunity to work with one of Hollywood's all-time greats and an actress I had admired since the early 30's. It all seemed too good to be true—and it was.

When the package was presented to the Hollywood studios, everyone turned it down. Nobody wanted Bette Davis and nobody liked the property. They considered it downbeat and too reminiscent of *The Snake Pit,* though that film had been a hit. Paul Henreid had directed some TV shows and several minor but acclaimed independent films but his name did not have the bankable recognition of directors with a current major release, and I was identified with B movies.

At a round table conference attended by all the principals and their agents at Ms. Davis's Stone Canyon Drive home, further financing possibilities were discussed and other approaches to distributors. It was a day later that the telephone rang. Max Arnow, a big-name casting agent who was at Columbia

PHOTO: ©1932 COLUMBIA PICTURES

Bette Davis (left) made an early screen appearance in *The Menace* (1932), a creaky mystery directed by Roy William Neill (*Frankenstein Meets the Wolf-Man*).

when I produced *The Underwater City* there and claimed to have discovered Kim Novak—though I was more impressed by the autographed portrait of George Arliss he had on his wall—was on the line. Could I come to a meeting at the big agency now representing Ms. Davis the next morning to discuss something urgent.

When I arrived, Henreid and his agent were present and Arnow immediately told me that his agency was taking over the *Stubborn Wood* project and I was to disassociate myself from it completely. They would shop it around to Warner Brothers (now the distributor of *Baby Jane*) and renew the approach to the other companies. When I protested that I was the one who had re-activated the script after years of slumber and had instigated the screen treatment and submitted it everywhere, admittedly without success so far, Arnow curtly dismissed my objections with the arbitrary remark that he would set it up and that the agency would select the producer and the rest of the package. Henreid and his agent did not open their mouths. I was out. What was I going to do, sue Bette Davis? I was sure she knew nothing about this turn of events and I was not going to trouble her with it now that she was in the midst of filming. After a few choice remarks, I left. My big chance to make a film with Bette Davis was gone. I was to remain in the B movie and exploitation field.

This story cannot end without a mention that Arnow and Henreid were unable to set up the picture with anyone and the book has not been filmed to this date. Arnow is dead now but I doubt that he has encountered George Arliss. Henreid still claims to have invented the "two cigarettes" bit in *Now, Voyager* where he lights two cigs simultaneously and hands one to Ms. Davis. I have pointed out repeatedly that this action took place seven years earlier in two films—*Honor Among Lovers* where Fredric March does it to Claudette Colbert, and *The Rich Are Always With Us* where George Brent does it to Ruth Chatterton. But I will admit that Henreid probably did not see those films. Maybe someone else involved with *Now, Voyager* did.

Before Bette Davis got into the horror films of the 60's, she did appear in several interesting mystery movies of the early 30's. *Fog over Frisco* was one of them and she is killed in that. *The Menace* is another. In this 1932 picture based on famed British author Edgar Wallace's story, "The Feathered Serpent," Davis plays Peggy, fiancee of Ronald Quayle (Walter Byron), who fails to recognize him when he returns to England after escaping from prison. No Malibu sun tan, no doubt. Falsely accused of having murdered his father, Quayle's face is disfigured after an explosion and the resultant plastic surgery rebuilds his face but changes his appearance.

PHOTO: ©1962 WARNER BROS.

***What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* revived the careers of both Davis and Joan Crawford and triggered countless imitations.**

Posing as a prospective buyer for his ancestral estate, Ronald romances his stepmother Caroline (Natalie Moorhead), whose testimony convicted him. After he gives her an expensive necklace which she shows to the two men, her house guests, who helped murder her husband, Ronald steals the jewelry and plants it on one of the killers, thus turning the men against each other, each convinced of a double cross, resulting in another murder.

When Inspector Tracy of Scotland Yard (H.B. Warner) investigates, he realizes that Robert Crockett, Ronald's assumed name, is a disguise for Quayle. Before he is arrested by the inspector, Ronald manages to trap the real surviving killer, who confesses that he and Caroline were responsible for the original murder. Though Ms. Davis had to play second fiddle to Natalie Moorhead, her appearance indirectly led to an introduction (by Murray Kinnell, a supporting player) to George Arliss, British stage and screen great who cast her in *The Man who Played God*. This production became the turning point in her career. Roy William Neill directed *The Menace* and later the Sherlock Holmes films with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce at Universal.

In *Bordertown*, Bette Davis toyed with insanity and Paul Muni, and in *Of Human Bondage* she portrayed vulgar hysteria, a horror of another kind.

Much has been written about the great ladies of the screen and their descent into horror films during a low ebb in their careers. Perhaps Gloria Swanson legitimized it in *Sunset Boulevard*. Ms. Davis, Joan Crawford, Olivia de Havilland, Tallulah Bankhead and others followed suit. Is there a significance in this and is there a point to be made about the ladies now invading a domain previously reserved mostly for men? Not really, I think, when you consider the legendary roles of the past in history, in literature, on the stage and in grand opera. Salome, Medea and Lady Macbeth, among others, could surely hold their own with any of the female horrors of the silver screen.

Publisher Norm Jacobs sez:

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Robert Silot applies his "Lumpy" makeup at the Actors Makeup Studio.

TERROR! School for

By Anthony Timpone

In New York's Times Square, students learn the art of horror makeup.

New York City finally has its own makeup school. Following in the successful tradition of the Joe Blasco Makeup Center of California, a school now offers New Yorkers and other East Coast artists a place to sharpen their splatter and monster skills while learning a thing or two from professionals-turned-teachers Tom Lauten and Jennifer Aspinall (who both worked on *Toxic Avenger*) and special guests like Ed French (*CHUD* and *Tales from the Darkside*).

Located in a tiny building off Broadway in Manhattan, the Actor's Makeup Studio was founded by Dean Kartalas in April 1984 to supplement his meager acting income. He is quick to point out the differences between his school and the competition.

"The object of the school is to give people an introduction to entry-level positions in the business. I get young makeup artists who've studied at the other schools and come here to learn more advanced techniques. We teach a primary course in 3-D prosthetics and design, while concentrating on mold-making."

To enhance teacher involvement and to keep the cramped classroom a little less claustrophobic, the course is limited to six students. Each pays a $900 tuition fee for the three-week-long program, with materials included. "The prices are reasonable for what he's teaching," says student Mike Tristano who joined the school after catching an ad for the place in FANGORIA.

The big difference between Kartalas' and Blasco's school (Fango #21) is the length of time the class meets. Blasco's is billed as a "complete 22 week course," while Kartalas' meets just for that three-week (four days in each) stretch. Kartalas insists that his new school is not less ambitious than the other. Up to 75 hours of class time are squeezed into a tight schedule at the Actor's Makeup Studio.

"My course is more concentrated and directed than the others," Kartalas, a former college teacher, adds. "I break my courses down to specific things like beauty, prosthetics and, next year, me-

Zombie fever invades the classroom as Dan Fielding joins the living dead.

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DEAN KARTALAS

chanicals. I don't rush the students, just support them. We help them start their portfolios, complete a full set of molds, a re-usable life-mask, and at least one foam-latex piece. We incorporate everything into one general character. We then teach them how to make air bladders, life-casts, etc."

In order to get across all that extensive curriculum in such a short period, Kartalas has set up a system he dubs the "information blast technique". "The information blast technique works really well. It forces people to think constantly—day in, day out—and it also demonstrates how long it takes to make one of these masks. Even if you work quick, it takes 35 hours from beginning to end."

The 35-year-old Kartalas, who recently finished up some work on the bizarre, low-budget New York movie *Street Trash* with makeup supervisor Jennifer Aspinall, noted that his students (who must be over 17) usually know makeup basics before they enter his program. "Most of the people who've come here have already done direct application stuff; they've worked with latex, tissue, nose putty, and have been doing zombies, death makeups, and blood and guts for years. Now, they want to learn serious prosthetics."

Tom Lauten (Fango #40), a teacher at the Actor's Makeup Studio since last January, adds that such a makeup background would be advantageous to prospective students.

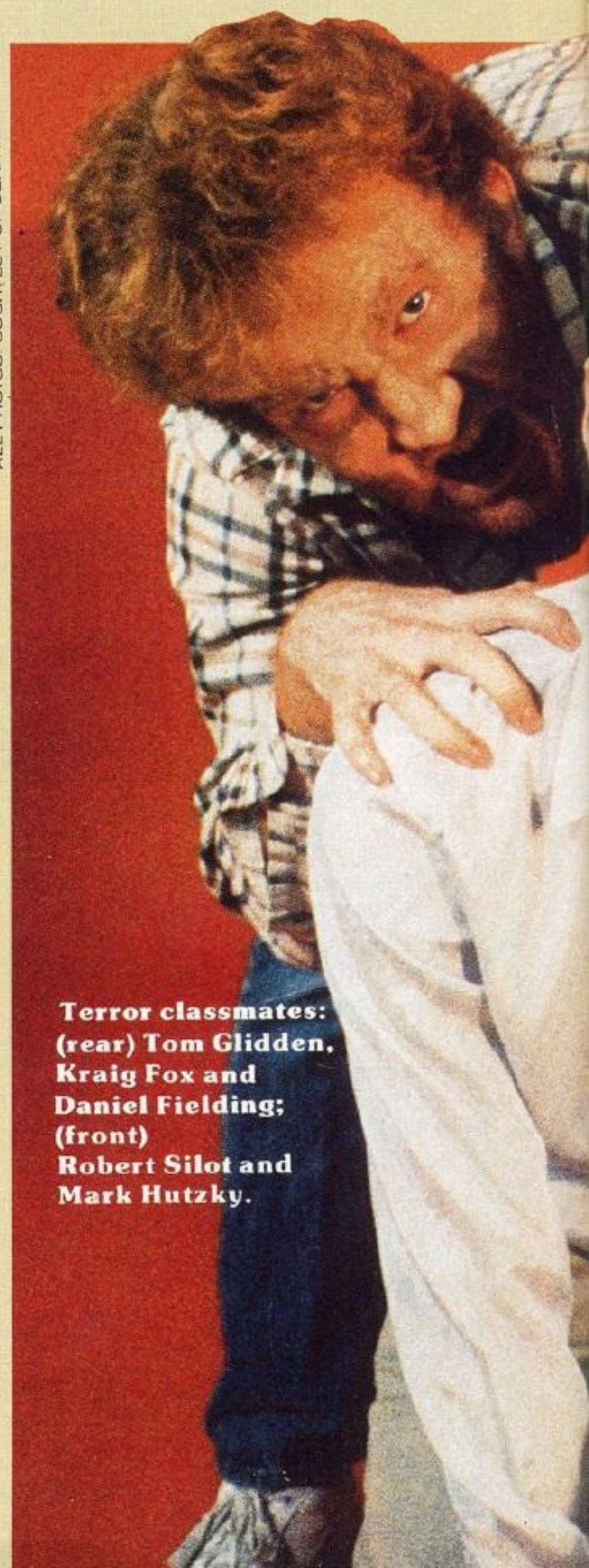
"It's good if the students have a decent background in sculpting and painting, although it is not absolutely necessary for the school," Lauten explains. "It does help with the final appliances work since this isn't an art class. The prosthetics and mechanicals are the hard thing to learn, while the painting and sculpting come with time. We cut out a lot of the guess work and teach the basics. It takes years of practice to sculpt and paint."

Robert Mulvey of Rochester, New York is a student with plenty of photography and stage makeup background. But, when it came to prosthetics, he needed a place to learn. "When I got into makeup I saw that there were things that I wanted to do, but there was no one in Rochester to teach it to me. People have asked me to design prosthetic makeup and I didn't have the slightest idea of how to do it. I had to come here to learn. I never even touched clay before."

In order to accommodate weekday working students, Kartalas has devised a weekend schedule and two weeknights for classes. Each student gets their own tiny area (with makeup mirror) to work out of. "The nice thing about the school is that it is a tight group," Lauten observes. "We have a set number of teachers and students. Everyone feeds off of everyone's work, and we're not a factory or an assembly line."

This crowded atmosphere—a tour of the school covers one room that is a combined office-classroom-studio—enables the group to work more closely in more ways than one, according to several students. Most of the classmates meet socially and even attended Aspinall's birthday party dressed in costumes of their own design. Student Eric Goto, a freelance artist, also praises the intimacy of the group. "It's on a very personal level. That's the best thing about it."

The articulate Kartalas contends that none of his students have ever failed a



Terror classmates: (rear) Tom Glidden, Kraig Fox and Daniel Fielding; (front) Robert Silot and Mark Hutzky.

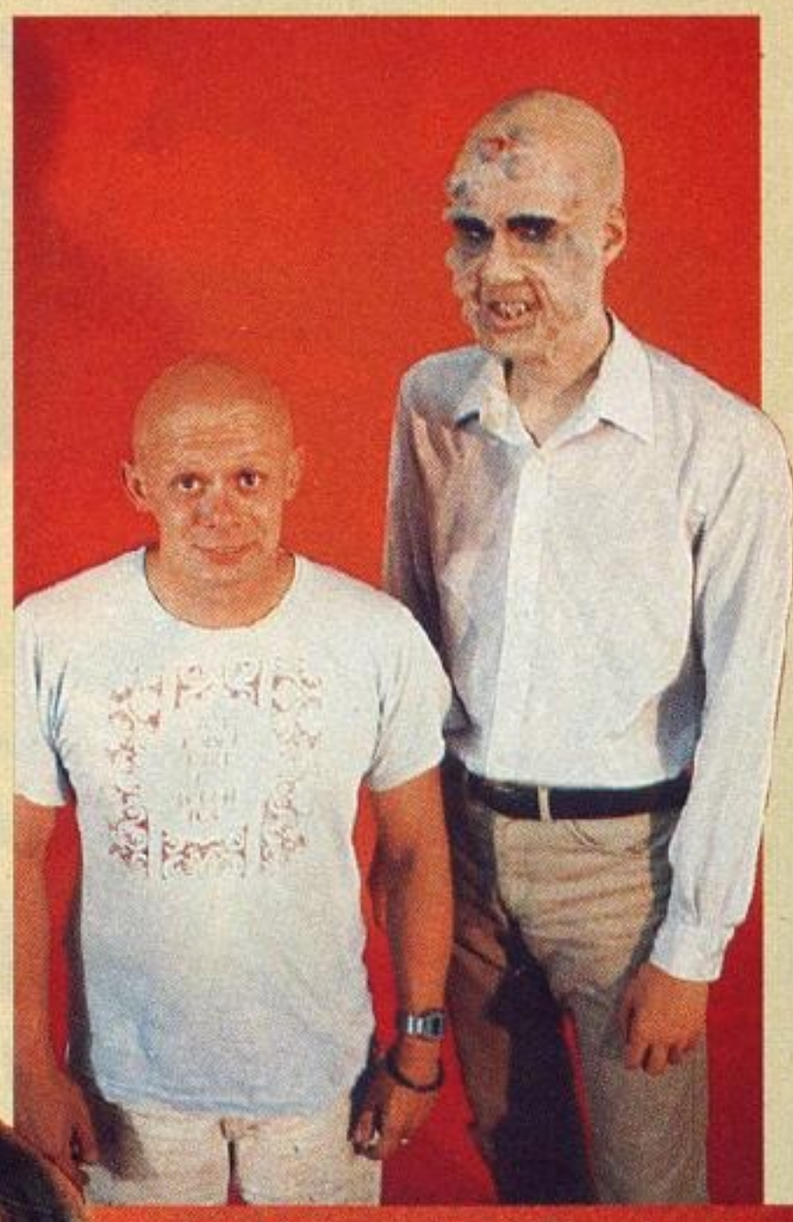
course or left disappointed. His current group has no complaints either even after their teacher has left the room. He originally envisioned the group not only as students, but as a free-lance group to be hired out.

"I've only had one student who left the class," Kartalas elaborates, "and that was because she was pregnant. Everyone has come out very pleased and some of their work has been fabulous. We don't do any grading here and do not judge. This is an apprenticeship and not really a school. People come here and learn. Everything we teach them they know when they get out. I don't tell people how good they are, I teach them."

But what about the students finding work after they graduate? Like the Blasco school, the Actor's Makeup Studio does not offer a placement service for its graduates. They do, however, recommend students for jobs and use them as assistants on features like *Street Trash*.

"A couple of students have gotten jobs," Kartalas explains, "but I encourage them to continue practicing when they get out and ask me for further advice. In terms of getting in the makeup business, it takes you 10 years to work yourself in. I tell them that right off the bat. The first job you're going to get will be cleaning buckets and cutting burlap. We train our students for an entry-level position, making good clean molds. A good mold is an earmark of a good makeup artist.

"You can get work. I get work from all facets of this business, not only in films. There's stage work, rock videos, etc. Some of it doesn't pay very well, but you have to prepare a good portfolio, get yourself in a good frame of mind, and be artistically aggressive and try to sell free-lance work. It's not an easy business to get into, so I tell my students to consider it a hobby until they can start making a living at it. You're not going to come out of here and do *An American Werewolf in*



"Bald is beautiful" teacher Dean Kartalas poses with student Silot.

Teachers and students strike a chilling pose for a class picture. Front: Clarice Petillo, Curtis Gaither, Tom Lauten. Rear: Pete Lizewskie, Shawn Wilson and Jenny Aspinall.

Jennifer Aspinall helps "Ratman" (Robb Sherwood).

London!"

Although Lauten does not make any promises, he does consider using members of the school as assistants on his own future films. Lauten himself started as an assistant and worked with Dick Smith on the *Starman* transformation scene. "We've recommended students and it gives us the place to draw for assistants. Not only do we see their work, but we teach them our own technique so that we're actually familiar with the way they work. We know exactly what to expect."

Lauten is one makeup artist not having too much difficulty finding work these days. He last assisted Ed French on the second season of *Tales from the Darkside* and is quickly coming into his own. The 21-year-old makeup artist is doing work for two Charles Band movies, *Mutant Hunt* and *Breeders*, and is also up for the job of makeup supervisor on the embryonic *Evil Dead 2*. Lauten teaches mechanicals at the school along with giving some bladder talks, and usually brings in slides and models from past projects. For today's lesson he brings in a cyborg head from *Mutant Hunt*, a cute critter from the aborted *Anger*, and some remote control devices cannibalized from a racing-car kit. He obviously enjoys the opportunity to play teacher.

"It's really different because the things I know I think about in a certain way," he elaborates. "Then, having to explain the process forces me to rethink it: 'What didn't I understand about this when I was learning it?' It's a matter of breaking down past ideas and replacing them with correct ones. It's a very odd feeling teaching. I never thought I'd do it."

At the same time, Lauten is not worried about giving away any of his makeup secrets. "I'm not protective because no one has been that way with me. I would find it hypocritical of me to do that since Dick Smith, John Caglione, Ed French and anyone else I've ever talked to for the first time has been very helpful and had no qualms about rattling off information. I have no reservations either."

In a field that might have the graduates of the makeup school competing against each other for jobs in an already overstocked market, both Lauten and Kartalas would rather have their pupils collaborating with each other than competing. Says Lauten, "If you're going to bid for a job you're going to bid for a job. But once you have it you're going to ask for feedback. No grudges should be held and everyone should communicate ideas. If there is secrecy and no one throws back ideas, you stagnate."

Stagnation is also one thing Kartalas cannot forsee happening to his school. He offers different courses every few months, and his current batch of students are already signed for the next class installment. Kartalas would like to move to a larger headquarters (with more students) someday only if it does not take away from his one-to-one teaching technique. He also likes to boost each new course a creative notch above the last.

"We're trying to develop a special course for next year where people can come in solely for mechanicals," he reveals. "They'll come in with a design based on the technique taught in the primary class, and we'll teach them how to make the molds necessary for mechanicals."

One thing the Actor's Makeup Studio certainly features is an aura of fun that persists throughout the eight-hour class. It is just like your own basement makeup studio only this time you work alongside others with the same interests. The completely bald Kartalas selflessly suffers through countless *Kojak* jokes and even joins in by doing a hilarious imitation of the Sahara desert by crinkling his shiny pate. Later, everyone gets a kick out of the throw-up routine of one of Lauten's hand-puppet monsters. This is one place that Lauten wishes existed when he was a teenager.

"It would have saved my parents a lot of anguish getting plaster off the ceiling," Lauten laughs, "and my frantic ravings when my molds cracked open after I used plaster of paris. It would have also saved me a lot of time. There are always mistakes made along the way, and we transfer what we learn to the students."

To get a final impression of what the Actor's Makeup Studio is really like you have to ask a student there like Carla Anderson. "I've been looking for something like this for four years. This is the way to do it."

Please direct all correspondence about the Actor's Makeup Studio to:

The Actor's Makeup Studio, 165 W. 47th St., N.Y.C., NY 10036

Horror in Print: John Saul

The best-selling creator of the terrible kids of Suffer the Children, The God Project *and* Brainchild.

By Stanley Wiater

In spite of the many talented writers working in the field, there are few so-called "brand names" in horror fiction, authors on whom the public can depend to "deliver the goods" novel after novel. Among those that immediately come to mind are, of course, Stephen King, and then Peter Straub, Ramsey Campbell and Robert Bloch. By now, one can surely add to this list native Californian John Saul, who hit it big in 1977 with his very first horror novel *Suffer the Children*.

Saul has since turned out a best-seller every year since, with *Punish the Sinners, Cry for the Strangers, Comes the Blind Fury, When the Wind Blows, The God Project,* and *Nathaniel*. All told, he has sold over nine-and-a-half million copies of his books, each of them paperback originals (except for *The God Project*, which is perhaps his best received novel to date). More important, as further validity of this author's popularity, all seven of his novels, from *Suffer the Children* on down, are still in print. Saul's books have generally not received kind reviews from the leading genre fiction journal, *Fantasy Review,* but judging from Saul's sales it seems safe to assume that he's crying about this all the way to the bank.

On the occasion of the publication of his latest novel, *Brainchild,* we talked to Saul, who currently resides in Bellevue, Washington. Briefly, *Brainchild* is about a teenager named Alex who is almost killed in a terrible car accident, and then brought back from the brink of death by a brilliant, though mysterious, doctor. In the usual John Saul tradition, things are not quite what they seem to be on the surface. And although we're not sure at first what Alex has become after the experimental brain surgery, rest assured that for him and everyone else involved, it won't be pleasant....

FANGORIA: Now that you've written seven best-selling horror novels, was writing *Brainchild* any easier for you?

John Saul: Each one gets harder! You always want to do a little better than last time, and when you get up to the eighth, it just gets a little more difficult to do something new, something different. You don't want to start repeating yourself. I always thought that once I got past the first few couple of books it would get easier, and I keep waiting for it to happen. But it never does! [laughs]

Fang: Was *Suffer the Children* your first attempt at writing a novel?

Saul: I've got my share of manuscripts on the shelf.

Fang: May we ask how many?

Saul: Oh, I'd say about 10.

Fang: Ten! Wasn't that incredibly discouraging? Most writers would have given up long before then!

Saul: Well, my theory is, if you're easily discouraged you'd be better not try to be a writer! You just keep on going, no matter how bad everyone says your work is, and no matter how many people say, "You really have to face up to reality: you just can't do this."

Fang: Was it always horror stories, these early attempts?

Saul: No, I was doing comedy murder mysteries for awhile. I found an agent who was interested in one of those, but she had no interest whatsoever from the publishers who told her, "Sorry, but

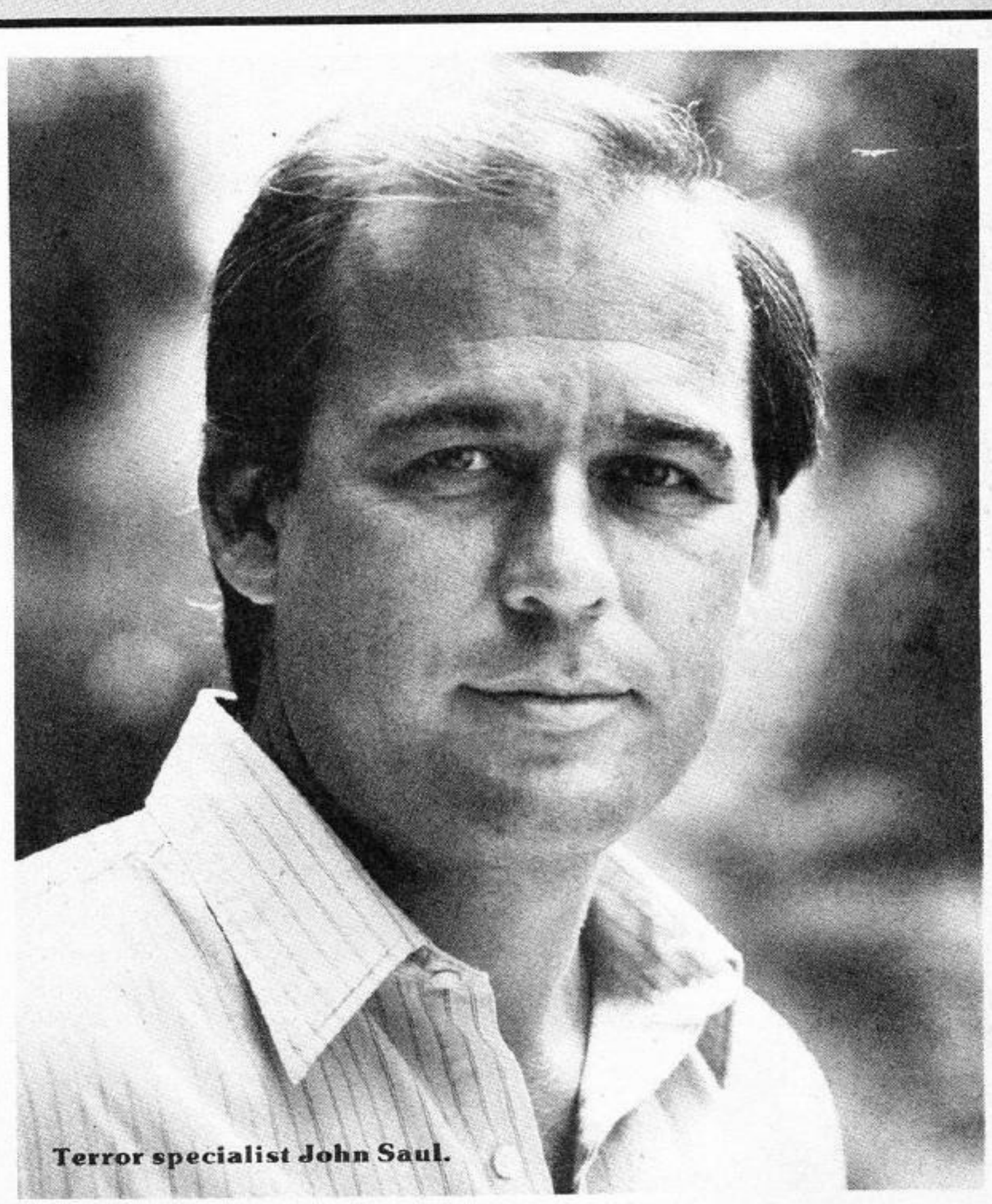
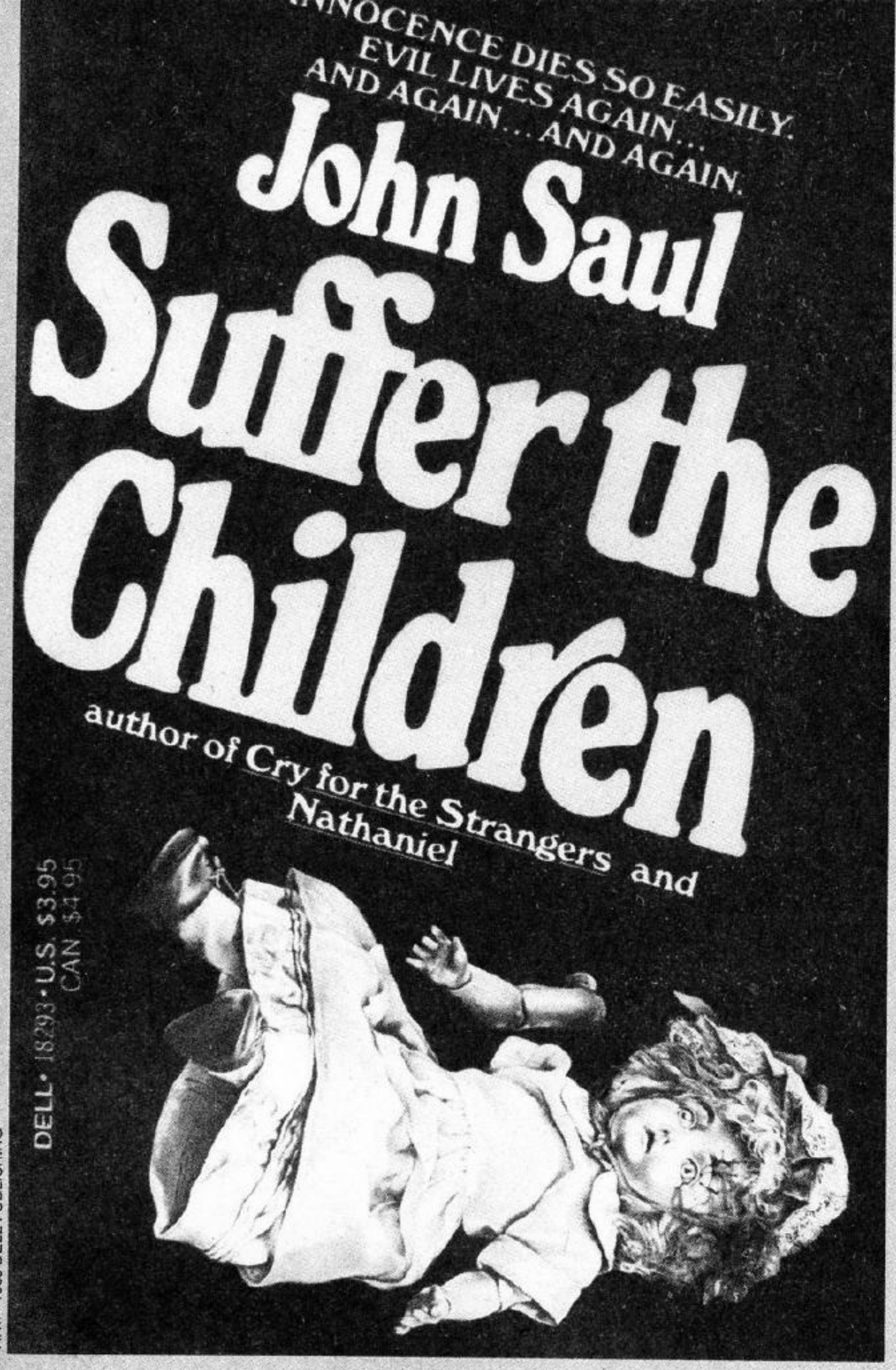


PHOTO: ©1985 MILKIE STUDIO

Terror specialist John Saul.



there is absolutely no market for comedy murder mysteries!" I never read much horror growing up, with the exception of a little Edgar Allan Poe. And I kept hearing from my agent that my biggest problem was that I seemed to be writing things for which there was no market! So I went down to the local Oshkosh, Wisconsin supermarket and looked, and here were all these horror novels. So I started working on ideas for horror novels, and came up with the idea for *Suffer the Children.*

Fang: After being so successful in the horror genre, have you since "fallen in love" with horror, or just realized it's something you know how to do well?

Saul: Oh, I thoroughly enjoy writing them, and I think I have a knack for them, so it's worked out very happily. I guess it was very fortunate for me that when I decided to do my very small "market analysis" that something I had a talent for happened to be popular.

Fang: So it doesn't restrict you in any way that you're now universally recognized as a horror writer?

Saul: No, that doesn't bother me at all. Because if I want to write other things, I feel perfectly comfortable about doing it. They may not be published under my own name—they may not be published at all—but the name is definitely associated with horror now, and I'm very comfortable with that. I happen to enjoy writing horror, and I suppose it will continue on in this way for as long as I can keep coming up with new ideas!

Fang: You seem to suggest that you're now publishing other novels under a different name. It was recently revealed that both Stephen King and Dean R. Koontz had used pseudonyms in their careers—would you give FANGORIA a scoop and tell us if you've written horror novels under any other names?

Saul: I've got a couple of things out under pseudonyms that are not horror—at all. That's as much as I'm allowed to say; the publishers have very strong clauses in the contracts. When I write horror, I write it under my own name.

Fang: Maybe this is a major disappointment to you and maybe it's not—I'm referring to the lack of motion-picture adaptations of your work. You would seem an obvious choice for Hollywood to go after.

Saul: Well, that's what *I* thought for a long time. But the more I analyzed it, I came to realize that my books are not that easily filmable. There are usually pretty complex plots, and they are usually about 400 pages in length—and not much can be taken out without the whole structure collapsing. When you try to take 300 pages out of a 400 page novel to get it down to a 100-page shooting script, something has to go! And in my books, that invariably means plot and motivation. I think they're very visual, though, because I tend to write visually, and I think my novels tend to read as if you were watching a movie.

Fang: Of course, one of your novels, *Cry for the Strangers,* was made as a movie for television in 1982, starring Patrick Duffy and Brian Keith, and directed by Peter Medak. What was your reaction to that?

Saul: [laughs] I have very mixed feelings about it. I was a little bit amazed that it got made at all, because when it was under option, I talked to the producer one day when I happened to be in Los Angeles, and I asked him what the odds were that it was actually going to be made, and he said, "I figure we've got maybe a 20 percent shot. Let's face it: we're planning to knock off six people in two hours, and the networks don't like that anymore!" And then, lo and behold, it came through. I thought it was beautifully photographed, but I got tired of all those clouds rolling around. So I called the producer's office to find out what had happened, because I didn't think it hung together very well. It turned out it was the director's first shot at a made-for-television movie, and he'd mistimed everything, and when it came to editing it, they didn't have enough film for two hours. So they spliced in rolling clouds! [laughs] Over and over, to a point where I found it got a little giggly at the end: Here come the clouds! Here come the clouds!

Fang: Tell us a little about your newest novel, *Brainchild.* Not too surprisingly, a teenager is once again the central focus of the plot.

Saul: The book had a *real* problem for a writer—it never occurred to me when I

set out on the project—and that was it's next to impossible to have a lead character who has no emotional reactions whatsoever! It's not that easy to identify with someone who's a total blank. I found that I had to spend a lot of time building up a lot of sympathy and caring for this guy before I really had him start tearing up the town. Otherwise, my feeling would have been we should have killed him on the operating table! [laughs] I will never again try to write a character who has no emotions.

Fang: You've stated you try and do something different with every novel, yet in all your books there are at least three recurring themes: the setting of a small town, revenge against a wealthy or powerful family, and a child or adolescent as the protagonist.

Saul: I really enjoy small towns, because in a small town everybody knows everybody, and everybody's involved in everyone else's business. When something goes haywire, everybody immediately knows about it—and is immediately terrified about it. Whereas the same thing could happen in a major city, and 99% of the population would never even know it was happening. It's much easier to build a great level of suspense in a small town. Also, the smaller and more isolated the town, the easier it is to have no one around to quickly figure out what's happening, or to put a stop to it. As for children, usually in my books the villain is also the prime victim. And that works best with children, as there is an assumption that children are not necessarily responsible for their actions. If you have somebody who's an adult doing what my kids are doing, there's no sympathy for them.

Fang: Although you're a "brand name" writer, you're rarely mentioned in the same literary circles as, say, Stephen King or Peter Straub at the conventions for horror writers held across the country, such as the World Fantasy Convention. Have you ever attended any of these?

Saul: Quite honestly, I've never been asked. I have attended the Northwestern Writers Conference, but that's about it.

Fang: Perhaps the reason you're not always thought of among the discussions of serious horror writers is because your audience is reportedly comprised mostly of adolescent females. Is this still the case?

Saul: Well, actually it is slowly shifting because they are growing up, and they're sticking with me. The teenage audience is still very strong, and a lot of my fan mail is from teenagers, though that may be because teenagers tend to write fan letters more than adults do. But I get a lot of repeat fan mail from people I've been hearing from since *Suffer the Children*. They were in high school when it was published, and now they have children of their own. Every now and then one of them wants to know where they can get all my books in hardcover, because their kids are growing up and they're wondering if they'll be able to give these books to their kids at the age when *they* first started reading me. We'll see what happens.

Fang: To keep on top of things, do you eat, sleep and breath the stuff? That is, are you constantly reading horror novels, or seeing every new horror film that comes out?

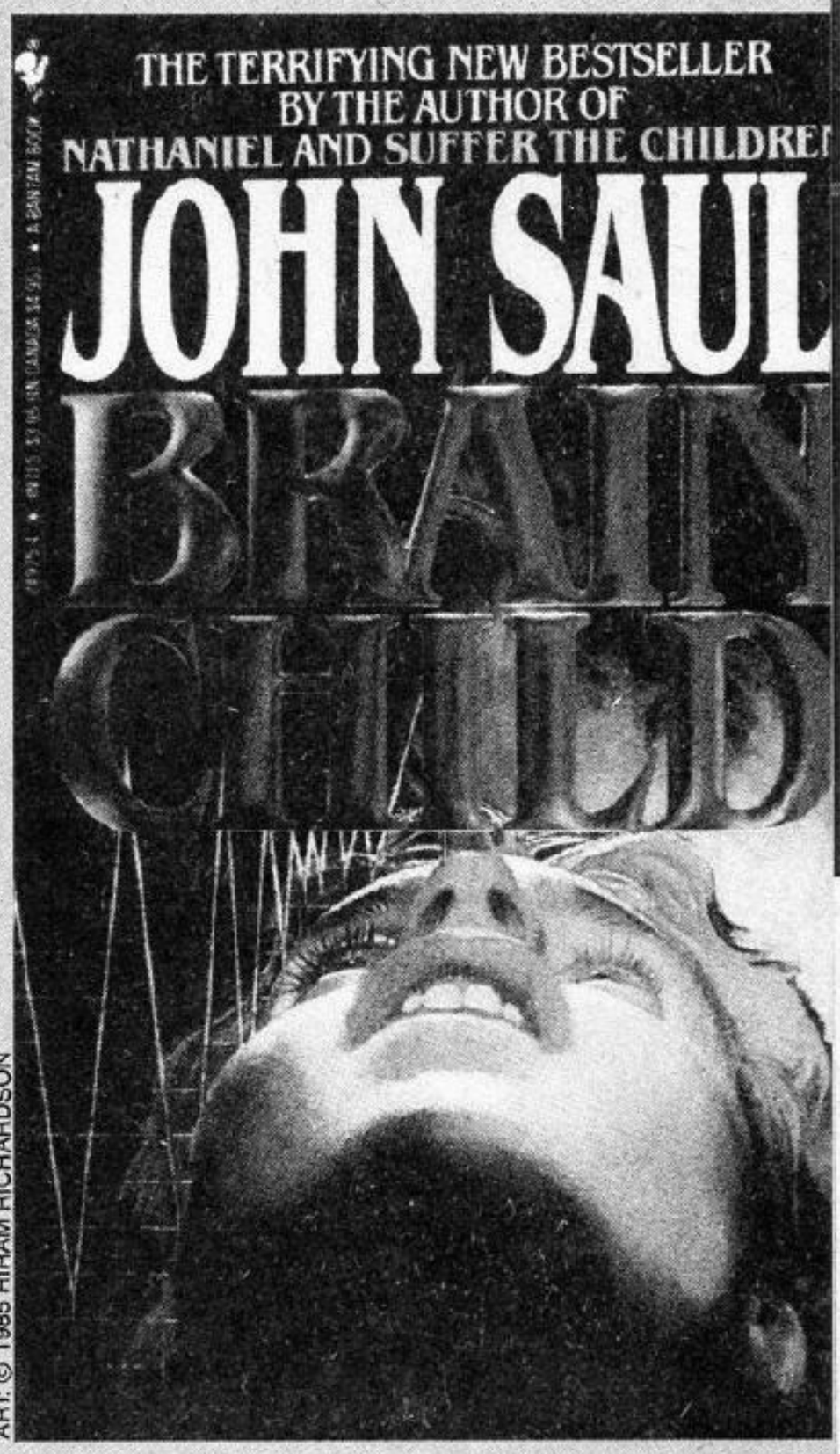
Saul: I tend to stay away from it all. I don't like horror movies because they scare me half to death! And I don't think you can be a successful horror writer unless you're easily frightened. I have a theory that if nothing frightens you, then you have no way of knowing what's going to frighten other people. Fortunately, I'm a card-carrying coward: *everything* frightens me! I simply transfer all of my own fears on to the paper, and away we go! Consequently, I don't read horror novels, because they scare me, I don't watch horror movies because they scare me. Actually, I love international spy thrillers; I'm one of the readers who is always waiting for the new Robert Ludlum to come out.

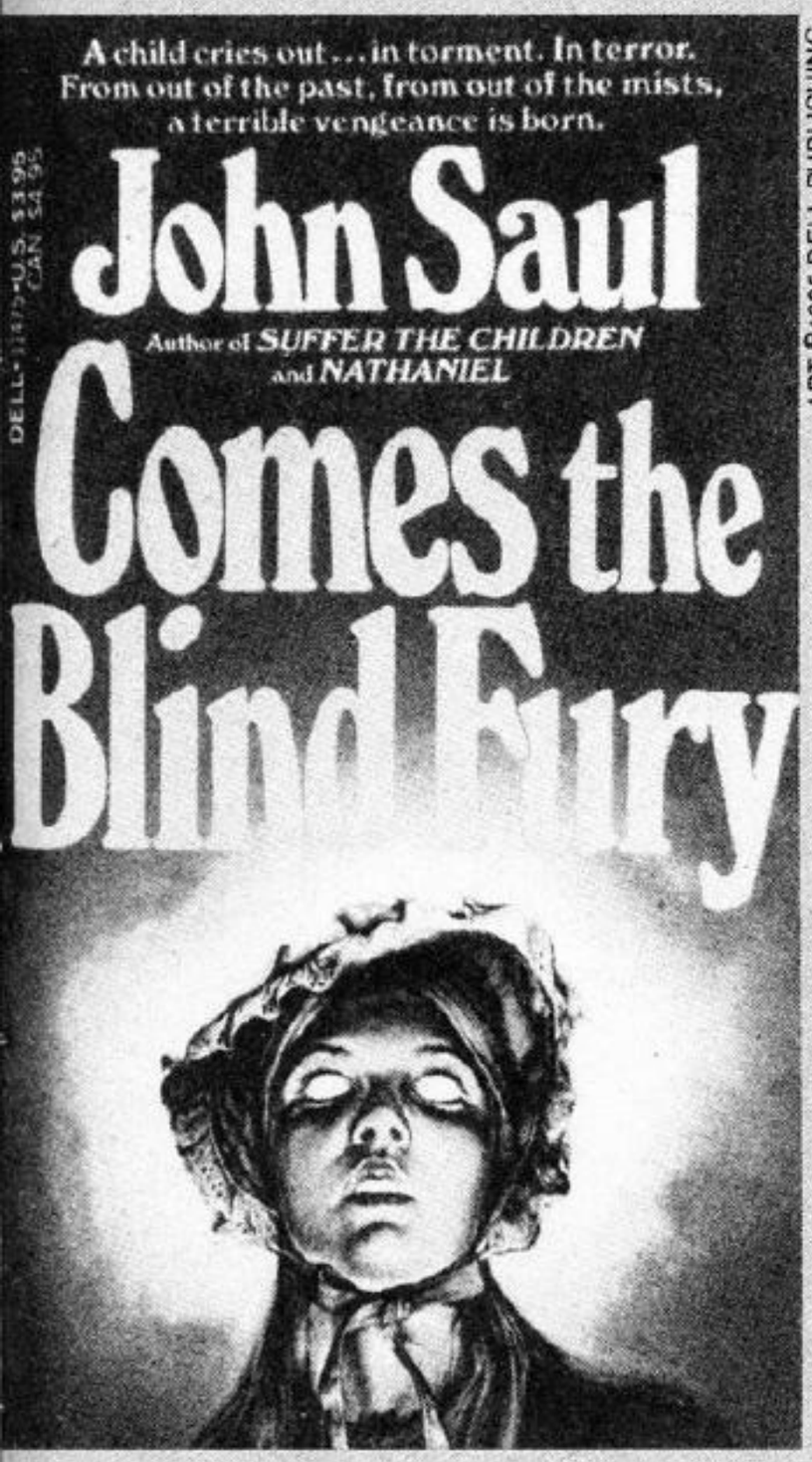
Fang: What's the most pleasureable aspect of writing for you, and what's the least?

Saul: Oh, that's easy! One of the Dorothys—it was either Parker or Thompson—said it years ago: "It's not writing I enjoy, it's having written." There's that point we all come to, halfway through every manuscript, when we know deep in our hearts that this time the publisher's going to ask for his money back! Every book has to stand on his own, and I still get nice comments from my editor, such as "John, this is not the way we write a book." She used to be very polite!

Fang: Getting back to recurring themes, there was a distinct, almost sing-song quality to the titles of your early novels: *Suffer the Children* and *Cry for the Strangers* and all the rest. Put together, it was like a poem. Was that your idea?

Saul: That awful rhythm got to be the annual plague for us who were trying to come up with titles for the next one! [laughs] It began to sound like some kind of horrible litany. *Suffer the Children* was my title. The second novel had no title at all, and my agent came up with *Punish the Sinners*, which I have always hated, but it had the same rhythm, which sort of begat the monster. The title for *When the Wind Blows* struck me very early on, but the book was scheduled to be published about the same time as Mary Higgins Clark's *The Cradle Will Fall*. I was concerned, but my agent thought it was wonderful— "Everybody will want to display them side by side!" And, by God, it happened. I came up with the title for *The God Project* at the same time I came up with the idea. And that one, thank God, broke the rhythm, and now we can call our books anything we want to. Free at last! Free at last!

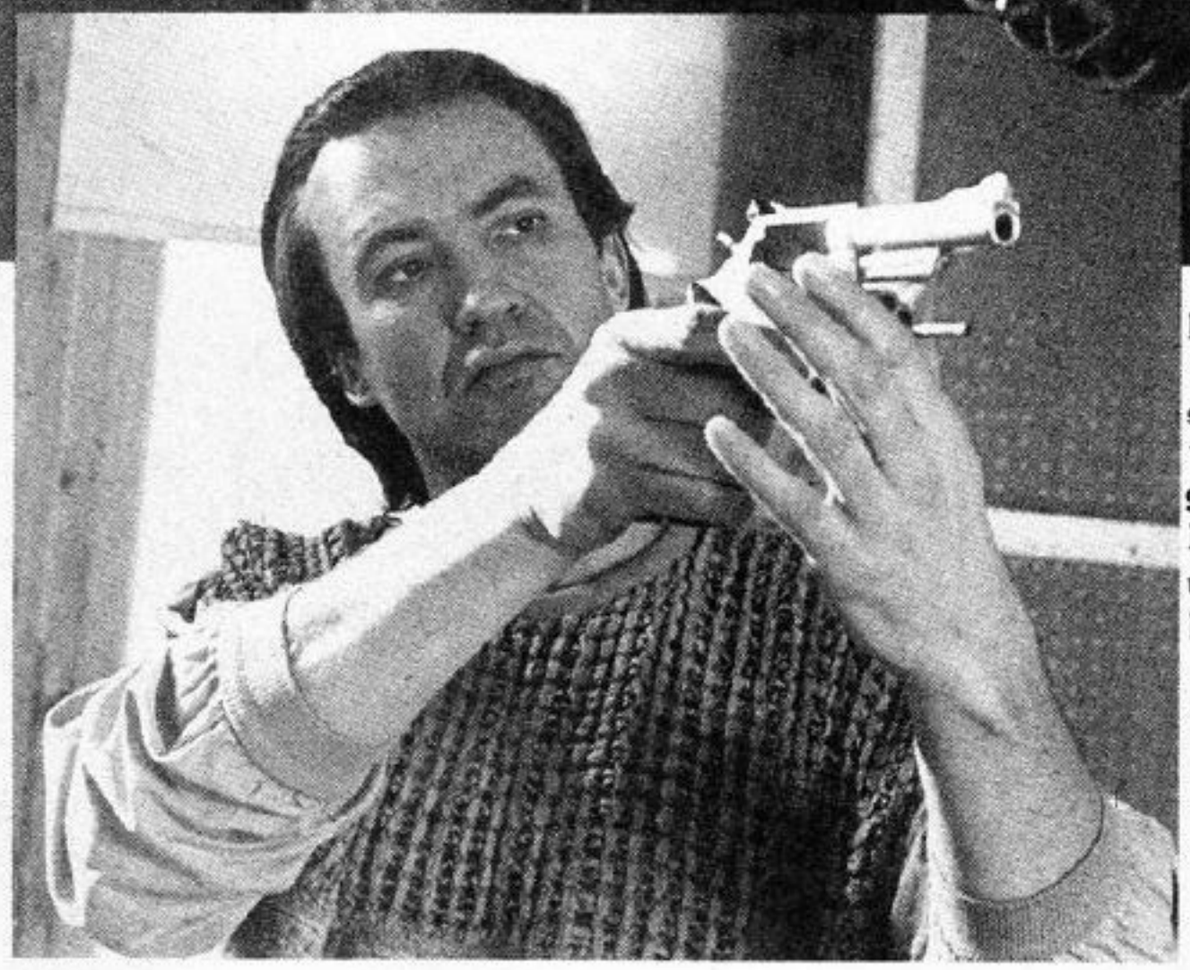




Gangsters vs. Mutants!

A mix of crime melodrama and creature features to be found in the British thriller Underworld.

By Philip Nutman



Bain (Larry Lamb) is sent by mobster Motherskille to find a missing girl in Clive Barker's upcoming horror-fantasy.

Dateline: Wednesday, February 13th, 1985. A freezing cold, snowy day in Limehouse, at the heart of London's East End docklands.

Once this area was synonymous with the city's immigrant Chinese population, a community with a gaudy, poverty-stricken, otherworldly atmosphere. It was here that author Sax Rohmer set the melodramatic exploits of his super villain Fu Manchu. In damp, eerie vaults and plush houses the evil Chinese mastermind spun his webs of vice, torture and murder.

But today I have not come in search of oriental villainy; I have come to investigate another form of underworld activity, that of a group of deformed, genetically mutated humans who have taken to living in a labyrinthine network of underground tunnels.

I slip stealthily through large sliding doors into a sepulchral concrete cavern. So far so good. But there are strange, secretive noises coming from the rear of the structure. I creep into a cramped, filthy room with a low ceiling. The floor is covered with a thick layer of white dust. I move past a mildewed mattress and its pile of soiled sheets; in doing so I walk into a cobweb. My flesh crawls. I want out, but I have a job to do. No one ever said working for Fango would be easy.

As I walk through another doorway I notice the remains of a hurried meal. Whoever lived here ate tinned meat and white bread. From the bite marks it appears the person had been disturbed during their meal. The sandwich is stiff and in the half-light the green mold seems to crawl across the bread. I move on in the direction of the noises.

As I reach the furthest end of the tunnel area a figure in a brown coat steps out of the shadows and speaks to a group of people in front of him. "Cut," he says authoritively. "That looked okay, but let's

Bad guy actor Steven Berkoff *(Octopussy, Rambo: First Blood, Part II)* and his gangster goons prepare for mutant hunting in Underworld.

ALL PHOTOS: PETER KERNOT

try it once more." First-time director George Pavlou walks over to young actress Nicola Cowper to discuss her movements in the reaction shots being filmed.

Underworld, the film in question, is an unusual low-budget fantasy thriller with horrific undertones. Set in the future, it tells the story of what happens when a group of grotesquely deformed humans, victims of dangerous chemical experiments by one Dr. Savary, abduct a young girl named Nicole. The ruthless mobster Hugo Motherskille sends off a former gangster by the name of Bain to punish the mutants for this crime, but the mission turns into something more complex than the happy-go-lucky mutant hunt that one might expect. Nicole, it turns out, is not just another damsel in distress; she possesses some mysterious, awesome power. For his part, Bain is not willing to set up the victimized mutants for the kill. When the mutant underworld and the gangland underworld finally lock horns, Bain is caught in the middle.

Noted actor Denholm Elliott stars as Dr. Savary, the creator of the underworlders; Nicola Cowper, soon to be seen in *Dreamchild*, plays the mysterious Nicole; playwright and actor Steven Berkoff, fresh from Eddie Murphy's *Beverly Hills Cop*, is Motherskille; and Larry Lamb plays Bain. The film also features fantasy veteran Ingrid Pitt (Hammer's *The Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula*). The script is an original by Clive Barker, the multi-talented illustrator, playwright and novelist, whose six-volume *Books of Blood* anthology of horror short stories have fast established him as a frightmaster of the first degree.

"I wouldn't specifically describe *Underworld* as a horror film," says Don Hawkins, one of the project's producers, "as its action elements derive more from the hard-boiled thrillers of Dashiell Hammett, like *Red Harvest*. It's a curious combination of Bogart thriller with fantasy, plus several shocks that should have people jumping out of their seats."

While the film may have the narrative pull of a film noir detective story, it also features makeup effects by former Chris Tucker alumnus Petter Litten, the man responsible for the splatter in the Caroline Munro vehicles *The Last Horror Film* and *April Fool's Day*.

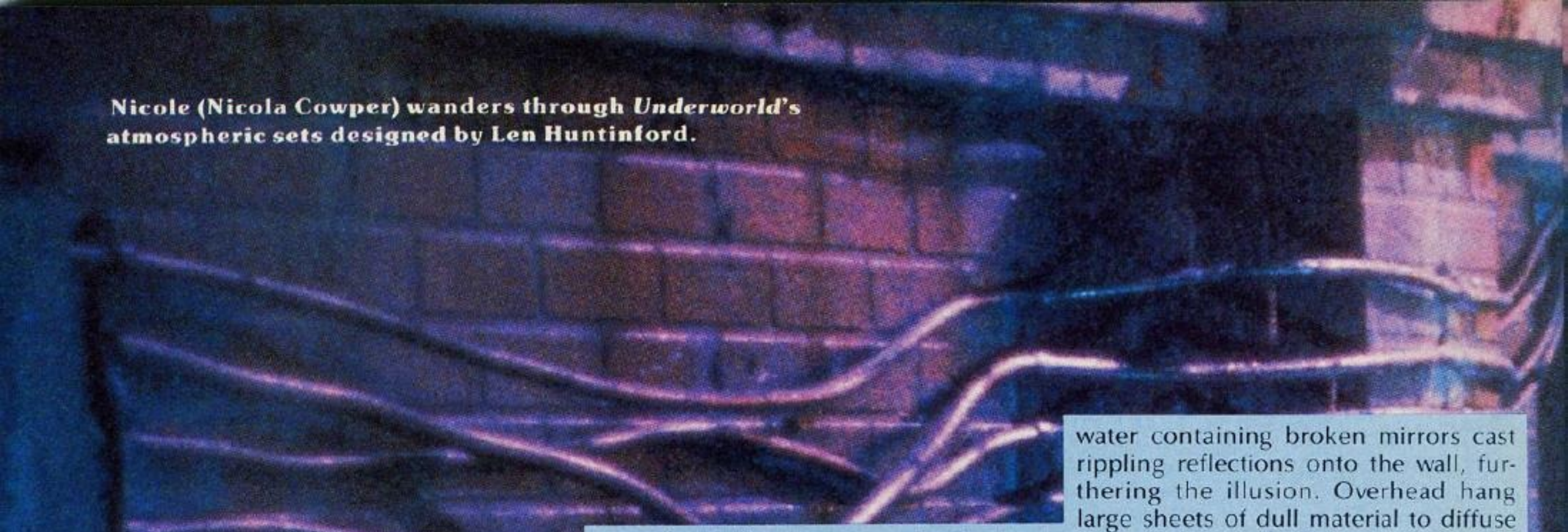
The underworld sets here at Limehouse Studios, designed by Len Huntinford, utilize these disparate elements in an exciting, unique blend. Each section of the studio is taken up by a different set and they are all highly convincing. When visiting, say, Pinewood or Elstree, for example, you are soon reminded that you are in a film studio. Not so at Limehouse, however. It is cold, dark and damp, the studio space resembling an underground hangar. This pervasive atmosphere makes for an underlying sense of claustrophobia that immeasurably aids the set-ups.

"Good, isn't it?" exclaims unit publicist Terence Pritchard, as he introduces me to George Pavlou.

I have to agree.

A graduate of the London International Film School, Pavlou is not, strictly speaking, a newcomer to films, having produced and directed several shorts and commercials in addition to a brief stint as second-unit director on the Brit-

The Underworlders assemble for British horror author Clive Barker's tale of mutant mayhem.



Nicole (Nicola Cowper) wanders through *Underworld*'s atmospheric sets designed by Len Huntinford.

ish-based episodes of *Hart to Hart*. I ask him how he, as director and one of the key minds behind the film, would describe it. Like Don Hawkins, he says: "It's a fantasy-thriller rather than an out-and-out horror film, with elements from our favorite movies."He elaborates, "In *Underworld* you'll find elements of Joe Dante, Spielberg, Italian cinema—especially Dario Argento's *Suspiria* and *Inferno*—and Cronenberg. The lighting, for example, is very Argento influenced. Syd McCartney, the director of photography, knows those films, and knows what I like, and has been doing a great job."

Why, I inquire, did you choose to make a fantasy film as your first feature? Was it because fantasy and horror have always been safe commercial areas for low-budget filmmakers? "No. I don't know about the investors, but I chose to do it because I love the genre. Certainly not for financial reasons," he replies defensively.

"Actually, there is another story by Clive Barker in his *Books Of Blood* series called Rawhead Rex that I would have preferred to film first," he continues.

"Rawhead Rex," another Barker story to be adapted by this production team, is a good old-fashioned monster-on-the-loose yarn. It encapsulates the essence of 1950's giant-people-rampaging-through-the-neighborhood movies such as *The Amazing Colossal Man*, only it delivers the goods, unlike those poverty-row flicks. A farmer excavates a large boulder on his land and unleashes a 10-foot tall prehistoric giant with cannibalistic tendencies and more teeth than the creature in *Alien*. The monster bites the guy's head off, trashes the local church, shakes the priest to death, eats children for breakfast, and generally lays waste to the surrounding countryside. Finally, the giant is ripped to bits by the locals, who are understandably pissed that he has burned most of their houses and eaten their offspring. It is, quite simply, a *tour de force* piece of storytelling. In 50 pages Barker assaults the reader's senses, leaving one feeling like one's had an argument with a sledgehammer! By the time you read this, the film will be well under way.

But why did George Pavlou prefer to film that story rather than *Underworld*?

"Because there hasn't really been a good monster movie for years. Since *King Kong* I think. And I mean the original, not the remake. I don't consider movies such as *Alien* and that ilk as being proper monster movies.

"Also, I would have preferred to have begun with *Rawhead* because I think it would be easier to shoot on a six-week schedule than something like this, which involves very intricate camera setups and lighting. We've also got quite a lot of characters in this film that require detailed makeups every morning, which obviously is time consuming.

"Clive wrote this especially for me as a film project, and right from the start we paid great attention to the visual aspects. I told him, as he was preparing to write the screenplay, to think of highly stylized films like *Chinatown* and *Inferno*, because I really wanted to creatively control all the elements. We would like to go much further with some aspects, such as the costumes and makeups, but the budget and schedule are too restrictive in that respect. Still, I think we are achieving something different here."

George Pavlou then excuses himself to discuss the next set-up with Nicola Cowper, who is visibly shivering in a see-through dress. I take the opportunity to examine the rest of the set.

To my left is a rusty wrought-iron spiral staircase which stands in front of a recess. This recess looks like a dead end to an ancient sewage system, part Victorian, part post-industrial, covered in a thick layer of excremental filth, oil, ever present cobwebs and the usual discarded relics of the modern age: a shattered bicycle wheel and an old car door. To the right of this blocked-off section of tunnel runs a cramped corridor, its roof only a fraction above the heads of the camera crew. Carefully arranged trays of water containing broken mirrors cast rippling reflections onto the wall, furthering the illusion. Overhead hang large sheets of dull material to diffuse the light from two separate banks of arc lights which, with the aid of colored gels, cast a surreal tint onto the dark surfaces. The mixture of black, purple and blue is an arresting sight. And if this mixture of visual styles sounds to you like rock videos, then you have the right idea.

Underworld is a co-production between two companies: Limehouse Pictures and Green Man Productions. The project was initially developed by the latter, headed by Kevin Attew and Don Hawkins, who have considerable experience in the video field, though their main emphasis has been on longer video documentaries, the most notable of which are *Japan—Oil on Canvas*, an hour-long record of the rock group made shortly before they disbanded,and *Track Record*, an in-concert film about Joan Armatrading. Attew and Hawkins have only recently moved into feature film production—*Underworld* is their third—and music constitutes an important element, mixing strongly with the visuals. The soundtrack is being written and performed by the group Freur who recently signed with CBS.

While Pavlou is lining up the next shot I discuss drugs, one of the film's main elements, with Don Hawkins. Because the story deals with the criminal underworld, narcotics immediately plays an integral part, though in a rather more insidious way than normal. The plot hinges around a "wonder drug" called White Man by users. This drug is a creation of Dr. Savary (Elliott) and has a remarkable effect on addicts. It is the ultimate panacea that not only makes the person feel good, it physically transforms the individual into the object of their desire. But Savary's experiments have turned sour as there is a nasty side effect: prolonged use induces a permanent genetic weakness which means the user can also turn into what they fear most.

"In Britain," Hawkins says, "we actually spend more on anti-depressants—tranquilizers—than we do on Trident missiles. But the government doesn't publish the figures, of course. We usually think of junkies as being drop-outs addicted to heroin, but those figures, if published, would dispel the whole no-

tion by pointing out the reality that most of the country is dependent on drugs. In fact some doctors do believe that the answer to society's problems is a wonder drug, and that if they can discover it the world will be a happier place. So we developed the character of Savary into a bio-chemist who is searching for such a drug.

"But all we've seen since the last war is a series of accidents, often through ignorance, resulting from ambitious medical experiments. And now we've reached the stage where these disasters occur simply because people are experimenting with materials simply for the sake of it; they've lost sight of their goals. In *Underworld* the whole thing is that the drug is bad."

With heroin addiction reaching epidemic proportions in Britain the film is clearly going to be very topical, but Hawkins assures me it is not going to be a message movie.

I return to the set to watch the crew wrap for the day. Everyone appears tired yet happy. There are another eight days to go before the principal photography ends and the crew seems pleased that the end is in sight after a grueling five-week shoot, but perhaps a little sad that something so exciting is coming to a close. Don Hawkins sums it up as I prepare to leave Limehouse. "What you see here is a mixture of talent, imagination, and an awful lot of damned hard work."

An Underworlder slashes away.

Reluctant Monster Maker

Although he created makeup for the first, trend-setting Hammer horror films, Phil Leakey says he "wouldn't walk across the street to see one!"

By Randy Palmer

Christopher Lee sports effective Phil Leakey makeup in Hammer's seminal *Curse of Frankenstein*.

Phil Leakey, the makeup artist who helped put Hammer Films on the macabre movie map by creating monsters for several of the company's seminal horror films, is not your ordinary, everyday, celebrity interviewee. No, sir. Phil Leakey is full of surprises.

For example, before Leakey gets into any discussion regarding his work in motion pictures, he says up front, "I don't particularly care for Hammer's horror films." (Never mind the fact that he helped establish the company's reputation for viciousness right from the beginning!) "They leave me absolutely cold. I wouldn't walk across the street to see one!" He harrumphs loudly in conclusion.

After this renunciation of Hammer, the question naturally arises of how he got started with Hammer in the first place? Leakey responds by launching into a detailed and unusual account of his film business beginnings.

"It was strange how I got involved with them, or anyone in motion pictures at all," he comments. "I was working as a clerk in a brokerage office in London, and I was on a two-week holiday when I overheard my father talking about going to a film studio to supervise a boxing match. [Leakey's father, a doctor, oversaw a number of televised matches.] I wanted to go along too, but he said I'd better check with Joe Grossman first, who was the studio manager. So that afternoon I drove out to the studio and asked the man at the gate if I could have a word with Mr. Grossman. The gateman thought this was rather amusing; but to his surprise, and mine, Grossman told him to send me on up to his office.

"When I arrived, a vicious-looking secretary stopped me and said, 'What do you want? What's your name?' I told her who I was and she promptly disappeared. A few moments later, Joe's head popped around the corner of his office door and he said, 'Hello. Start Monday.' His head started to disappear back around the corner but I managed to blurt out, 'Wait a minute! I only wanted to ask—' But he cut me off. 'Haven't got time to chat,' he said. 'I'm very busy. Start Monday. 8:30 a.m.' I was then ejected from the studio. I thought to myself, 'Well, I wonder what's going to happen on Monday?'

"So the next Monday I reported directly to Grossman who said, 'What do you want at this time of the day? And how did you get in?' When I then told him what had transpired just a few days earlier, he looked rather bemused and, after a moment's thought, said, 'Right, follow me.' I did, and soon we arrived at the studio's sound department. Joe said to the head of the sound department, 'This is Philip Leakey and he's starting work with you as of now.' Joe then disappeared, and a sort of resigned look came over the soundman's face. I started work, and started from scratch—because I knew absolutely *nothing* about sound or anything else connected with filmmaking!"

An entertaining story to be sure, but there's just one hitch: Leakey is not known as a soundman—he's a makeup specialist! When reminded of this, he smiles, nods, and happily recites the rest of his tale.

"I did my best in the sound department and slowly I began to learn a few things. In fact, I was actually beginning to enjoy myself when one day the whole lot went up in smoke—including the central sound recording room. As a result of that fire, most of us got the sack—and certainly a beginner like myself would be the first to go. I picked up my belongings and went to say goodbye to Joe Grossman—and he said, 'Okay, start Monday, 8:30 a.m.' And off I went, wondering what on earth was going to happen next!

"To cut a long story short," Leakey finally says, "this time I landed in the makeup department."

But Leakey was to discover that, despite Grossman's good intentions, going to work in the makeup department required more than just an ability to learn new things from scratch.

"It was very obvious the makeup department didn't want me," he relates. "I was told to just sit in the corner and watch. So I watched and watched...and I got bored out of my mind! Finally a team of American filmmakers arrived, and they brought their own makeup artist who, as it happened, needed an assistant. This perked up the studio makeup people who thought, 'Hey, this will be a good way to get rid of Leakey!' And so I was donated to the poor man!

"I can't remember his name, but I *do* remember that he was very angry indeed when he found out that I knew next to nothing about the job. Fortunately, after he got over his initial anger, he sort of took me under his wing. By the time he left that studio there were some things I could do better than many of the others."

Despite strained relationships with some of his co-workers, Leakey remained where he was for another year, until at last he was offered a job at Shepperton Studios, where he distinguished himself doing his first character makeups.

Leakey's work at Shepperton eventually led to his being hired by Exclusive Films, the precursor to Hammer. Standard makeups were the rule for the most

Late character actor Michael Gwynn was the last Hammer actor to sit in the Phil Leakey makeup chair for *Revenge of Frankenstein*.

PHOTO: ©1958 HAMMER STUDIOS

PHOTO: ©1956 HAMMER STUDIOS

Richard Wordsworth contracts nasty space fungus in *The Creeping Unknown*, the kind of Hammer horror film that makeup man Leakey detests.

PHOTO: ©1958 HAMMER STUDIOS

Leakey provided the infamously painful bloodshot contact lenses for Christopher Lee in *Horror of Dracula*.

part during this time, until Hammer Films emerged from beneath the Exclusive banner. One of the earliest productions to carry the Hammer brand name was *The Quatermass Experiment*, known in the U.S. as *The Creeping Unknown*. It was the first picture which allowed Leakey to explore a wholly new makeup terrain. Its unusual story, about an astronaut who returns from space possessed by alien spores which turn him into a kind of life-absorbing sponge, allowed for some truly creative moments for the first time in Leakey's career. Hammer cast British character actor Richard Wordsworth in the pivotal role of the astronaut.

"Richard remained in the hands of the makeup department for as long as he maintained humanoid form," says Leakey, pointing out that once Wordsworth's character became *too* inhuman, it was time for the special effects team to take over.

"I had some discussions with the producer and director Val Guest, and we concluded that Richard should not look ugly—at least, not to start out with! Instead, he should look sad, ill...perhaps rather pitiful. After we all agreed on that, the rest was left up to me. The script really wasn't very specific about how he was to look anyway. In my opinion, Richard added quite a bit on his own, because he acted the part beautifully."

When in the movie Wordsworth smashes a cactus plant with his fist, we later discover that his flesh has absorbed a part of the cactus. Leakey mentions that this, and much of the rest of the makeup, "was invented using simple items—corn flakes, rice, cotton wool, rubber and latex. We had no laboratory in the studio at that time, so I had to make everything at my home! The cactus-arm was a wraparound piece made from rubber, cast from a a plaster mold, which was attached to a lady's stocking so Richard could slip it on and off easily. Likewise, the handpiece was built onto a cotton glove."

Leakey registers a little surprise when asked about Hammer's followup to *The Quatermass Experiment*, known in the U.S. as *Enemy From Space* but entitled simply *Quatermass II* in its homeland.

It takes some prodding, and mention of *Quatermass II*'s storyline involving extraterrestrial creatures growing in huge domes at an oil refinery, before he allows, "That's right; I did apply a substance to Tom Chatto, to make him appear burned in his death scene. He came out of one of the domes. As I recall, that was filmed at the Shell Refining Plant. I used a mixture of industrial soap and oil for the 'food that burns.'"

For *X...The Unknown*, Hammer's next venture into the realm of sci-fi/horror, Leakey was called upon to create a hand which caved in on itself as "X", the title monster, sucked out the body's life force.

"For that effect I built a sponge rubber hand, and into the hand were set thin plastic tubes with perforations along their length," explains Leakey. "These tubes entered the forearm through the wrist to each finger, and all the ends were attached to a specially-adapted pump. At the director's signal, a special chemical mixture was pumped into the flaccid handpiece, which immediately began to swell up and discolor. It was quite a good effect." Hammer then took the effects footage and reversed it to achieve a deflating effect on screen.

There came a time shortly after production had begun on *X...The Unknown* when Hammer hit upon the idea of making an entirely new version of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. The company envisioned a fairly elaborate production that would be the first color Frankenstein film. Leakey recalls the time period:

"I do *hate* horror films, *especially* of the type that Hammer and other people like them made. And to make matters worse, Hammer suddenly decided they wanted to go into production on this picture in a matter of weeks—but nobody had any good ideas yet about what to do with it in terms of story, character and makeup! I even asked around the studio myself to see if anyone had any good ideas...and no one did. Not a single person! What would the Creature look like? Obviously, that's a major concern whenever you're making a Frankenstein film—and yet, all anyone at Hammer really knew was that there was a strict order *not* to copy the Hollywood version, because Jack Pierce's makeup had been copyrighted!

"Finally, largely due to Christopher's input, we decided that, as the Creature was being constructed from bits and pieces of other humans, that was how his face should look: made up of bits and pieces, all stitched together.

"We really needed months—or at least weeks—to experiment with different materials and try different approaches," Leakey feels. "But we just didn't have that amount of time, and as a result I was not very happy with the end product. I would have liked a much neater stitching job, made from a mold. However, it just wasn't to be; we were stuck with rubber and wax, which I thought looked crude, though other people have told me that's what such an operation might have looked like.

"In the final analysis I don't think my work on *The Curse of Frankenstein* suffered from the restrictions imposed upon it by the copyright considerations as much as it did from our lack of experimental time. The makeup took a *long* time to get on each day, and in spite of bloodcurdling threats from Christopher

about the revenge he might take on me, we remained very good friends. Removing the makeup at the end of each day—although it took a lot less time—was, I think, even more painful for Christopher than putting it on."

Those who have seen it consistently agree that Hammer's film production of *The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas* is far and away the best film of its type. (And who could argue, with competition like *Man-Beast, Half-Human,* and *Snow Creature*!?) Although he has never seen the finished picture, Leakey admits that there was more than the usual amount of thought put into the creation of the picture, especially during pre-production phases.

"When the time came for us to make it," recalls Leakey, "I had another get-together with Val Guest, Tony Hinds, art director Ted Marshall, and myself. It was generally agreed that the Yeti should be of a more sympathetic nature than the people who were hunting it, with the exception of Peter Cushing, who was playing a far more sympathetic part than his companions.

"Ted Marshall and I made a few drawings, and one day Tony Hinds, while looking at them, remarked, 'You know, that looks a little bit like Peter!' Everyone had a look at it and they all agreed that the creature's face *did* have an inkling of Peter in it, and everyone thought it was a good idea to carry the resemblance over, as a sort of sympathetic link in the film. To tell you the truth, I *never could* see this 'resemblance' which everyone else seemed to see!" Leakey chuckles. "But since *they* did, that was the way we went ahead and made it."

Though never as budget-conscious as American International had been during the 1950's, it is true that the British company cut corners whenever they thought it was within the realm of possibility. And so on *The Abominable Snowman,* they refused to hire anyone to help Leakey with the makeup chores.

"Hammer was rather reluctant in letting me have an assistant to help out on that picture," he remembers. "As a matter of fact, I had to enlist the aid of the wardrobe department to get the snow-creature completed on time! It was the wardrobe department that ended up supplying the creature's outfit. They took a lot of furs and sewed them together to fit the actor—and that was our Yeti!"

Probably the best known motion picture on which Phil Leakey worked, and also Hammer's most famous film, is *Horror of Dracula*. "Compared to *Curse of Frankenstein, Dracula* was far easier to work on," Leakey remarks. "Christopher Lee's height, face, and hair was half the battle! By the time the wardrobe department had fitted him with the right clothes, plus a little fiddling with his hair and a set of appropriate choppers, we had ourselves a vampire!

"I do believe, although I can't be certain, that I was the first to use the bloodshot eyes. It was my brother who, like my father, was a doctor, who put me in touch with an optician who specialized in doing false eye jobs. He fitted Christopher with these contact pieces of my design. Christopher hated them. He *would not* keep them in for a second longer than the shot made necessary. If he *had* left them in, the discomfort would have been much less [as opposed to continually taking them out and putting them in again]."

Leakey left the Hammer fold shortly after the Dracula film was completed to accept offers from other production companies whose films were more to his liking. He had become frustrated with the direction in which Hammer was heading as the new specialists in horror and violence.

"I wanted to leave Hammer to get on with other kinds of pictures," he says. "Although I liked all the producers at Hammer, and the crew and casts who played a part in the making of those films—they were some of the best people I ever knew in the industry—still, I just really hated those kinds of films! And frankly, I doubt if Anthony Hinds [a main Hammer producer and screen author] liked them much either!

"I enjoyed working on pictures like *Far From the Madding Crowd, Only Two Can Play* with Peter Sellers, *The Bellstone Fox*. Like everyone else in this business, I've worked in more average-good, average-bad, bloody-bad and indifferent films than I have worthwhile films! But that's the public for you. Shooting, stabbing, punching, sex and violence of all kinds, laced with screeching automobile crashes—it's what makes all the money!

"That's why I got out; I retired. Occasionally I'll make up some of the neighborhood kids for one of their parties. But I gave away all of my makeup equipment

A trail of sludge and dry-ice smoke is left behind by Tom Chatto after encountering an *Enemy from Space*. Leakey hates this one, too.

to the daughter of an old wartime friend, and it's all in Australia somewhere right now. I never thought any of these things would be of interest to anyone for more than a few months anyway; that's why I threw away all my notes, sketches, stills and other *aide memoire* years ago.

"In fact, it's only because a mutual friend told me he knew you that I didn't get someone to tell you I had gone abroad and was unavailable for this interview," Leakey concludes.

Gee, I kind of hate to tell him this interview is destined to appear in a magazine called FANGORIA! I think I'll just wait and let it surprise him!

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Hammer monster maker Phil Leakey applies some designer scar tissue to Christopher Lee for *Curse of Frankenstein*.

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32—Martin Scorsese on Cronenberg; Carpenter's *Christine;* John Russo; *Cujo* FX; Subotsky; *Chud;* And (you'll take it and like it!) More!
33—Maley's *Keep* monster; Lon Chaney's secret; a Guy called *Splatter;* Don't Knock the (Herbert L.) Strock; Inevitably, More!
34—Rick Baker's Wonder Years; *Mutant (Night Shadows);* Michael Berryman; Craig Reardon & *Dreamscape;* On Set: *Firestarter;* And (*when* will it end?) More!
35—M-TV meets Makeup FX; Stephen King; Video Brainrot; Pt. 2 of Baker, Argento & *Firestarter;* Roy Ashton; And (it goes on and on) More!
36—Savini & *F13: The Final Chapter;* Stephen King Pt. 2; *Ghostbusters;* Makeup Oscar controversy; plus (what does it all mean, anyway?) More!
37—Dante & *Gremlins:* Dick Miller; Baker's Wonder Years, Pt. 3; Del Tenney; John Amplas; Stuart Freeborn; Mark Shostrom; And (Is meaning necessary?) More!
38—Dante Redux: Walas *Gremlins* FX; Wes Craven on *Hills 2; F13*—The Final Article?; *Fall Break/The Mutilator;* Wyott Ordung; (After all, is our interest in ends...) More!
39—The Shape versus Jason and Leatherface!; Walas on *Gremlins;* Cook & *Ghostbusters;* Stratton on *V;* Freeborn Part 3; And (...or in the process itself?) More!
40—On Set for *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Return of the Living Dead;* Schwarzenegger on *The Terminator;* Brother Theodore; Harry *Frankenstein's Daughter* Thomas; And (For instance, consider this list...) More!
41—Larry *Zontar* Buchanan; Jim Cameron & *Terminator;* Chris Lee Pt. 1; Steve Johnson & *Ghostbusters;* Laurel's *Darkside;* Bernard *Giant Leeches* Kowalski; And (...which represents years of work...) More!
42—*Blood Simple;* Chris Tucker & *Company of Wolves;* Mario Bava Pt. 1; DePalma on *Body Double;* On Set for *The Stuff* And (...deadline after deadline...) More!
43—On Set for *Day of the Dead, Cat's Eye;* C. Rambaldi & *Silver Bullet;* William Castle screenwriter Robb White; John *Brides of Blood* Ashley; Mike "Touch" Connors; And (...leading off into...what?) More!
44—Danny Steinman & *F13's* New Beginning; Freddie Kreuger designer David Miller; Dan O'Bannon on *Return of the Living Dead; Company of Wolves;* Siodmak!; Saxon!; Robert Wise!; And (Which ends first?) More!
45—*Elm Street's* Heather Langencamp; *F13-V's* FX; *Fright Night* preview; Elvira; Dick Miller; Steve Neill; Jerry *Teenage Zombies* Warren; Jack *Spider Baby* Hill; And (Fango or the-world-as-we-know-it?) More!
46—Tobe Hooper & *Lifeforce; Day of the Dead's* Bub; *Night of the Living Dead* book preview; Caroline Munro; *Sucker Swamp* comix; Howard *Voodoo Island* Koch; And (In either case...) More!
47—Savini FX for *Day of the Dead;* On Set: *Fright Night; Lifeforce* FX; *Explorers; Neor. Maniacs* (...the process is all...) More!

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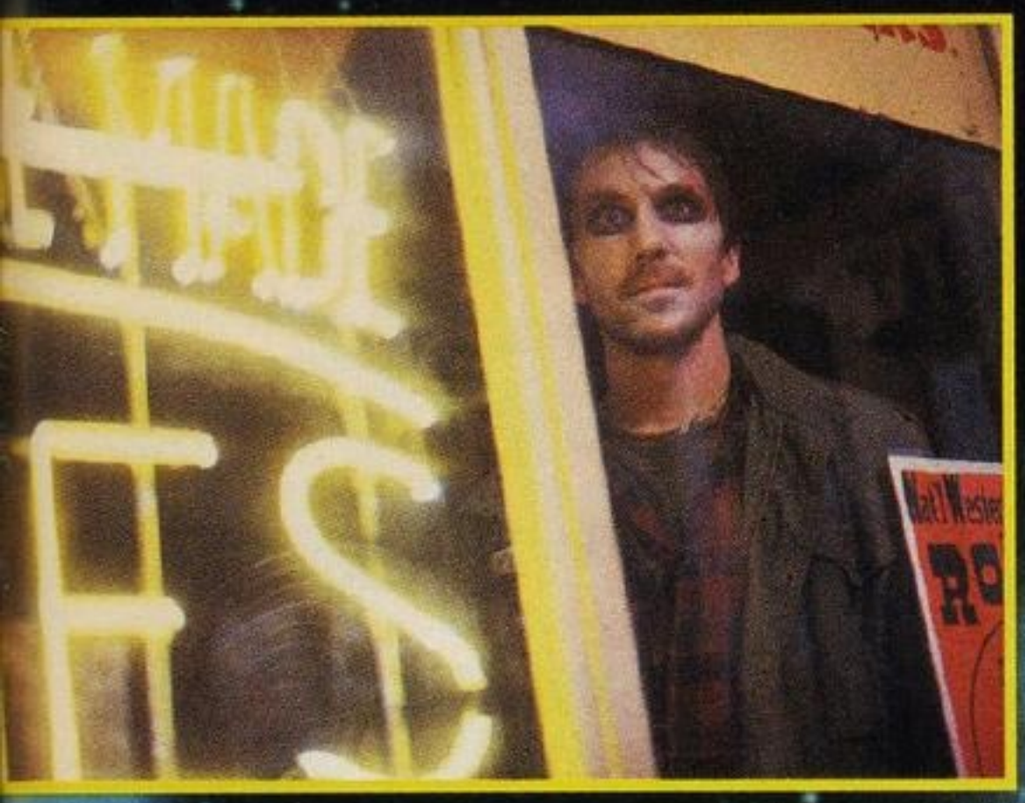
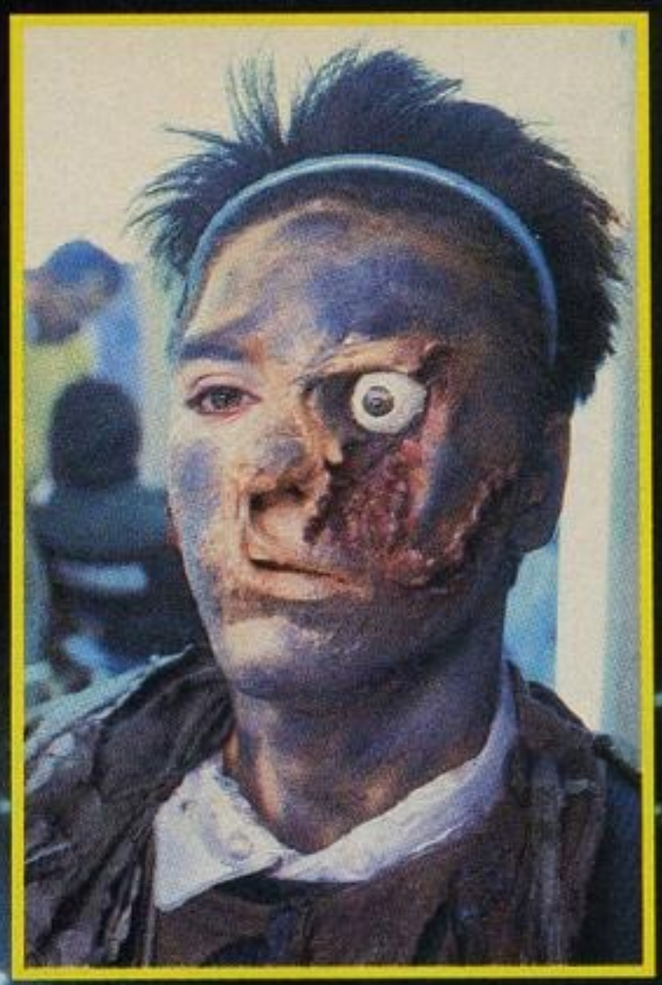


Scott Paulin faces the terrifying Vietnam flashbacks of "Nightcrawlers," an episode based on a story by Robert McCammon and directed by William Friedkin.

An eyepopping denizen of the new *Twilight Zone* hints at the show's more graphic approach to TV terror.



The New Journey Into

By David Everitt

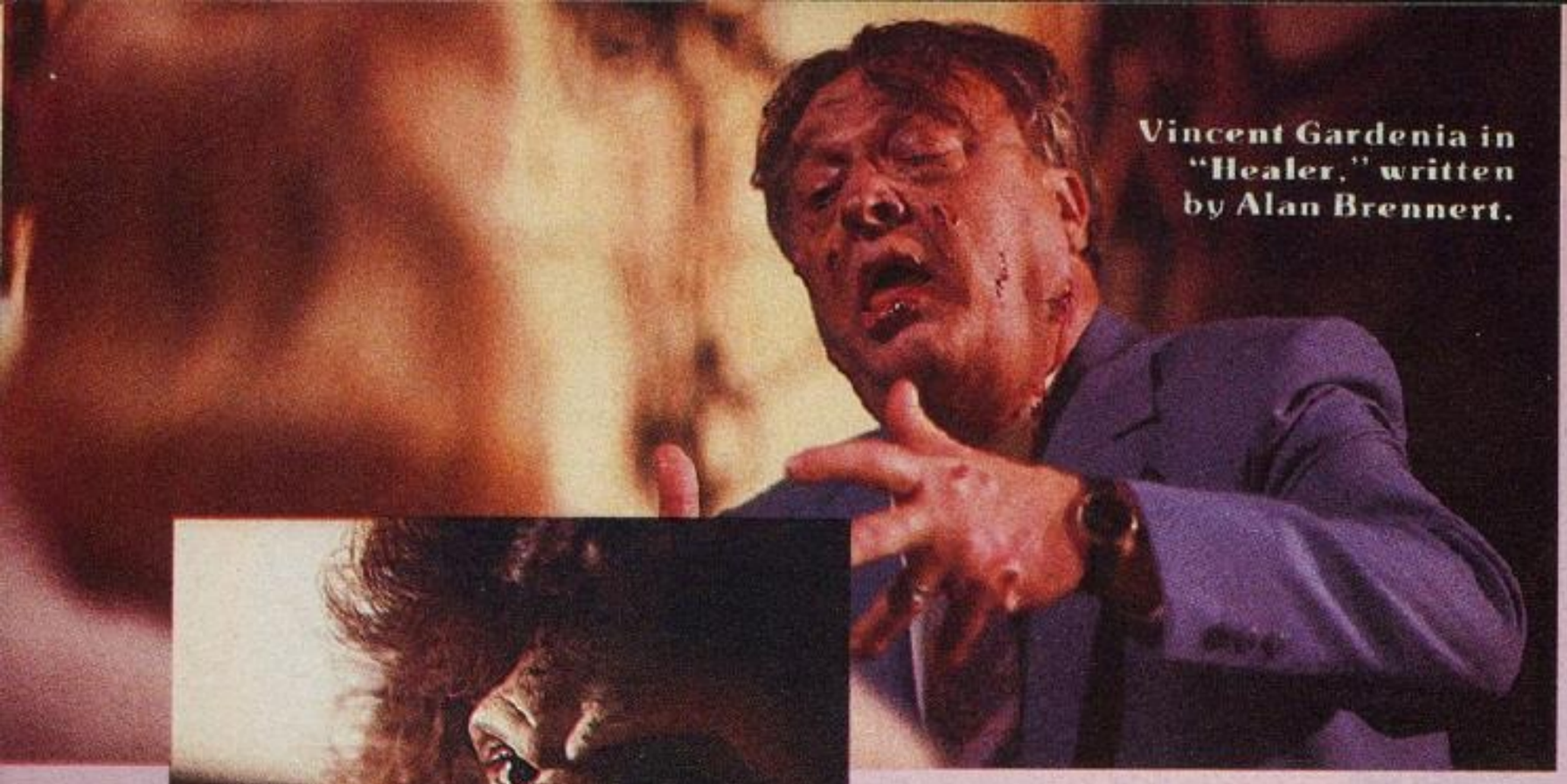
A collection of new TV stories have arrived to continue, rather than rehash, the classic series.

The executives guiding the new *Twilight Zone* look upon their series not as a tribute or a rehash, but rather a continuation of the original Rod Serling anthology. While revivals of such old shows as *Leave it to Beaver* and *Wild, Wild West* have been content to merely trot out the old stars and old formulas of years gone by, *The Twilight Zone* is an attempt to revive the spirit of its original incarnation with a fresh approach.

"We never had any intention," explains executive producer Phil DeGuere, "of making extensive use of the original *Twilight Zone* scripts, because those stories seemed, in many cases, to be a little bit dated, and the sophistication and the level of expectation of the audience has risen quite a bit since that time." The success of the new series will depend on how well *The Twilight Zone* adapts the original Rod Serling concept to these new expectations.

Twilight Zone's executive story consultant Alan Brennert likes to think that "we're doing the show as Rod Serling would be doing it if he were alive and producing it today. Twenty years have gone by since the original TV series; there has been a lot more science fiction and a lot more horror films shown to the general public. There's been a certain rise in the sophistication of concepts in these genres since 1965. So we're building on that. You're not going to see any stories on this show in which the punch line is: And they looked and they discovered that this planet was...Earth!"

Brennert feels that the development of scripts for the new series parallels that of the original show in that the producers are drawing upon a wealth of horror, science fiction and fantasy literature. While Serling's show drew upon the previously



Vincent Gardenia in "Healer," written by Alan Brennert.

PHOTOS: ©1985 CBS-TV

Fango fave Adrienne Barbeau bites back in "Teacher's Aide," a new *Twilight Zone* terror trip.

published short stories of such authors as Damon Knight, Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont, the new *Twilight Zone*, according to Brennert, is adapting material that "we think is a bit more sophisticated in concept than the original show could have been in the 1960's, because the public was not prepared for it then. The original *Twilight Zone*," he adds, "laid the groundwork, and we're able to go a step beyond that."

As an example of the new awareness of TV viewers, Brennert cites the old "The Eye of the Beholder" episode. As you may recall, in this classic *Twilight Zone* story, a woman whose face is covered with bandages waits to see if a recent operation will transform her features from unsightly to pleasing. In the end it is revealed that she has been beautiful all along and that all those who are repelled by her looks are actually pig-like aliens. "At the time it was done," points out Brennert, "the device of never clearly seeing the characters' faces was something that didn't tip off the audience to the twist ending. It was startling then, but we've since seen it. Because the audience is familiar with all the bizarre and original twists that the old series had, we have to come up with stuff that is even more sophisticated. They've been watching the old series for 20 years and now they're going to say, 'Okay, now surprise us.' Believe me, it is no mean challenge to not only live up to but try to surpass a show as inventive as the original *Twilight Zone*."

The team that has developed the scripts for the new series includes executive producer DeGuere, producer Jim Crocker, creative consultant Harlan Ellison, executive story consultant Brennert and story editor Rockne O'Bannon. They are all writers who have contributed scripts of their own to the series, and they all play a part in fine-tuning teleplays from outside authors. Brennert gives a rundown of the strengths of each of these team-members. He says Phil DeGuere and Jim Crocker "are writer-producers in the best sense of the term in that, along with being good producers, their writing background allows them to understand story values, and I, as a writer, can really talk to them. This may sound small, but believe me, it's no small thing in television. I've worked with producers and I've sat there and tried to explain story points to them, and it's like you're speaking Urdu to them."

Harlan Ellison is "sort of the Charles Beaumont of the group. His scripts, in many cases, are very dark, ingenious fantasies. I think he is also a real idea man. He's the guy who can tell us, 'Okay, this idea that's being pitched to us was done in the July 1932 issue of *Planet Stories*.' He's the guy who'll go in there and try to turn an idea around to give it a different perspective, to make it fresh. Particularly in the early development of the series, that was of inestimable value.

"Rock O'Bannon is a very offbeat talent. I think Rock is our Richard Matheson. I think Marc Scott Zicree said in *The Twilight Zone Companion* that Matheson's plots are so interesting that you keep watching or you keep reading just to find out what's going to happen next. Rock is a lot like that. He has been doing the very offbeat, inventive plots. His script for the episode "Word Play" [which stars Robert Klein] is remarkable. I think it is one of the most original ideas you're going to see.

"For my part, I've been trying to do the humanistic stories because that's what I'm most interested in and this is the first opportunity I've had in many years to really do that type of story. Harlan has done some of these, Rock has done some of these, and Phil and Jim also, but this tends to be the only type of story that I'm attracted to doing."

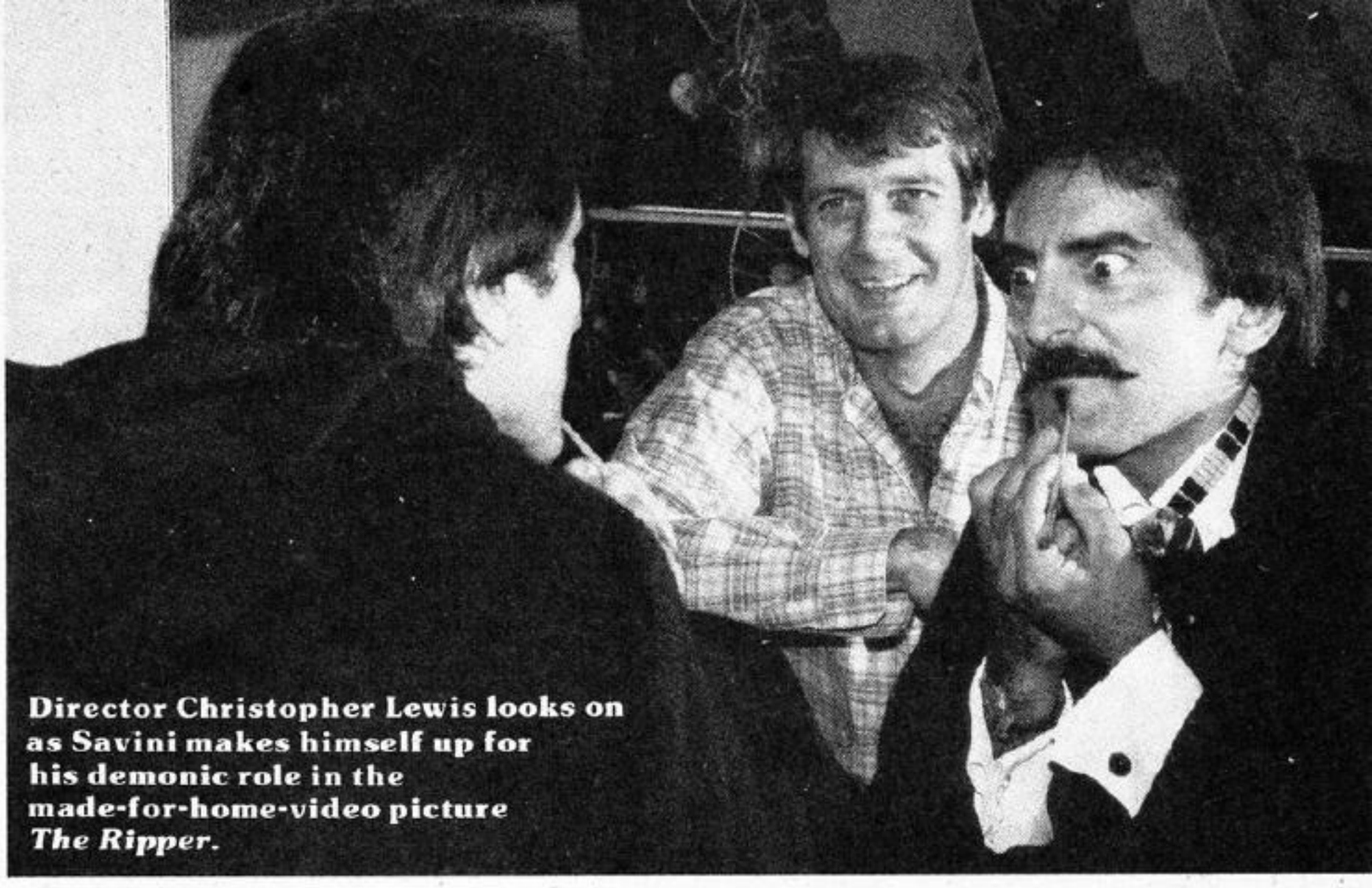
Brennert is a veteran of the extremely short-lived *Darkroom* series, which was the last horror/fantasy anthology to be broadcast by a network (the more recent *Nightmares* pilot didn't even make it to TV but was released to theaters instead). Having participated in a failure in this genre, how does Brennert think horrific fantasy should be presented on TV in order to achieve success? "The essential thing," he says, "is that you cannot insult the intelligence of your audience. Too much horror and fantasy, both on TV and in film, features characters who do stupid things. For example, the Harry Dean Stanton character in *Alien*. You know that there's this horrendous, killing, marauding alien on the space ship—and he goes off to look for the cat. Characters who do things not out of intelligence but out of the demands of the plot occur far too frequently, I think, in film fantasy and horror. On this show we try to have characters who behave as real people would. When confronted with the bizarre or the extraordinary they react with intelligence."

Executive producer DeGuere stresses the special problems faced when producing horror for TV rather than the movies. He says, "You have to work backwards from the assumption that people are not paying close attention to what's happening on the TV screen. As opposed to people in a movie theater, they may be talking to each other or answering the telephone or going to the bathroom or getting a beer. Consequently, the first element that has to be present is some compelling thing which demands that the audience pay attention. Once they are hooked, you can pull the rug out from under them just enough so that they are disoriented and have to lean on the storyteller. Then you're in the position to be able to actually manipulate, mildly, the events of the story to get a scare."

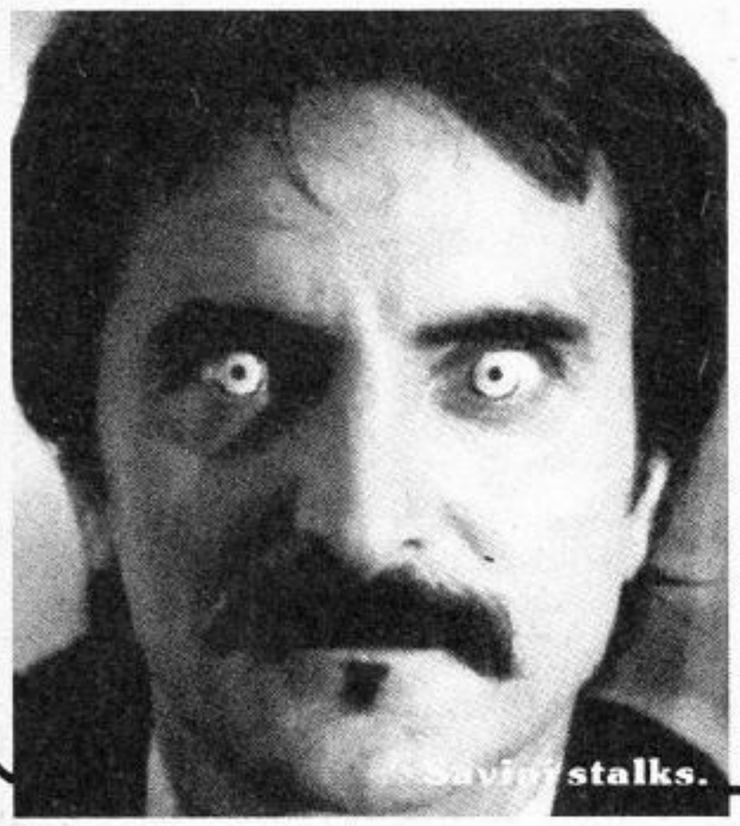
DeGuere says that a common way in which the series has set up early cues to hook the viewer is through the use of what appears to be a humorous premise. "The audience participates in laughing along with the protagonist at an apparently funny, wacky situation, and very rapidly the funny situation turns spooky and then turns scary and then terrifying. Because the audience has been sucked in by the humor, the audience is in the same position as the character.

"You're never going to get the same kind of scare that you get in a darkened movie theater," DeGuere adds. "Ultimately, I think there's only a certain amount of scare that you can get at home on TV, and I think it is ill advised for anyone to make television shows that are purely frightening, because it's just not going to happen. But I think you can sneak into it."

SAVINI the Ripper



Director Christopher Lewis looks on as Savini makes himself up for his demonic role in the made-for-home-video picture *The Ripper*.



...Savini stalks.

Fango fave Tom Savini goes to Oklahoma to play the mad killer in a made-for-video horror picture.

By John Wooley

What was Fango Hall of Famer Tom Savini doing skulking around an abandoned Tulsa, Oklahoma, warehouse in the dead of night a couple of months ago?

"Well," explains Savini, "Chris Lewis called me and said, 'Hey, you want to play Jack the Ripper?' and I said, 'Sure.' "

Christopher Lewis, as you might remember from Fango #48, is the man who directed *Blood Cult*, the first feature for the Tulsa-based United Entertainment Inc. *Blood Cult*, now in release from VCI, was shot on half-inch videotape and ballyhooed by its producers as the first full-length movie made exclusively for the home video market.

Now, along comes *The Ripper*, described in advance publicity as a "modern-day Jack the Ripper story." Once again the whole thing was shot on videotape for release directly to the home-video market. Because of the larger budget for *The Ripper*, Lewis was given the comparative luxury of a 14-day shooting schedule (*Blood Cult* was shot in nine days) and was also able to get Savini. When *The Ripper* was in pre-production, Blair and the Lewises decided they wanted someone to act in the feature who would be a recognizable name to their target audience—the horror home-video fans. Savini, it seemed, fit the bill perfectly. Although most famed for his trailblazing special makeup effects work, he's also an able director (the *Tales from the Darkside* TV series) and actor. Fangorians have already seen him in *Dawn of the Dead, Creepshow, Knight-riders* and *Maniac*.

His footage in *The Ripper* was shot in a 14-hour dusk-to-morning session at a downtown Tulsa warehouse.

"He was a real professional," says makeup man Robert Brewer. "He brought his own costume, but he didn't do very much in the way of makeup. I think all he brought were the contact lenses and a goatee."

Brewer and Dave Powell did the special makeup effects for *Blood Cult*, and were allowed to write in their own effects scenes for *The Ripper*. Both of them were impressed with Savini, long an idol of theirs.

"He brought along the eyes he used for Fluffy and for Stephen King in *Creepshow*," Brewer says. "He also showed us a better way to do squibs, where you don't have to have a license for them. They work off an electrical charge, and they're like match-heads dipped in wax. We called 'em Savinis. Put a little blood and chicken liver in there, and you've got it."

The lenses Savini uses in *The Ripper* may give his fans a little of the old *deja vu*. "They're the same lenses I used in an episode of *Tales from the Darkside* called 'Halloween Candy,'" he says, "and also in the film I made in Hong Kong, *Scared to Death*. They were also used in my book [*Grande Illusions*, later reissued as *Bizarro!*] to illustrate what you could do with contact lenses."

After completing his work on *The Ripper*, Savini returned home to ponder film offers, which are coming in with alarming regularity these days.

Could one of these offers advance the career of Savini the actor? Savini says that he presently has a chance to star in a film called *Recoil*, which he describes as a "Vietnam revenge" picture, but he also has several directing offers as well. According to local rumor, Tulsa may even draw him back to either act in or direct another United Entertainment horror film.

Actor/director/makeup man Savini says, "I've got lots of trouble juggling everything right now. There are five or six projects happening at about the same time, and I've got to make up my mind what to take on."

Christopher Lewis, a director with that light touch.

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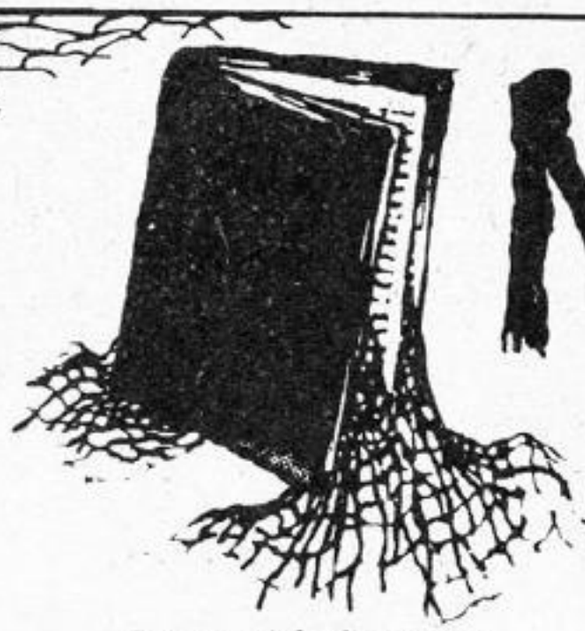

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By David Sherman

The Ceremonies
By T.E.D. Klein
Bantam Books
555 pp. $4.50

This is a very good book that I'm not sure I liked. Does that make any sense? Let's see.

The Ceremonies is the eagerly anticipated debut novel by T.E.D. Klein. Eagerly anticipated because Klein has already established himself as a first-rate author of suspense fiction, and as editor of *Twilight Zone* magazine. *The Ceremonies* has as much going for it, sight unseen, as you can expect.

The "ceremonies" themselves are integral parts of an unholy master plan to resurrect an ancient and all-consuming evil creature from the bowels of the Earth. Just exactly what form this creature will take is never quite laid out for us, but we are afforded enough sidelong glances to chill the blood. An ocean liner-sized conqueror worm might be in the ballpark. (Actually, an ocean liner-sized worm would *flatten* the ballpark, but that's part of its charm) At any rate, whatever this thing is, it's been laying around since time immemorial, waiting for the precise combination of circumstances to plop out and annihilate the human race.

In order for the demonic plan to be fulfilled the ancient evil critter has to be summoned with the assistance of an earthly co-conspirator. Everything has to be done by the book, in bona fide pagan ritual fashion. And what self-respecting pagan ritual would be complete without a virgin and her astrologically correct impregnator to be coughed up as human sacrifices?

Assistance is provided by a malevolent elf known (among other aliases) as the Old One. The Old One is indeed that, having bided his time since the 1870s. For his virgin, he has chosen a naive young woman named Carol, who only recently has abandoned the convent for the secular pleasures of New York. Her unlikely impregnator-to-be is one Jeremy Friers, a flabby, part-time college instructor and aspiring scholar of occult literature. Jeremy is amiable enough, but hardly the sort one envisions as a ceremonial stud. He's more along the lines of what is known as a shlub.

Through the shrewd manipulation of the Old One, Jeremy and Carol cross paths romantically. What appears to be a slight hitch arises when Jeremy decides to spend the summer away from the heat and grit of Manhattan, and retreat to the country. But the Old One has, in fact, dealt this card as well. For Jeremy will be taking his vacation in seemingly pastoral Gilead, New Jersey.

Gilead is a weird town. Populated by a colony of hard core religious fundamentalists known as the Brethren, it is a stubborn holdover from the 19th Century. The Brethren emphatically reject the conveniences and decadent conduct of contemporary society. So straight-laced are they that the Brethren scorn the nearby Amish as beatnik tourist-hustlers. Wow. Gilead may be only 50 miles from New York on the map, but it is light years away in spirit.

Jeremy will be a boarder on the wholesome farm of Sarr and Deborah Poroth. Sarr and Deborah are a nice young couple, struggling to make ends meet. Sarr is earnest, devout, trying to make a go of it in the modern world while scrupulously adhering to the restrictive confines of his faith. Deborah is earthy and cheerful; as much of a "free spirit" as a member of her uptight sect can dare to be. It is indeed a contrast in lifestyles as couch-potato Jeremy flops down for a few months of idle book-learnin' in the midst of the Poroths' spartan labors.

PHOTO: © 1984 ANDY UNANGST

Author T.E.D. Klein, master of *Ceremonies*.

Rest assured that the Old One would not lead a vital cog in his demonic machine to Gilead simply to rattle the cages of the local holy-rollers. Gilead is—unbeknownst to its pious residents—the epicenter of the imminent cataclysm. If everything goes according to plan, in a few short weeks, all hell will literally burst loose from the lower 40 of Poroth's farm.

Interesting stuff. The Old One is the sole surviving practitioner of a pagan black mass that pre-dates Christianity. Though it's not entirely clear what sort of nightmarish mega-beast the old pest plans on resurrecting, it's a sure bet you won't want to be riding your go-kart down the block when *this* sucker comes through the sidewalk.

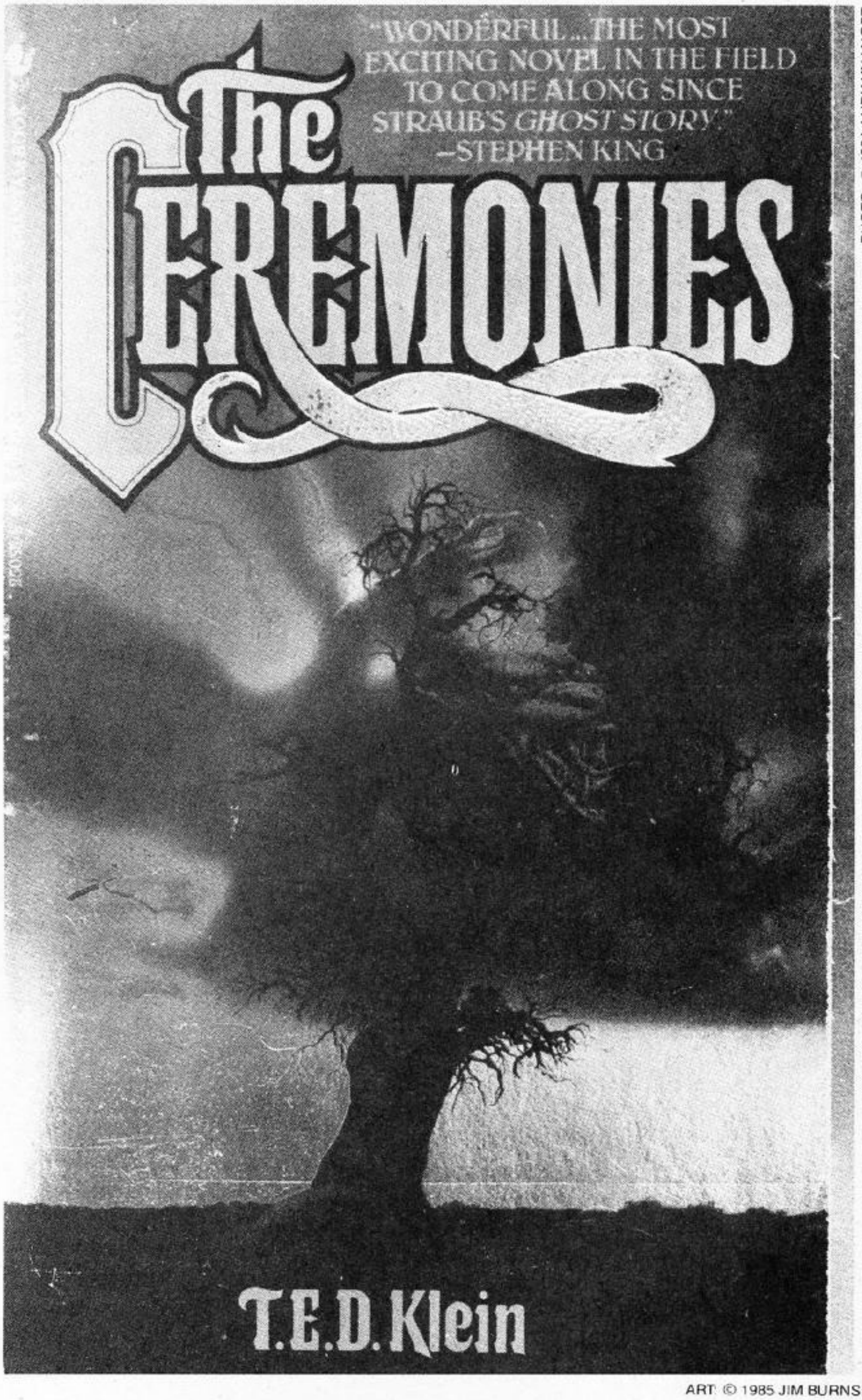
The Ceremonies is rich in both characterization and occult lore. All of the major characters are three-dimensional and believable. Jeremy, the urban innocent, and Carol, the rural innocent, would be equally appealing as mismatched romantic leads in a non-horror setting; that *The Ceremonies* sets them up as marionettes in a danse macabre makes them all the more sympathetic. The Old One is a cunning and deadly puppet-master, employing a benign facade to mask his true intentions. Most of all, I developed a warm spot for Sarr and Deborah Poroth, simple and decent folk nobly struggling to swim against the polluted tide of modern civilization. It would have been easy to pass the Brethren off as bible-thumping neanderthals; Klein doesn't.

The actual ceremonies are bizarre and mysterious, often played out against the incongruous backdrop of Central Park or Coney Island. The Old One recites incantations in what is known as (appropriately enough) "the old language." Second-year Spanish it ain't. Don't know if T.E.D. made the old language up out of whole cloth, or customized something out of a linguistics text, but it has the ring of authenticity.

T.E.D. Klein is a wonderfully evocative author. Ironically, it is his very ability to draw you into the story that, unfortunately, may ultimately leave you unsatisfied.

It takes *The Ceremonies* a long, *long* time to get up to speed. The first 300 plus pages are essentially character study and mood-setting. Lots of well-described sunsets. Engrossing work, to be sure, but once we've developed a relationship with the various protagonists, and succumbed to the mounting tension, we expect a big payoff. *The Ceremonies* misses the mark. Not by much, but it misses.

The plot of *The Ceremonies* falls victim to the excellence of the rendering. Two prominent characters are summarily—in fact, gruesomely—dispatched. Another, whom we have been led to believe will play a pivotal role, not only drops out of the picture abruptly, but does it offstage, as well. It's a jolt. Of course, if the author had not skillfully motivated us to care about these people, their matter-of-fact termination would not be as disturbing.



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ART: © 1985 JIM BURNS

The climax of *The Ceremonies* also leaves us expecting something more. Klein has tightened the screws so deftly over the long haul that anything less than the Apocalypse itself is going to come off like a rubber biscuit. I don't really know what I expected, but I expected something...*more*. I must say, however, that I found it highly amusing that a subterranean behemoth would hang out underneath New Jersey, the toxic waste dump capital of the universe. Between the oil drums full of carcinogens and the bodies of bullet-riddled mobsters, I'm surprised that there was any room.

The Ceremonies, then, is a literate, well-crafted effort that sparkles in progress but somehow staggers toward the finish line. Still, it's a tribute to T.E.D. Klein that he has, with one book, established such a high standard for himself that he can be criticized for not being perfect. Talent is a burden! Let's not forget the sound philosophy of 1950s Brooklyn Dodger pitcher Billy Loes, who said he never wanted to win 20 games in a season, because if he did it once, "...they'll expect me to do it again!"

Queen of 50's-HORROR!

The one and only Beverly Garland! Roger Corman heroine! Alien vampire's nurse! Enemy of giant carrot! Devoted wife of alligator! In an exclusive interview! Here! Now!

By Tom Weaver and Carl Del Vecchio

Garland's first fantastic film rolo was as a bit victim in *The Neanderthal Man* (1953).

PHOTO: © 1953 UNITED ARTISTS

EDITOR'S NOTE: For most fans of 50's horror there is just no two ways about it—Beverly Garland is *the* exploitation-film heroine of the period. Her list of credits is unmatched by any other 50's genre actress. A principal member of Roger Corman's early stock company, she was the attractive, feisty leading lady in such Corman quickies as *It Conquered the World* (1956), *Swamp Women* (1956), *Naked Paradise* (1957) and *Not of this Earth* (1957). And that's just part of the story. For other directors she also starred in *Curucu, Beast of the Amazon* (1956), *Twice Told Tales* (1963) and the camp classic *The Alligator People* (1959).

Born Beverly Fessenden in Santa Cruz, California, Garland made her feature-film debut in a supporting role in the film noir classic *D.O.A.* (1949) under the name of Beverly Campbell, the surname of her first husband. During the next few years she appeared in many small parts and acquired the screen name she is known by when she married actor Richard Garland. Her first experience in a horror film was a bit part as a victim in *The Neanderthal Man* (1953). Her exploitation-film career then went into full gear in 1955 when she starred in Corman's Western *The Gunslinger.*

In the late 60's Garland's face became much more familiar to the mainstream audience when she landed the role of Fred MacMurray's wife for the last three years of the TV series *My Three Sons.* Around the same time, she also returned to the thriller genre with outstanding supporting performances in *Pretty Poison* (1968) and *The Mad Room* (1969). Garland has recently returned to the TV screen in a regular role as Kate Jackson's mother on *Scarecrow and Mrs. King.*

FANGORIA: What do you remember best about the five films you made for Roger Corman?

Beverly Garland: Roger made us work hard and long, I remember that! He was always fascinating to me, a fascinating man and a good businessman! He had such incredible energy, it was tremendous. He was a dynamo. I always knew he was going to be a huge success because there was no stopping him. He just made up his mind that he was going to be a success and that was it!

Fang: Did you enjoy working with him on these films?

Garland: The memories of working with Roger are pleasant because I got along with him very well. He was fun to be around and work with. We always did these films on a cheap budget, and people were always mad at Roger because he'd hardly feed us! And no matter what happened to you, you worked regardless. But that was all right with me because that was the type of person I was anyway—I don't like to fool around, I like to get the work done.

I found Roger to be very professional—except when it came to putting us up in a good hotel or feeding us a decent meal or paying us any money! But that's how he got started in the business, so you can't fault him for that. People shouldn't have complained. It was their own decision to work for Roger, no one forced them. I didn't ever bitch because I could see what he was trying to do. And he had a lot of people around him that were *not* particularly professional, so he really *had* to have the whip out to get the work done.

Fang: In your Corman movies you generally played plucky, strong-willed, sometimes two-fisted types.

Garland: I think that was really what the scripts called for. In most of the movies I did for Roger my character was kind of a tough person. Allison Hayes always played the beautiful, sophisticated heavy, and I played the gutsy girl who wanted to manage it all, take things into her own hands. I never considered myself very much of a passive kind of actress. I never was very comfortable in love scenes, never comfortable playing a sweet, lovable lady. Maybe if the script *wasn't* written that way, then I probably brought a lot of it to the role myself. I felt I did that better than playing a passive part.

Fang: What do you recall about your first Corman film, *Swamp Women?*

Garland: *Swamp Women!* Oooh, that was a terrible thing! Roger put us up in this old, abandoned hotel while we were on location in Louisiana—I mean, it was really *abandoned!* Roger certainly had a way of doing things back in those days. I'm surprised that the hotel had running water! I remember that we each had a room with an iron bed. Our first night there, I went to bed, and I heard this tremendous crash! I went screaming into Marie Windsor's room, and there she was with the bed on top of her—the whole bed had collapsed! Well, we started laughing because everything was so awful in this hotel, just incredibly terrible, and we became good friends.

Fang: You did all of your own stunts in these films, didn't you?

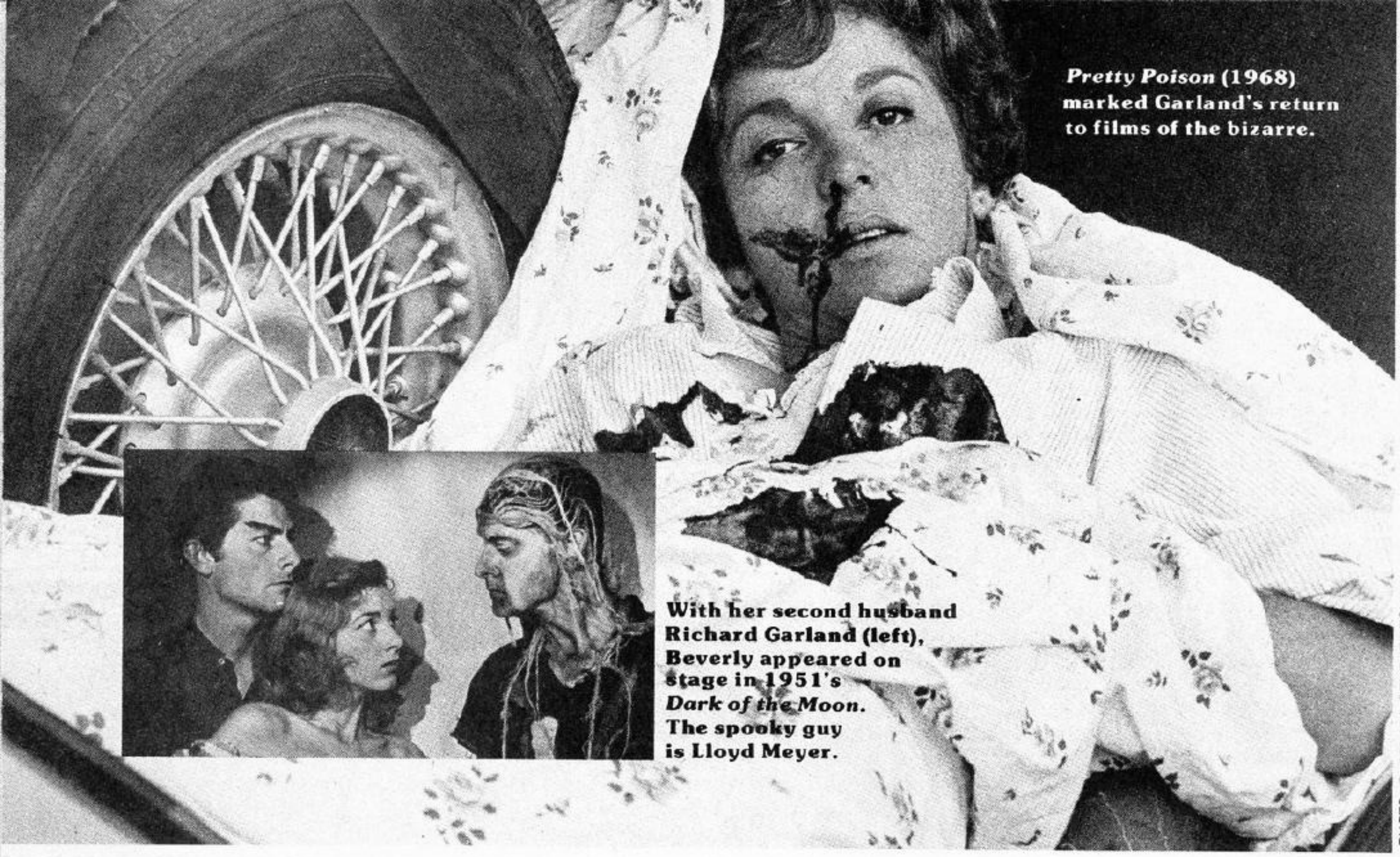
Garland: At the end of *Swamp Women* I was killed with a spear and fell out of a tree. They got me up in this tree and Roger said, "When you're killed, you have to drop"—and this was a *big tree!* I'm not exaggerating when I say it was at least a 20-foot drop. I said, "Well, will somebody be there?" And Roger said, "Yes, they'll catch you." And by God, they had three guys underneath. And when they killed me, I just *fell*—dead weight—on these three poor guys! Roger said to me, "You're really one of the best stuntwomen I have ever worked with."

Fang: But you actually *did* get hurt doing your own stunts in *Gunslinger,* didn't you?

Garland: I will never forget that. I was

PHOTO: © 1956 UNIVERSAL

In a scene that could have killed her, Garland gets wrapped inside a boa constrictor in *Curucu, Beast of the Amazon.*



Pretty Poison (1968) marked Garland's return to films of the bizarre.

With her second husband Richard Garland (left), Beverly appeared on stage in 1951's *Dark of the Moon*. The spooky guy is Lloyd Meyer.

PHOTO: ©1968 20th CENTURY-FOX

supposed to come running out of a bar, get on a horse, and ride out of town as fast as I could. I looked at this horse, and it was quite large! And I said to myself, the only thing I can do is to make a flying leap and get on him and go, as fast as I can. So I came out of the bar, down the stairs, and I *leaped*—and over the horse I went! I went right over the other side of the horse! Roger said, "Okay, let's do it again." *Oh God*, I thought! So I came running down the stairs again in those boots, and as I did, my ankle just twisted underneath me and I sprained it badly—but I managed to get on the horse!

The next day, my ankle was about *twice* its normal size! And I had to work! This was towards the end of the picture, so I couldn't be replaced, and practically all the remaining scenes were fight scenes—you know, with all the prostitutes, getting them out of town and such. Somebody had to drive me to work. When I got there, Roger looked at it and said, "Well, we have to start shooting." Naturally, Roger! You could be dead and Roger would prop you up in a chair!

So I said, "All right, what do we do? I can't walk, there's no way I can walk." I couldn't even get my boot on! So Roger agreed then to call a doctor, and the doctor brought this giant novocaine needle. I don't know why novocaine has to be in such a big needle, but it is! They shot the novocaine into the bone, which was the most painful thing. Breaking an ankle is nothing, but shooting novocaine into the bone is absolutely out of this world! But then I felt marvelous! So they took the boot and split it in the back and taped it on my foot, and I worked all day. I did all the fight scenes, and I ran and jumped and did whatever—and I couldn't walk for a week after that! I had screwed up my ankle so bad!

The first scene we shot of *Gunslinger* was another unforgettable one. It was a love scene where John Ireland and I were leaning on this tree. It was 6:30 in the morning, we were colder than Good God's Head, and our teeth were chattering. When it was time to say our lines we somehow had to manage to stop the chattering. And as we started to do our love scene, these huge red ants began crawling all over us so not only was it freezing cold, but these ants were biting the living hell out of us! You can actually see the ants on us when you watch the film!

Fang: Do you recall your first impression of Corman's monster prop in *It Conquered the World*, the famous so-called carrot creature?

Garland: I remember the first time I saw the *It Conquered the World* monster. I went out to the caves where we'd be shooting and got my first look at the thing. I said to Roger, "*That* isn't the monster! That little thing there is not the monster, is it?" He smiled back at me, "Yeah. Looks pretty good, doesn't it?" I said, "*Roger!* I could bop that monster over the head with my handbag!" This thing was no monster, it was a table ornament! He said, "Well, don't worry about it because we're gonna show you, and then we'll show the monster, back and forth." "Well, don't ever show us together, because if you do everybody'll know that I could step on this little creature!" Eventually I think they did do some extra work on the monster: I think they re-sprayed it so it would look a little scarier, and made it a good bit taller. When we actually filmed, they shot it in shadow, and never showed the two of us together.

Fang: Were you and Roger dating by this time?

Garland: Well, we really weren't dating, but—kind of. I mean, he wanted me to find him an apartment, decorate it, things like that. At one time Roger wanted to put me under contract. I was with Bill Hays, who was handling all my money at the time, and he said, "Beverly, I don't think that's what you want to do. If you do that, I'm afraid you'll stay in B movies and that's really not where you want to go. Let's see if you can move from there." So I didn't go under contract with Roger. But I dated him a little—nothing very serious. We were very good friends—I loved his mind, and I think he liked my mind. I loved to talk to him about his deals, and what he was doing. We seemed to get along very well. But he always had a girlfriend, and I was always dating somebody else.

Fang: Where was *Not of this Earth* shot?

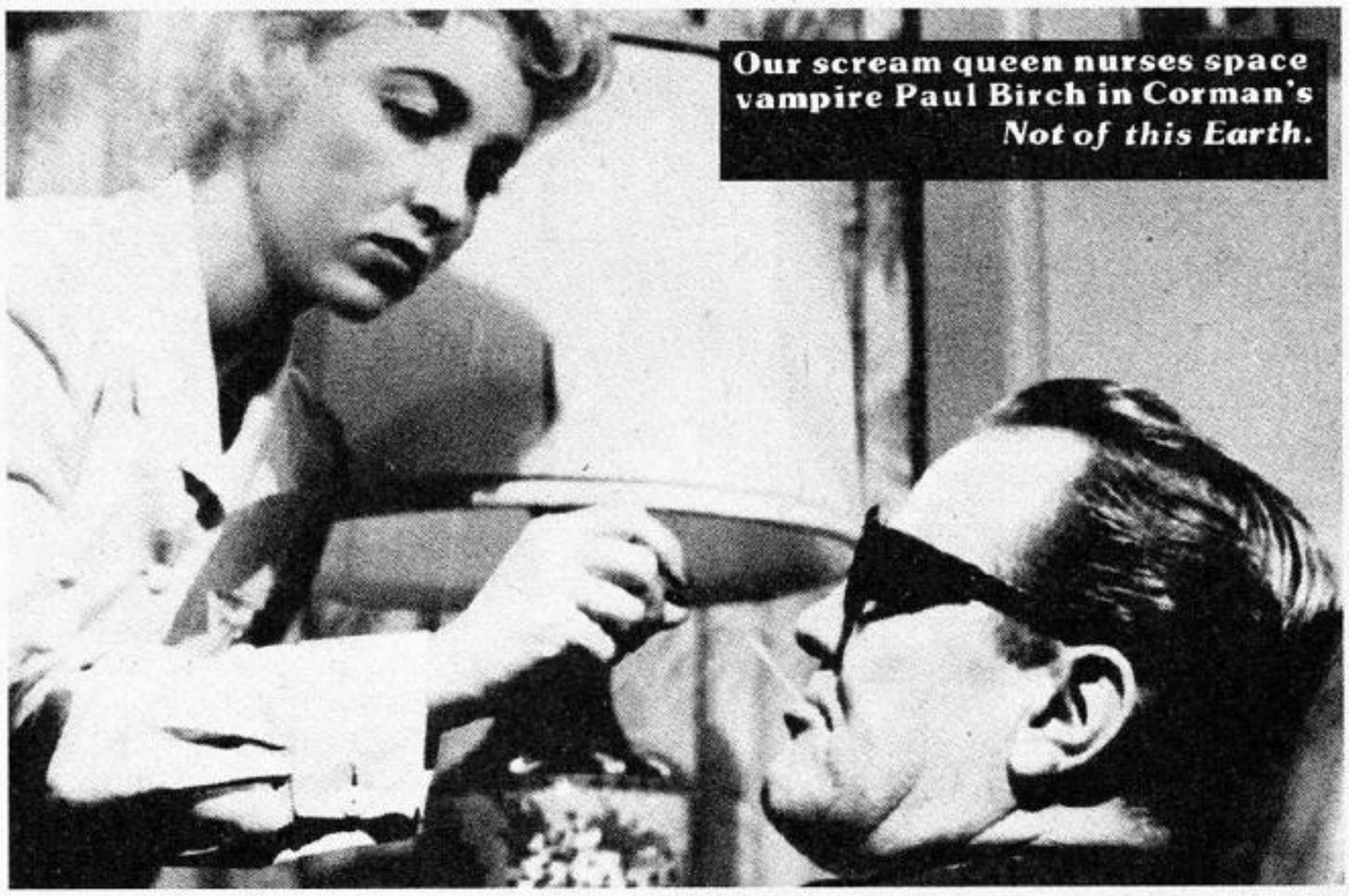
Garland: We filmed that in a beautiful old Tudor-style house in Hollywood. The interiors were all done in that home, too. Oh, I remember the pool sequence! I had a scene where I had to jump into the swimming pool and everybody, the cast and crew, thought that that was very sexy, that I had that bathing suit! That was a very sexy scene back then. Really! Roger

just *had* to have the scene—terribly sexy!
Fang: Corman and Paul Birch had some sort of argument on the set of *Not of this Earth*, and Birch walked off the picture. Do you recall any of this?
Garland: I don't remember a lot of it except that Paul Birch, I think, felt that he was doing a B movie and that it was a little bit below him. I think he felt, "I am an actor, and I don't need this stuff." You know, when you work with Roger Corman, there isn't time to think—I mean [talking faster and faster] you do it and do it fast and you better know your crap and you better get in there and get it done. That's the way Roger is.

I understood that; that's how I work, and that didn't bother me. I believe Paul felt that he didn't like the pace. Also, he was very unhappy with his eyes—he had to wear those contact lenses, and you have got to realize that in those days contact lenses were not like what we wear today. Back then it was really like putting plastic in your eyes! We did long scenes and he was very uncomfortable and it was hot—it's always hot when you work with Roger Corman, for some reason [laughter]! So I think there were lots of things Paul didn't like, he got more and more frustrated, and finally said, "To hell with it all. Goodbye!"

Luckily, there was enough film taken already with Paul so that we could go ahead without him. They dressed up a stand-in to look like Paul, and used him in three or four scenes, I believe. Roger can get around just about anything.
Fang: Did you enjoy going on location for *Naked Paradise*?
Garland: Absolutely. That was the last movie I ever did for Roger and he took us all the way to Hawaii to film it. We filmed on the island of Kauai, stayed at the Coca Palms Hotel and had great accommodations. Roger really did this one up the right way. I don't know if it was because we were at this beautiful location and Roger simply felt like spending more, but it was one of the best locations ever, especially for a Roger Corman film.
Fang: In the 60's when Corman moved on to a better class of pictures, the Poe pictures, he left most of his 50's stock players behind.
Garland: Absolutely. And I have no idea why. I guess he thought we weren't good enough for him. Too bad. We were. We were very good for him, and we'd worked very hard for him. And later on he never even *asked* me if I would be interested in doing anything. He never even *asked*.

You know, we were with him at the beginning when we would work with scripts that weren't finished. We never had dressing rooms, we never had a john, we never had *anything*. And we never stopped! We worked our *butts* off for this guy. And then when he began to move into better pictures, I don't think he had any of us work for him. Maybe he felt we were all B players, and he didn't want B players. He dropped us all and I've always kind of resented that. There were times when I really *needed* a picture, really *needed* to work. A lot of us have had good years and bad years. I had some bad years, and Roger was never around. I might *not* have done a later picture for him, but I sure would like to have been *asked*.
Fang: Did you enjoy working with Curt Siodmak while making *Curucu, Beast of the Amazon* in Brazil?
Garland: You know, it was hard working with Curt. First of all, he was very difficult to understand because he had a very thick accent. He was in a hurry to do this picture, the heat was oppressive, we all got the turistas [dysentery] we were all sick. He had probably the hardest job because he had to be up every morning earlier than anybody else, and he was



Our scream queen nurses space vampire Paul Birch in Corman's *Not of this Earth*.

PHOTO: ©1957 ALLIED ARTISTS

Garland shares a tender moment with her alligator-husband in *The Alligator People* (1959).

Garland and the phenomenal *Curucu, Beast of the Amazon!* (1956). You can tell this is a studio publicity shot because Garland's a brunette. In the stills taken on the set of the movie she's a blonde.

the last one to go to bed. And he was not a young man when he did *Curucu*. As he said in your interview [Fango #44], he got very sick, and he came away from that picture never really feeling good again. And I can understand that.

He had a crew that was Portuguese, with just a few Germans. Between his German and Portuguese, he was able to communicate and do the best he could, but it was very hard for him. So I don't think that Curt was really thinking about trying to make an Academy Award picture. He was just trying to do the picture, get it finished and get out of there!

Fang: Again, you did all your own stuntwork.

Garland: The thing I remember best about *Curucu* is that I had to have this huge snake wrapped around me in one scene. This snake was 28 or 30 feet long! Off-camera, two native boys would hold its head and two more would hold its tail. After spending at least an hour preparing, they wrapped the snake around me, got me on the ground and starting filming. So I started screaming and Curt yelled, "Cut!" I said, "What the hell's the matter?" and he said, "Are you all right?" I said, "Yes, I'm fine—am I not *supposed* to be screaming in this thing?"

I was talking to Curt one day 25 years later, and he said, "You know, it's amazing you're still here." I said, "Thanks a *lot*, Curt! What do you mean by that remark?" He said, "Well, you know, that snake in *Curucu* was very dangerous." What he was saying was that the snake was a *boa constrictor,* and that if anybody had let go and it had constricted, there was no way they could have freed me. Because once the snake constricts, it squeezes you to a point where it takes all the breath out of you. Even if you kill it, it still can't un-constrict; it's stuck until those muscles relax, which can take anywhere from 12 to 24 hours. And of course they had the snake wrapped around me about five times, so there would be no way to save my life. Curt said, "Gee, it was just wonderful that the snake never did that," and [laughing] I thanked him very much. He'd never told me that. That was a wonderful little episode.

Fang: What about the scene where the Indian village catches fire?

Garland: John Bromfield and I almost didn't make it out of there. These straw huts were built early on, when we first got there on location, and they just stayed out in that sun. And all this straw became so dry that when it caught on fire it just went up immediately. John and I were way in the back and we had to run out—I thought we were never going to make it. I singed my hair, and my clothes. Scary—it was a scary thing.

Fang: After all this grief, *Curucu* didn't even turn out all that well.

Garland: We had a South American actor named Tom Payne who thought he was magnificent, and he chewed the scenery up like nobody's business. And John Bromfield, God love him, was certainly not an actor—a good-looking, wonderful person, but I really don't think he was much of an actor. Larri, his wife, was good, but she only got to dance and that was the end of her. And the rest were just *peasants* who were *starving* to death, that we dressed up as Indians! They didn't know *what* the hell they were doing!

But it was probably one of the most exciting things that I ever did. I mean, I look back on it now and think about all the junk we went through, but it was thrilling and great fun. It was *awful* but it was *wonderful,* and I would never trade the experience for a million dollars. I loved every bit of it.

Fang: Outside of *The Joker is Wild* with Frank Sinatra, you've never had a strong part in a major film. Is that a sore point for you?

Garland: Yes, it is. I did *The Joker is Wild,* for Paramount and I had a very strong part, as you say. I think if I'd stayed in this town and gone from Paramount to somewhere else and built that career, I might have climbed a few more steps up the ladder in the motion picture area. Instead, I went to New York and did a TV series called *Decoy,* the story of a New York policewoman. It was sold through syndication instead of sold on a network. But it was *not* sold in California and it was *not* sold in New York. For all intents and purposes, I had disappeared from this town, and everybody here must have thought I had died! Nobody knew where I was or what I was doing. When I came back after a year in New York, people didn't even know I *was* back. It was almost like starting all over again.

Fang: What were some of your experiences on *The Alligator People?*

Garland: The hardest thing in that movie was simply to keep a straight face. I was all right from the beginning of the film up until I found my husband in the sanitarium, and then I just fell apart. That was the end of me! There was that one scene where I had to be a bit romantic and console my poor husband, and this was probably the most difficult scene I had to do in the film. This was when he was pretty much an alligator, and I had to say to him, "I'll love you no matter what," which I think took me a good half day to say. Laugh? I thought I'd die! They almost had to film that on the back of my head, but I managed to get through it. That was very hard.

Fang: Like E.A. Dupont, who directed you in *The Neanderthal Man,* Roy Del Ruth was a director who had seen better days.

Garland: I liked him, he was a sweetheart of a guy and a good director. *The Alligator People* was a fast picture, but he really tried to do something good with it. And I think that shows in the film. It's not something that was just slapped together. It was such a ridiculous story, and some of that dialogue was enough to drive you crazy! But we all worked hard and we all knew that if we didn't do our job it would be the comedy of the *season!*

Fang: What else did you find funny in *Alligator People?*

Garland: I remember that when all these people started turning into alligators, they had a place to go, a clinic or doctor's laboratory or something. So, that day of filming I walked onto the set and we were about to do the scene where I go to the hospital to see my husband who is slowly turning into an alligator. I walk in and here they have these alligator people in long white robes with some kind of hat thing over their heads, and, I tell you, they all looked like they had urinals on their heads! I started to laugh. I laughed so hard that tears came to my eyes I said, "You've got to be kidding, fellows! All of these tall urinals walking around!" Well, we did not film for three hours, I was in such hysterics! Every time these things would walk down the hall, I would just crack up! I couldn't recite a line of dialogue! Then Roy Del Ruth began to look at them, and it started to get to him too! I guess we must have lost close to half a day of shooting time. Great control—that's what you needed in order to do some of these monster pictures without a smirk on your face! It was really too

much.

Fang: *Stark Fear* was advertised as a *Psycho*-style shocker, but it didn't live up to any of its publicity.

Garland: Oh, my God—*that* awful movie! That was made in Norman, Oklahoma, by Ned Hockman, the head of a drama department there. We kept saying to him, "This script doesn't make any sense," and he said, "No scripts at the Cannes Festival make sense, and they all win. This'll be fine." We didn't think that his logic was too sharp [laughing], but *he* seemed to believe so. It was a *disaster.* Although he was a teacher, for some reason he just didn't seem to know what he was doing. Skip Homeier finally ended up taking over the direction, and Skip didn't know anything about making a movie either! It just got to be more and more of a mess, but we finished it.

I remember seeing it in a theater here, and there were three people in the audience. The next day I came back to bring some more people, and the theater owner said he'd pulled it and was not going to show it any more. That was the worst movie that ever came out.

Fang: Did you enjoy working on *Twice Told Tales?*

Garland: Oh, I loved it because I loved Vincent Price. He is the most wonderful, sweet, adorable man! I don't remember much about that movie, I just remember working with Vinnie and how wonderful he was.

Fang: How well do you feel your *Twice Told Tales* segment, "*The House of the Seven Gables*" turned out?

Garland: I didn't like it that well. These were a lot of scenes where I was just staring, in a trance, thinking back into my other life or some damn thing. A lot of that could've been cut, or directed differently. I didn't think it was the best movie I'd ever seen in my life, no.

Fang: How did you land your part as Mrs. Stepanek in Noel Black's *Pretty Poison?*

Garland: Someone had seen my work in something else and felt that I would be very good as Tuesday Weld's mother. Mrs. Stepanek was a marvelous character—I loved the part.

Fang: *Pretty Poison* has attained cult status in certain circles, but it flopped when it first came out.

Garland: I thought it was a great movie, well-directed. Noel Black did a great job. But the studio got very upset with him because it took a long while to shoot. Studio people kept arriving and saying, "You're taking too long," and they had him under a lot of pressure. Noel had some wonderful ideas, and some camera stuff that took time. He went to great pains with that movie and the studio got very upset with him. But I think the movie shows that he took the time.

Pretty Poison came out a few years ahead of its time. People were really not ready for that sort of movie. It was one of the first of its kind, and it's been copied many times since.

Fang: Were you really pregnant when you did *The Mad Room?*

Garland: Yes, I was, I was very pregnant! When they asked me to do this movie, I was three months pregnant and I didn't show. By the time they got around to me I was six months pregnant and I *did* show! And I certainly wasn't supposed to be pregnant in the film! So they had me in A-line dresses with lots of ruffles and things like that.

Fang: Your suicide scene in that film is one of the best parts of the picture.

Garland: They really wanted the blood to flow when I slashed my wrists in that scene. So I was rigged with tubes that went up my dress and down my arm. It was late at night—this was the last shot we did—and something would go wrong every time. I had to do the scene over and over, each time having the tubes removed and adjusted, the "blood" cleaned off my dress, off of *me—ai-ai-yi!* We did this 15 times. I guess, before the blood came out, and, you know [laughing], it's always the time the blood comes out that you don't think your scream was as good as it would have been if the blood had come out the first time!

Fang: Wasn't there a great deal of behind-the-scenes feuding on *The Mad Room?*

Garland: Well, the director, Bernard Girard, wanted to shoot it one way, the studio wanted him to film it another way, and Bernard *did* shoot it his way. Then when they edited it, they wanted to cut certain things out and Bernard wanted certain things in, and he got very upset with the cutting. So I think that he decided that if they were going to cut it their way, that he would like to have his name taken off of the film. And there *are* some things in the film that don't make any sense to me; I think that some scenes were cut very badly. When I saw the picture there were lots of things at the very end that I felt did not fit together right.

Fang: Do you ever look back on your B movies and feel that maybe you were too closely associated with them? That they might have kept you from bigger and better things?

Garland: No, I really don't think so. I think that it was my getting into television; *Decoy* represented a big turn in my life. Everybody did B movies, but at least they *were* movies, so that was okay. In the early days, we who did TV weren't considered actors; we were just horrible people that were doing this "television," which was so sickening, so awful, and which was certainly going to disappear off the face of the earth. *Now,* without TV, nobody would be working. *No-bod-y.* But I think *that* was where my black eye came from; I don't think it came from the B movies at all.

Fang: Which of your many horror and science-fiction film roles did you consider your most challenging?

Garland: *Pretty Poison.* It was a small part, but it had so much to say that you understood why Tuesday Weld killed her mother. I worked hard to make that understanding not a surface one, but tried to give you the lady above and beyond what you would see in such a short time.

All those interested in joining the Beverly Garland Club should write to the following address:

The Beverly Garland Club
Carl Del Vecchio, Pres.
115 Prospect Ave.
Westwood, NJ 07675.

All members receive three illustrated club journals, a film and television credit list for the actress, a personally autographed photo of Garland, a biography and a photo membership card. Dues are $7.00 ($7.50 overseas dues—$9.50 if you want the material sent via air mail.)

The great Beverly Garland meets up with the claw of Paul Blaisdell's carrot creature in *It Conquered the World* (1956).

MONSTER INVASION

Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!

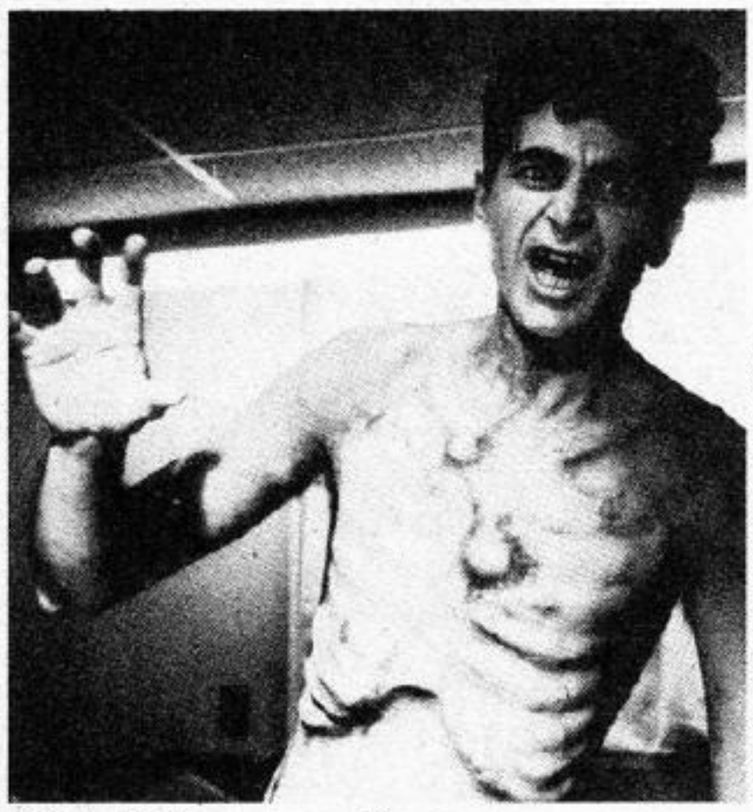


PHOTO: COURTESY OF ED FRENCH

This fellow is suffering complications inflicted by *The Blue Man*, an upcoming independent Canadian thriller with special makeup effects by Ed (*CHUD*) French.

LOW BUDGET NEW YORK: Exploitation director Tim Kincaid (*Riot on 42nd Street*) is scheduled to have two science-fiction thrillers in release from Charles Band's Empire Pictures. Each movie was made for less than $1 million, and, in the grand Roger Corman tradition, each was shot on a 10 day shooting schedule at several diverse New York locations. Ed French, who also completed makeups for two second-season *Tales from the Darkside* shows, provided the special makeup effects and gave Fango the scoop on both ambitious independent yarns, *Matt Riker: Mutant Hunt* and *Breeders*.

"*Breeders* really goes back to the 50's with monsters on the loose after earth women," French reveals. "We've even gone back to the idea of making them bug monsters like *The Fly*. *Matt Riker: Mutant Hunt* is a cross between *The Terminator* and *Escape from New York*, but with more humor. These robots are infected by a disease that makes them kill. These movies are definitely tongue-in-cheek and aimed at the fans."

Besides providing the monster suits and assorted mayhem for *Breeders*, French, a sometimes actor, joined the mostly unknown cast as a performer. "Band knew that I worked as an actor, so he suggested a role for me in *Breeders*. In fact, I'm doing a makeup transformation on myself. I turn into an alien, though first I split into an oozy mass."

Joining French on these two quickies was Tom Lauten *Toxic Avenger)* and FANGORIA Scar Search find John Bisson. Lauten delivered a mutilated cyborg and a crawling mechanical hand for *Matt Riker: Mutant Hunt*, while assistant Bisson brought his comic book skills to the design of the colorful aliens for *Breeders*. The busy French also found time to work on an independent Canadian thriller called *The Blue Man*. This film, directed by George Mihalka (*My Bloody Valentine*), stars Karen Black as a witch with *Scanners*-like powers.

DINO DOINGS: Dino DeLaurentiis seems determined to turn his North Carolina Film Corporation studio into a second Hollywood. Following *Year of the Dragon*, *Silver Bullet* and Stephen King's *Overdrive*, production continues unabated at the Wilmington facility with the Tom Harris thriller *Red Dragon* and David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* finishing up. One project down the line that may surprise some readers is, look out, *King Kong II*. Whether the latter bears any relation to *King Kong in Africa*, announced in 1976 during the Dino Kong hoopla, is unknown.

Michael Mann, the ultra-atmosphere prone director of *The Keep* and producer of NBC's *Miami Vice*, started shooting *Red Dragon* last September. William Petersen (star of William Friedkin's violent *To Live and Die in L.A.)* plays a determined government investigator out to nab clever serial killer and mass murderer Tom Noonan *(The Wolfen)*. Kim Greist *(Brazil)* also appears in the cross-country chiller. Harris' novel, which received a rave review from our own David Sherman in Fango #24, begins with the ritual murders of two fairly wealthy families living hundreds of miles apart. The killer strikes under the light of the full moon and his hobbies include necrophilia and mutilation.

Writer-director David Lynch, coming off the $42 million *Dune*, returns to more modest budgets with *Blue Velvet*, a "murder mystery drama" that just wrapped after a 10-week shoot. The story by *Eraserhead*-creator Lynch opens when Jeffrey (Kyle MacLachlan of *Dune)* returns home from college and finds a disembodied ear in a nearby field. Some very peculiar murders have been plaguing his hometown, and he attempts to unravel the mystery. Dennis Hopper (*Easy Rider)* and three accessories played by *Eraserhead*'s Jack Nance, Dean Stockwell *(The Dunwich Horror)* and the nervy Brad Dourif *(Dune)* also figure into the bizarre plot. Hope Lange, fresh from *Freddy's Revenge*, plays Jeff's mom. Ironically, Lange recently declared that she hates horror films. Anyway, *Blue Velvet* sounds like major cult movie material and is slated for release next spring.

CINEMAGIC ON VIDEO: STARLOG VIDEO and MPI proudly unveiled *Cinemagic*, an off-beat and humorous collection of horror and science-fiction shorts, this past fall. Previously mentioned in Fango under the original title *Flick Trips*, *Cinemagic* features the shorts "Illegal Alien," "The Thing in the Basement," "Dr. Dobermind," and "Nightfright." Original wraparound sequences starring comic actors Eddie Brill and Chris Phillips adds to the fun. The one-hour cassette was produced by Linda Laias and directed by Damon Santostefano, who are both currently involved with an upcoming FANGORIA project as well. *Cinemagic*, which premiered at November's FANGORIA Weekend of Horrors in L.A., is available through ads in STARLOG and FANGORIA.

PHOTO: ©1986 TRI-STAR PICTURES

C. Thomas Howell (*Red Dawn*) wishes he never picked up hitchhiker Rutger Hauer (*Blade Runner*) in *The Hitcher*. It seems that the psychotic Hauer has just strung up Howell's girl (Jennifer Jason Leigh) in this Tri-Star thriller.

HORROR LAWYERS: Who said lawyers don't have a sense of humor? *The National Law Journal* thinks they do, and for the last two years that esteemed publication has been running *Wolff and Byrd, Counselors of the Macabre*, a satirical weekly comic strip by 31-year-old Batton Lash. Perry Mason this is not.

Wolff and Byrd are a dedicated duo of lawyers who come to the legal aid of dentist vampires, bigamist werewolves and ghosts with faulty mortgages. "Hey—somebody's got to defend them!" is the motto they carry. Lash, a Brooklyn resident, started the strip six years ago for a local paper and his oddball characters caught the eye of *The National Law Journal*'s editor.

"I just wanted to do something wacky, and monsters are fun to draw," explains the enthusiastic Lash. "I have no interest in law. Since then, I've been up to my neck in legal research. I even have an attorney to check over my strips to see if I'm okay."

The undead world frequently seeks legal advice in Lash's strips. One especially clever episode told the tale of Lazarus Romero, a zombie who returns to settle a score with an incompetent medical examiner. When the frosty-haired Wolff calls to the bench the "single eye witness," a cyclops testifies. Lash, whose artistic influences include Steve Ditko (the early *Spider Man* artist), emphasizes that he aims for the funny bone and not the jugular with his offbeat comics.

"My strips have never scared anybody. The horrible creatures are brought down to such a pathetic level in having to get an attorney that they're not horrifying anymore. The judicial system is the real horror!"

Although Lash has covered just about the entire supernatural judicial gamut in his long-running strip, he is not worried about repeating himself. Wolff and Byrd recently came back from Japan where they handled some claims following a Godzilla stomping.

"There's a lot beyond the werewolf stuff," Lash jokes. "I'm not afraid of repeating myself. I have a whole list of stories in front of me. In fact, Wolff and Byrd are going to Hollywood where they get involved with a splatter-movie director who takes his work a little too seriously."

SHORT STUFF: Keep an eye peeled for *Nightmare Weekend*, an independent quickie about mad scientists, an elf-like creature, and teen sex...*Link*, a "pet project" of *Psycho II* director Richard Franklin, wrapped last fall at London's Shepperton Studios. The $8 to $9 million suspense thriller from Universal and EMI tells the story of a professor's unusual chimpanzee experiments. Terence Stamp, who appeared briefly and uncredited as a suave Satan in *The Company of Wolves*, stars as the scientist who goes ape...A six-hour European miniseries called *Frankenstein's Aunt* went on location in West Germany in late summer. Viveca *(Creepshow)* Lindfors takes the title role in this horror comedy, while Ferdy Mayne *(Frightmare)* goofs it up as Count Dracula. Following the unrelated and still unreleased *Frankenstein's Great Aunt Tilly*, could Frankenstein-aunt movies be a new horror sub-genre?...Cassandra Peterson, better known as Elvira, gets to really act in the upcoming *Allan Quatermain and the City of Gold*. She also did a bit part in the sleeper comedy hit *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* and began "hosting" the DC comic book *Elvira's House of Mystery*... From Richard Zanuck and David Brown, the producers of *Jaws* and *Sssssss*, comes *An Open Season*. It's all about a city cop and his family being menaced by a psychotic mountain man in the Northwest wilderness. No director or cast were signed at press time...Actor Charles Napier *(Rambo: First Blood Part II)* tries to nab a psycho in Almi's upcoming *The Slayman*.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: The famous Roger Corman-Charles Griffith quickie, *Little Shop of Horrors*, is becoming a movie again. Muppet master Frank Oz began directing the theatrical version of the four-year-old hit musical at England's Pinewood Studios last October. Warner Brothers expects to release the film in late summer or Christmas 1986. Those gathered for the skid row killer-plant saga are Rick Moranis *(Ghostbusters)* as super-nerd Seymour, Steve Martin as the sadistic dentist, Vincent Gardenia as the cheap Mushnik, Paul Dooley as an entrepreneur, and, best of all, the stage show's original squeaky-voiced Audrey, Ellen Greene. Providing the voice for the voracious Audrey II will be Four Tops lead singer Levi Stubbs, who will croon a new tune for the screen update called "Mean Green Mother from Outer Space." Fango decided to catch up with *Little Shop*'s original stage writer-director Howard Ashman (Fango #23) and music-writer Alan Menken and find out about their involvement in the new version.

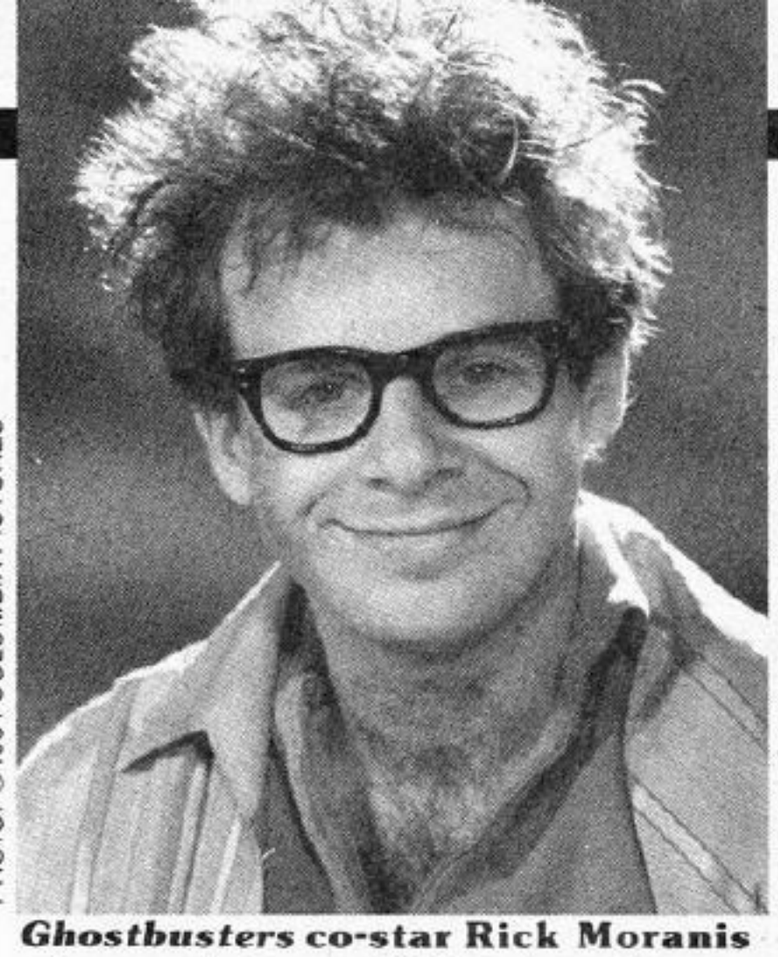
"I wrote the screenplay, added a few songs with Alan Menken, and cut a couple," explained Ashman, obviously excited about his first screenwriting assignment. "It's been opened just a little. At the end of the movie you'll get to see the plant mauling a lot more people."

Ashman revealed that contrary to earlier reports, neither Steven Spielberg nor Martin Scorsese were ever "formerly involved" with the film. At the same time, he is confident that Oz will not turn *Little Shop of Horrors* into a kiddie romp. "The drawings and special effects things that I've seen look wonderful. The plants and puppets look pretty creepy and there's nothing Muppetie about them. I also think it is going to be a little scarier than the show."

Those conspicuously not involved with the new, big-budget *Little Shop* are the original film's Roger Corman and Dick Miller, and the stage show's puppeteer Marty Robinson, who Ashman adds, still "inspired" director Oz's "more realistic designs." "It's really an adaption of the show and not the original movie. It really doesn't have anything more to do with the Corman movie than the musical did. It's a whole different medium."

Alan Menken, who is also confident about the Oz adaptation, described the lasting *Little Shop* appeal. "I think it was adapting the concept of the B-movie into a musical that caught people by surprise. It works in a very traditional way, and saying something about a plant that eats people is definitely going to catch your interest."

Ashman insists that the undying outer space plant will not fail to entertain a second time around, and he promises a few surprises as well. "On the stage there were a lot of limitations to what we could do with the puppetry and special effects. Those limitations don't exist in the movies, so now it's possible for the monster to do things he couldn't in the show."



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Rossitto

(Continued from page 19)

picture for you and you start work next week." He was a wheeler-dealer with the studio but not with us.

Fang: You played an Oriental alongside Boris Karloff in *Mr. Wong in Chinatown*. Did you work well together?

Rossitto: He was a nice guy, but Bela was my favorite of all the Hollywood stars. Karloff wasn't as open as Bela, but he was a gentleman. When you don't have a big part in a film you really don't get to know anyone very well.

Fang: Was your salary respectable in those days?

Rossitto: Warner Brothers once approached me and asked me if I'd be good enough to take my salary out in stock options. And, since I was a kid and didn't know anything about stocks, I turned them down. I had to have money to live on since I was only getting $75 a week. I could have been very, very wealthy and the stocks would've carried me on for my entire life.

Fang: Did you ever have a salary dispute?

Rossitto: Once Daryl Zanuck approached me in 1927. He was going to do the Charlie Chan series with Warner Oland and he wanted me to be his valet. "Well, I should get $250," I said. And Zanuck said, "Well, Angelo, that's a little too much money and Warner Brothers hasn't got that much money. Would you settle for $125?" And, like a damn fool I stuck to my $250 and didn't get the job.

Fang: Have you always worked steadily throughout your career?

Rossitto: I never worked steady. If it wasn't for my newsstand I would have never made a living out here. When you make a picture, the minute it's over your contract is finished and you're on your own. I worked on 18 episodes of *Baretta*, but never for more than three days per episode. So, people get the wrong impression that I must have made a fortune. I'm just a plain ham-and-egg actor. I've been lucky to squeeze out a living.

Fang: How did your association with Al Adamson on *Brain of Blood* and *Dracula vs. Frankenstein* compare to previous film work?

Rossitto: I did about two or three for Al. They were just cheapies. Chaney had just come out of the hospital to do *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*. I don't know what the budgets were, but they weren't much. I got paid so I can't complain. I even earned over-time. Al likes to squeeze me into his pictures. We did have scripts on them because they couldn't afford not to have a script. They had to know what they were doing. We were all one big family, but I lost track of them.

Fang: Unlike some of your other films, your role in *Something Wicked This Way Comes* was more substantial. Weren't there considerable production difficulties on that movie?

Rossitto: They had a lot of problems on that film, but I didn't. I was on *Something Wicked This Way Comes* for 10 weeks. Ray Bradbury was on the set just about every day. He is a great guy and autographed half a dozen books for me that I passed along to my children.

Fang: Did you ever turn down a role?

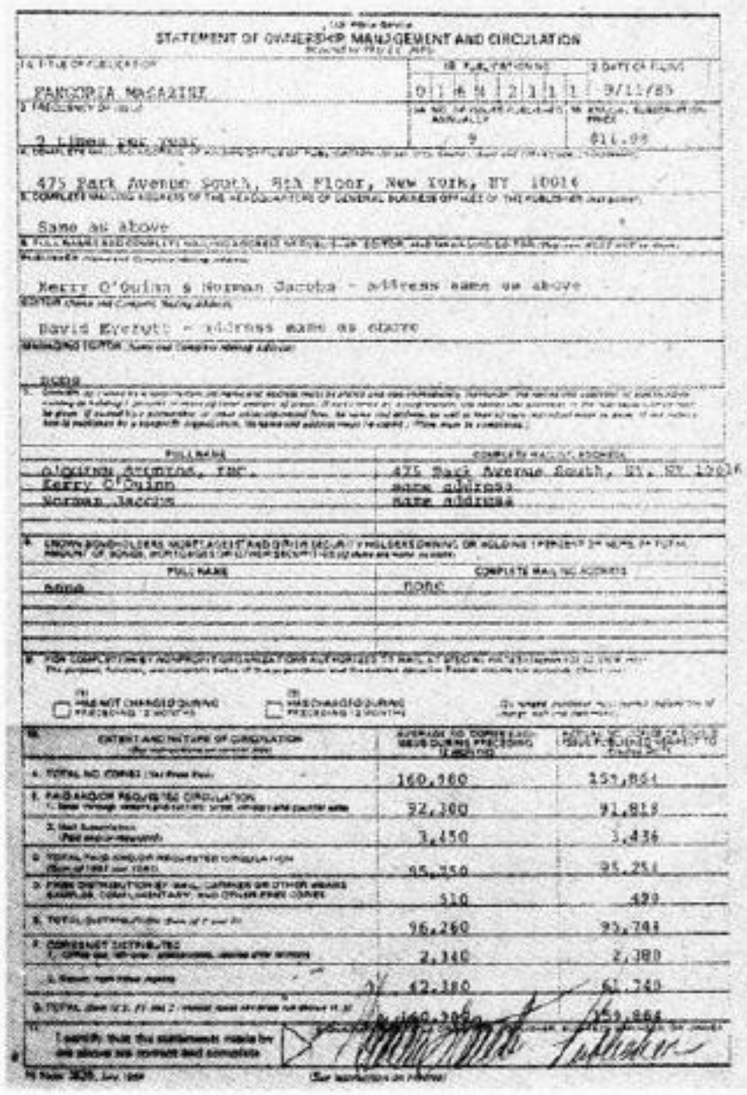
Rossitto: Yes, I turned down a porno film once. I don't go for any of that crap. If you get a film you do your best, but you don't know what they're going to do with the film. As long as I wasn't naked, I didn't give a damn. I never turned anyone down besides that.

Fang: Would you change anything about your career if you could go back?

Rossitto: If I had to do it all over again I still wouldn't care to go back to school and become a lawyer.

Fang: What has been the highlight of your 60-year-long career in show business?

Rossitto: Well, when I started working on *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* I had a slogan, "This one is for Oscar!" And I'd say that at the beginning of every scene, until someone finally picked it up and said, "What the hell is Oscar?" I told them that I am going to win an Academy Award for my role in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. You can put that in print. After 60 years in this business I hope that they put my name up for nomination. It was the biggest part I ever had and when I finished on my last day, Mr. Miller and his cameraman Dean Semler came to my room and said, "Angelo, you've done an excellent piece of work for us." See, I've always had the ability but never a big enough part to show it off. On my last night they had a big chocolate cake for everyone, and it said "This one's for Oscar!" That would have to be my career highlight.



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Each student will receive my personal critique of his work and my counselling at the end of the course. For this reason, enrollment in the course will be limited.

A certificate will be issued for satisfactory completion of the course.

For two years after course, students will receive up-date bulletins on new materials and techniques (at no charge).

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a detailed description of the course and the conditions to: Dick Smith, P.O. Box 511, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538.

THE HALLOWEEN SOCIETY guides you thru the world of classic masks and makeup with interviews, special reports, color photos, much more. 560 S. VERMONT AVE. #1313 LOS ANGELES, CA. 90020.

WANTED: Time traveler(s), reading this centuries from now, to experiment with sending me something that will make me a billionaire in my time period. I asked first. Post Office Mail Box 512273, Punta Gorda, Florida, 33951-2273, U.S.A.

WANTED: VHS traders of 1930-70s horror films. Your list gets mine. John Robinson 6491 Chebucto Rd., Halifax, N.S., Canada. B3L IL3.

CORRESPONDENCE

I would like to see everyone write in to their cable services to get a 24-hour cable horror channel.

You're Getting Laid While I'm Getting Sychotic Rip That Guy's Arm Out Of His Arm Socket Hi Hershey Highness & SpazzzZZ-Bozo Man!

Best Writer: William W. Johstone. Nobody tells it better. Best Penpal: Cassie A. Yoo-Hoo! Hi, Cass!

Stay sane inside insanity
—Love, Mom

T.R.B.—Betcha bite a chip! If ya don't, don't blame me!
B L.C.

Sue—Thanks for the birth of our little Fango Reader. Long live blood & gore! Love, Joe W.

I love Wendy Zimmerman, Heavy Metal, and the goriest of splatter movies!!!
Breck Swainston!

IDKY, ANNIE, and FANGO are #1
John Coxford

Matt, may your wish come true, but verevolfes suck
signed, me

Praete, Newton, Overstreet, Buckner, Maupin, Speer and Karnes
—the Bellevue Bums

The Terminator and The Talisman are #1!
—Gorey Golden

The town of Hephzibah, GA—please build a movie theater and show nothing but horror films!! KDP

Hi Lisa Rougeau, Friday the 13th Pt. 4 is the best. Jason Lives.
—Clint Head

Hi to the 2 guys I love the most, Tony and Max. What's life without love and Fangoria?

Teenage Bloody Psycho gonna rip your throat out and charge you $2800! C.H.U.D. Rules! Dr. Blood, M.D., Sterling Heights, MI

MIKE: I wanted cha-cha heels, black ones! (G.B.) Hi Steve & Joanne, F13 is unrivaled. Hurry up, Cristi—Rocky H awaits you—DIDGE

Jason & M. Myers live on & on & on...ch, ch, ch, ka, ka, ka

As Jim climbed the corporate ladder of success, his body began gradually deteriorating until he took on the form of—MISTER COOKIEMAN!

In the darkness of the night, do not go to the light, for there death will dwell, and your soul will burn in Hell.

If people were orange would that mean blood would be grey...think about it—FAB III

I don't kill people for the hell of it, I just maim them! I will ignite your nostril hairs. (floss your fangs!) Rabid.

Suck intestines
Taste the bile
Stay Sick, Turn Blue

Life may be just a bowl of cherries, but I think it's SNOT.
—The Weatherman

Love is Death
I W SM ND
The Blood of a Martyr Runs Freely

I Love Lisa
I Love The Cramps
I Love Bras

Michael Horgan, you smell
Just like Joe Spinnell
—Love & Kisses, James Lee Curtis

Dario Argento & Deep Red & Suspiria, Hershall Gordon Lewis, Blood Feast, Wizard of Gore are tops

Mydream: Jamie Lee Cartis in a Halloween IV the great time of Zombie and splatter-movies ain't over; it's just starting
—Pete

Priest, Maiden, Metallica, Accept, Raven, Slayer, W.A.S.P. & Venom Rule! Death to Disco!!!

The not quite say "blue ice cubes? How degenerate!"

Cyndi Lauper and The Captain are the greatest! Rock'n Wrestling Forever! Rowdy Roddy Rules!-P.D.W.

To cowboy Bill Luv ya Ethel

Ted Nugent and Mercyful Fate #1, Fango-#1—I love you Karen
Ace

Long live the new flesh. "I am the lizard (no you're not said little Nicola)"
—Derek Gatlin

Dickie Funk is #1. Jim Morrison lives. Bodyslam is coming to the U.S. in 1988.
—Jeff R.

"Max, they say there are no more heros. Well Damn them!"
—Schmo

"To die, to be really dead, must be glorious!"
—Count Dracula

"Glen, Glen—put the record store down—Glen!"—whata cliff hanger

HI EVERYBODY! I'm a Fango fan from New Zealand. Are there any more of us???
—WAIMANIAN

CINEMACABRE

Here's your chance to get valuable back issues of CINEMACABRE, the magazine devoted to films of the fantastic! Each issue contains 64 glossy pages, color covers, interviews, film & book reviews, and dozens of photos. ORDER NOW! *All orders shipped promptly!*

CINEMACABRE #1—Features Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, *The Time Machine*, much more! **$10.00** each.
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CINEMACABRE #3—*Star Trek*, John Carpenter, Bruce Davison interview, much more! **$5.00** each.
CINEMACABRE #4—3-D horror films, interviews with John Agar & Nicholas Meyer, more! **$4.00** each.
CINEMACABRE #5—Brian DePalma, *E.T.*, James Mason interview, much more! **$4.00** each.
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Add your total order and send payment, with your name and address, to:
CINEMACABRE, P.O. BOX 10005, BALTIMORE, MD 21204.

PHOTO: S. KARIN EPSTEIN

Bryan Brown and *F/X* friend cavort.

THINGS
To Come

Norman Bates is returning once again! *Psycho III* is on the way and an interview with its star/director Tony Perkins will give you an advance behind-the-scenes look at the latest adventure of the mama's-boy killer.

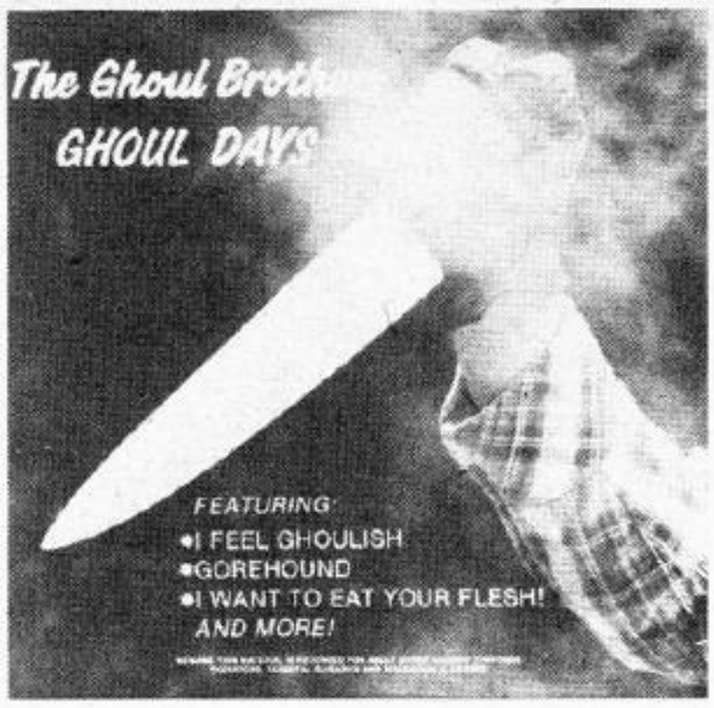
F/X is the story of a special effects expert whose talents are used by an undercover agency. Before long, the effects man finds that he is a hunted man and that he has to use his skills to save his life. Look for coverage on this unusual thriller about a Fango kind of hero.

An on-the-set report will tell you all about the quickie back-to-back productions of *Matt Riker: Mutant Hunt* and *Breeders*, two exploitation movies produced by Empire Pictures in a high-speed manner that would've made Roger Corman proud. Also on hand will be an interview with British makeup artist Peter Litten, an increasingly busy man who has worked on *Don't Open Till Christmas*, *April Fool's Day* and *Underworld*.

Also on tap from England are the long-awaited interview with Freddie Francis on his new film *The Doctor and the Devils* and a preview of the British-based production of *Little Shop of Horrors*, the movie monster musical.

And let us not forget the classic, or at least lovable, horror movies of yesteryear. Our crack retrospective correspondent Tom Weaver has supplied an exclusive interview with early Corman starlet Susan Cabot, leading lady of such camp classics as *Wasp Woman* and *War of the Satellites*. Talk about wow.

ON SALE: JANUARY 16



BANNED IN TOLEDO

You've heard of the fabulous Ghoul Brothers in the pages of **Fangoria**—but have you ever actually **heard their music?**

Probably not.

Last fall, a courageous music programmer at Toledo's WIOT-FM radio played one of the more "acceptable" tracks over the air a few times. Within days, the Ghouls' rendition of "Ghoul Days" went to number 3 on the listener request list, and was receiving daily airplay on the listener-programmed "Top Five at Five" feature.

Suddenly, the Ghoulish sounds stopped coming over the airwaves, even though listener requests had risen. An explanation? One unofficial source at the station attributed the record-ban to group pressure; another claims that a programming consultant felt that certain **offensive** aspects might drive away afternoon listeners.

We wish you could experience the pleasures of Ghoul-rock on your local radio station. But you can't. . . .and you won't, unless radio grows some guts.

There are just over 200 copies left of the numbered, first-edition pressing of the 10-tune lp "Ghoul Days." These will be delivered to the first 200 orders received through this ad, so act now!

Send your order to **Ghoul Days**
Starlog Press
475 Park Ave. So.
New York, NY 10016

OK! I'm tired of waiting for my local radio station to play GHOUL DAYS! So here's my bucks. . . I've enclosed **$8.98** for each record ordered, PLUS POSTAGE.

U.S. POSTAGE: Add $1.95 for each record.
CANADA: Add $2.95 for one record.
U.S. & Canada: Add 50 cents additional for each extra copy ordered.
Make checks payable to Starlog Press.

Total for Records _____

Total for Postage _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

SOUNDS O' SPLATTER!

RECORDS CALCULATED TO CHILL YOUR SPINE, ENRICH YOUR LIFE, AND ANNOY YOUR FRIENDS!

- **Authorized for use in amateur films, plays and tapes.**
- **Indispensible for shock-rock deejays, Halloween parties!**
- **Recorded in demon-haunted Great Britain—where LIFE is CHEAP!**

How often have you said to yourself, "Gee, I sure would like to hear the sound of nails being hammered into flesh right about now?" Well, thanks to FANGORIA and BBC Records and Tapes (an official arm of the U.K. government!), you can hear that sound—and a great many more—anywhere there's a turntable, amplifier and electric current! You could even tape it for your walkman, and occupy those long boring commutes to school or work with the sound of "Lunatic Laughter," "Human Heartbeats", assorted screams, hellhounds, werewolves and "Red Hot Poker into Eye!"

So, enhance the quality of your life! The effects mentioned in this ad all appear on Volume One: Death and Horror: but don't be the LAST person you know to acquire ALL THREE of these superb recordings!

Send your order to
Sounds O' Splatter
Starlog Press
475 Park Ave. So.
New York, NY 10016

Hey Guys,
Send those SOUND O' SPLATTER my way! I can't wait to hear "Branding Iron on Flesh!"

Include **$8.98** PLUS POSTAGE for each record ordered.
U.S. POSTAGE $1.50 each record.
CANADA: $2.50 each record.
Other Foreign: $4.50 each record.
Payment in U.S. funds only!
Make checks payable to Starlog Press.

Total for Records _____

Total for Postage _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____

☐ **VOL 1:** DEATH AND HORROR
☐ **VOL 2:** MORE DEATH AND HORROR
☐ **VOL 3:** EVEN MORE DEATH AND HORROR

Name _____

Address _____

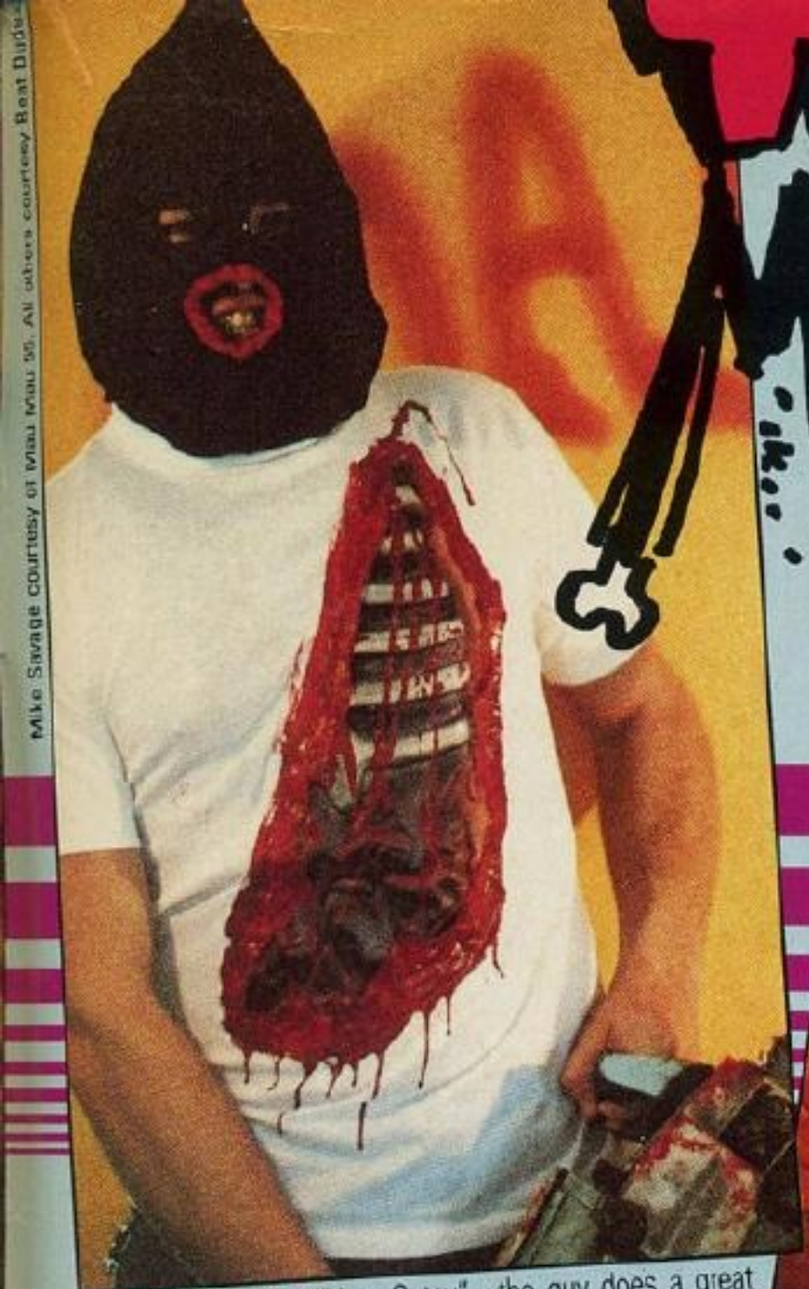
City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

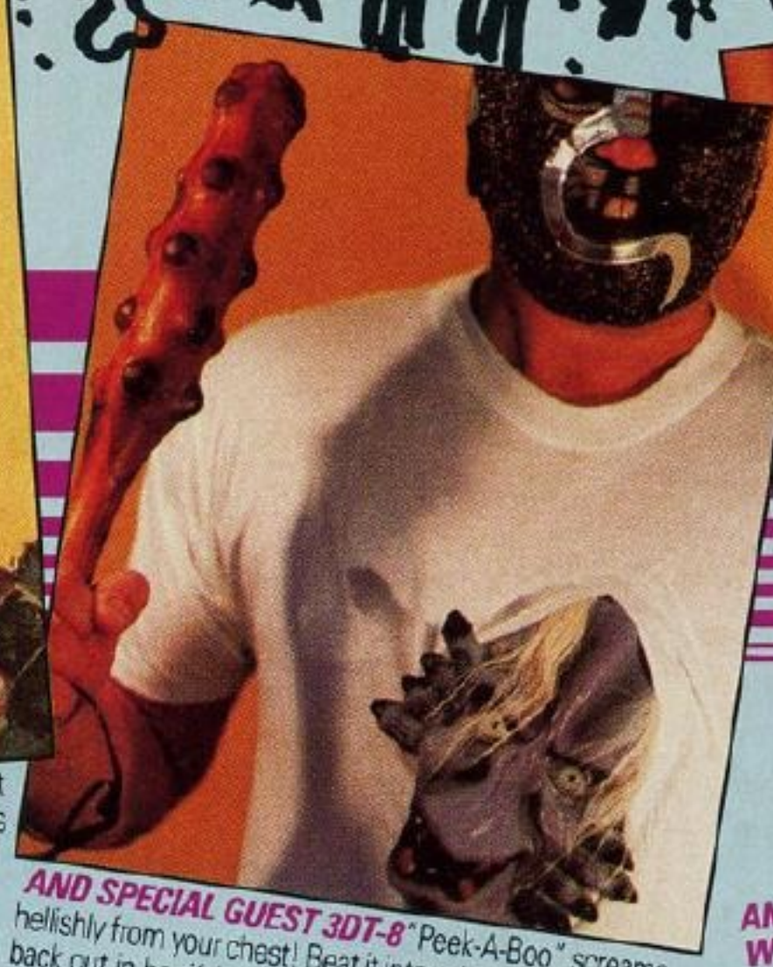
TEXAS T-SHIRT MASSACRE

It's the REVENGE of the 3DTs! Each monstrosity is a hand cast and individually painted masterpiece! Buy or DIE!

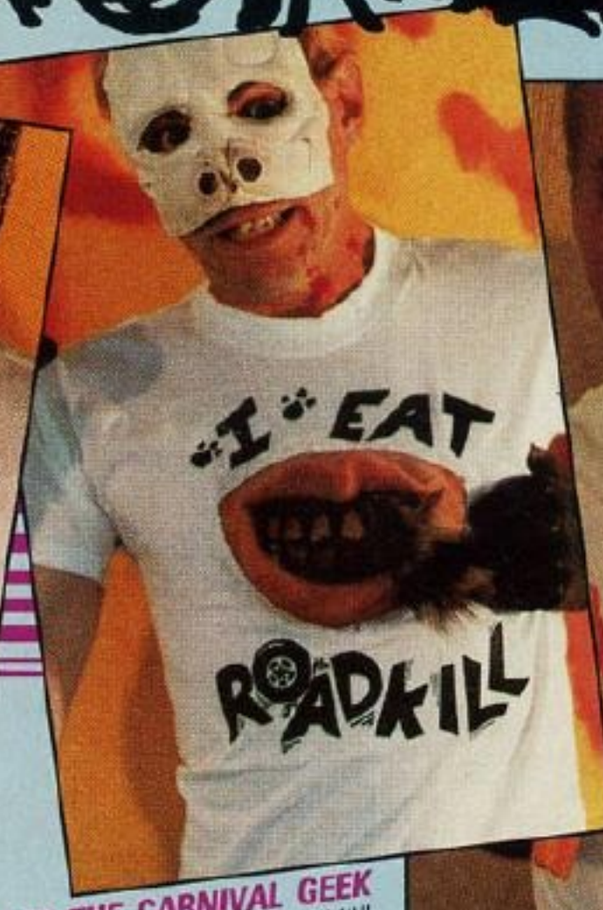
Mike Savage courtesy of Mad Mad 95. All others courtesy Beat Dimples



STARRING 3DT-5 "Very Gutsy" ...the guy does a great leatherface imitation! Protruding ribs and purple guts make this shirt a MUST for all lovers of chainsaw mayhem!

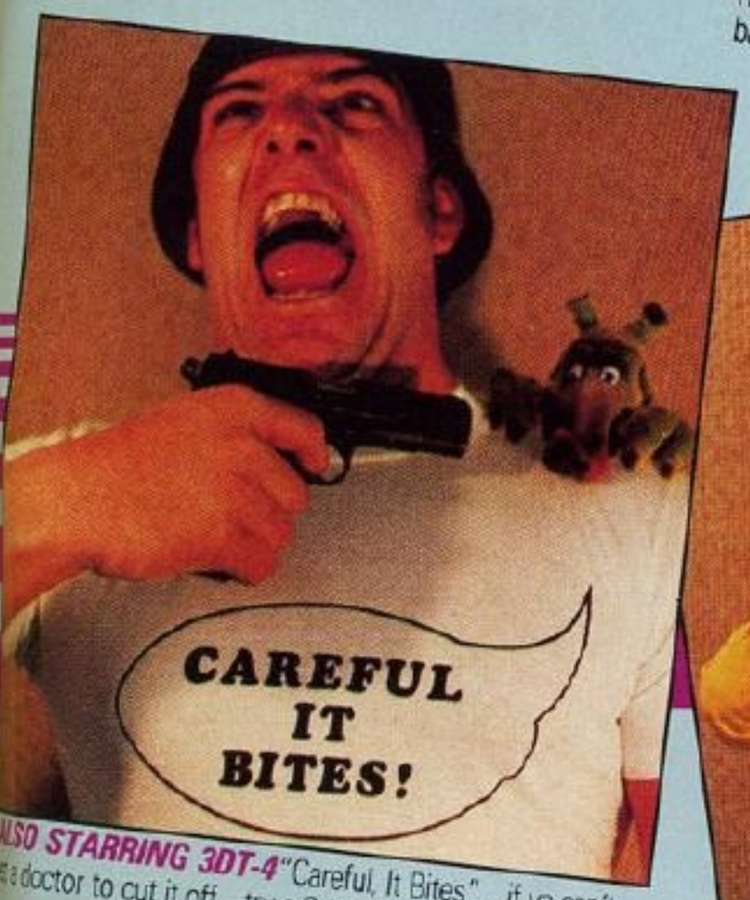


AND SPECIAL GUEST 3DT-8 "Peek-A-Boo" screams hellishly from your chest! Beat it into submission...it pops back out in horrifying 3-D!

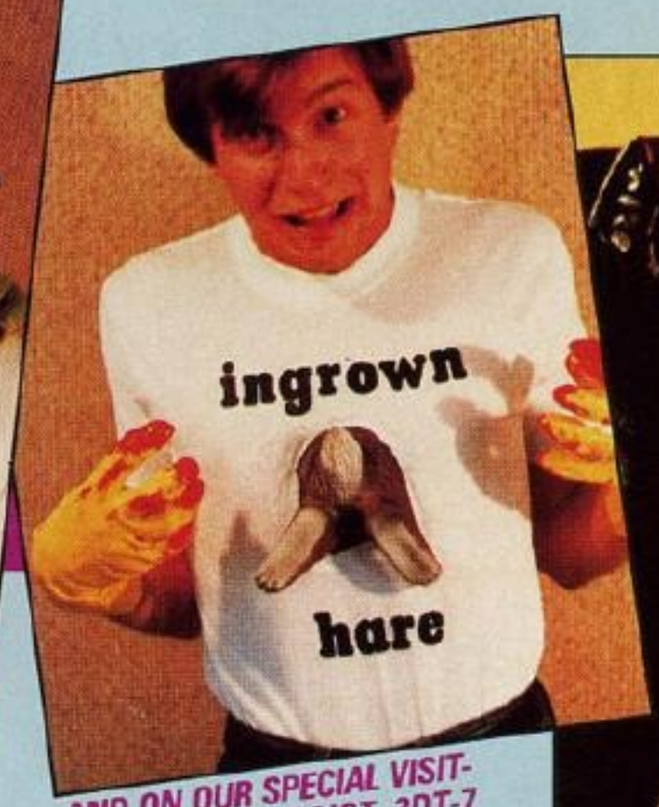


AND THE CARNIVAL GEEK WEARING 3DT-2 "Roadkill" looks like he just got done munching down on some flat-cats! Don't forget to blow-dry the tail!

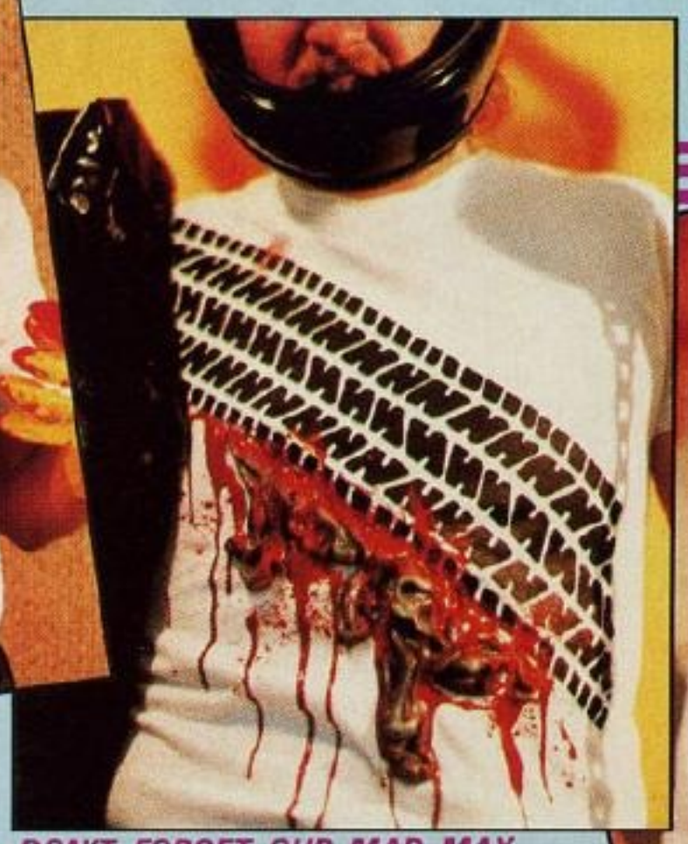
PLUS YOUR LOCAL SLASHER SPORTING 3DT-3 "Lizzy Borden" sez: Axe me no questions and I'll show you NO MERCY!



ALSO STARRING 3DT-4 "Careful, It Bites" ...if ya can't get a doctor to cut it off...try a 9mm automatic!

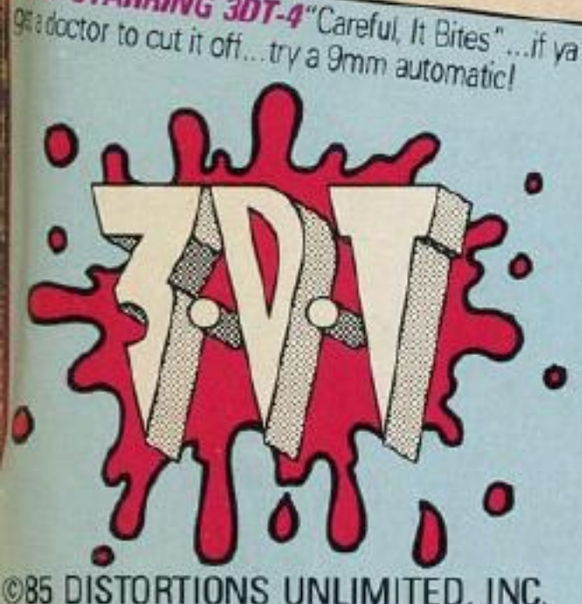


AND ON OUR SPECIAL VISITING PROCTOLOGIST 3DT-7 "Ingrown Hare" ...just what DO you do when you're up to your you-know-what in bunnies?



DON'T FORGET OUR MAD MAX LOOK-ALIKE 3DT-1 "Truckin'" ... this is one road warrior who looks like he's seen the business end of a Mack truck!

LAST BUT NOT LEAST 3DT-6 "Radioactive Waste" ...perfect for all you new-wave nuclear mutants from the future!



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$24.95 ea.

plus $3.00 postage & handling ea.

UNBELIEVABLE! I've never seen anything like this! I've got to own the following 3DTs! Send 'em quick or I'll visit your factory with a flame thrower!

ORDER FORM

Quantity: S/M/L/XL (Adult)

_____	3DT-1 "Truckin'"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-2 "Roadkill"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-3 "Lizzy Borden"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-4 "Careful, It Bites"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-5 "Very Gutsy"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-6 "Radioactive Waste"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-7 "Ingrown Hare"	Size: _____
_____	3DT-8 "Peek-A-Boo"	Size: _____

Send To:

STARLOG PRESS 475 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Zip Code _____

NYS residents add sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Only U.S., Australian & New Zealand funds acceptable. Price includes only T-Shirt as shown.

There goes the neighborhood.

"Godzilla makes Rambo, Eastwood, Bronson and Schwarzenegger look like mere swizzle sticks."
Peter Stack, San Francisco Chronicle

NEW WORLD VIDEO
Now on videocassette.

GODZILLA 1985

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